

HIT COMICS

NOVEMBER
No.55

10¢



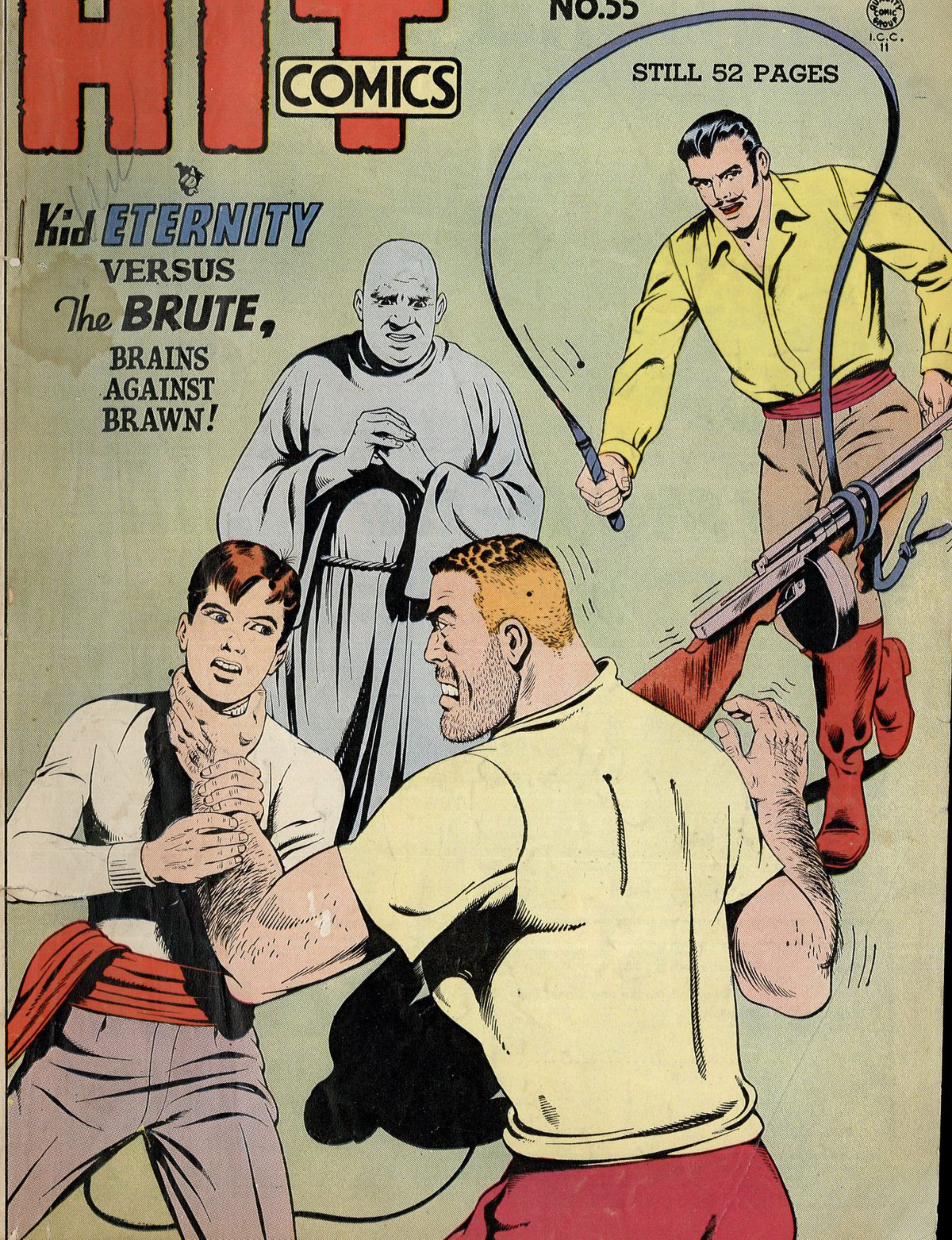
STILL 52 PAGES

Kid **ETERNITY**

VERSUS

The **BRUTE,**

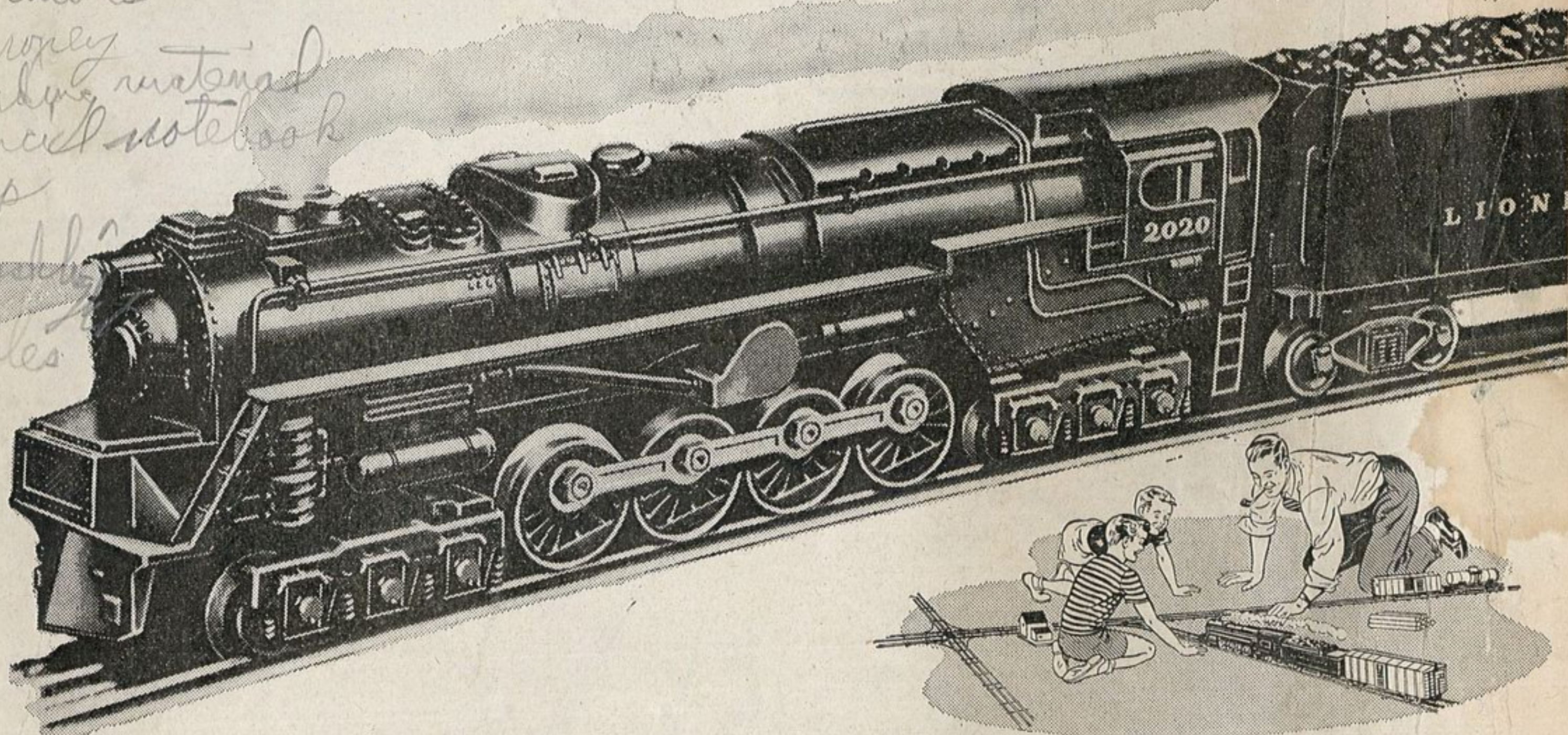
BRAINS
AGAINST
BRAWN!





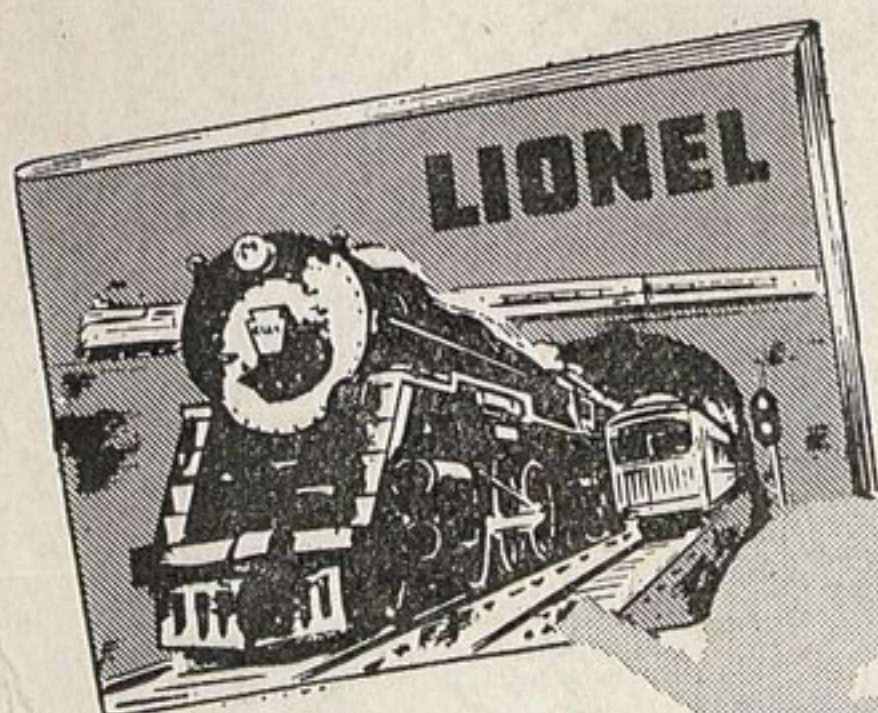
WEB COMIC
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Real SMOKE!—Real WHISTLE!

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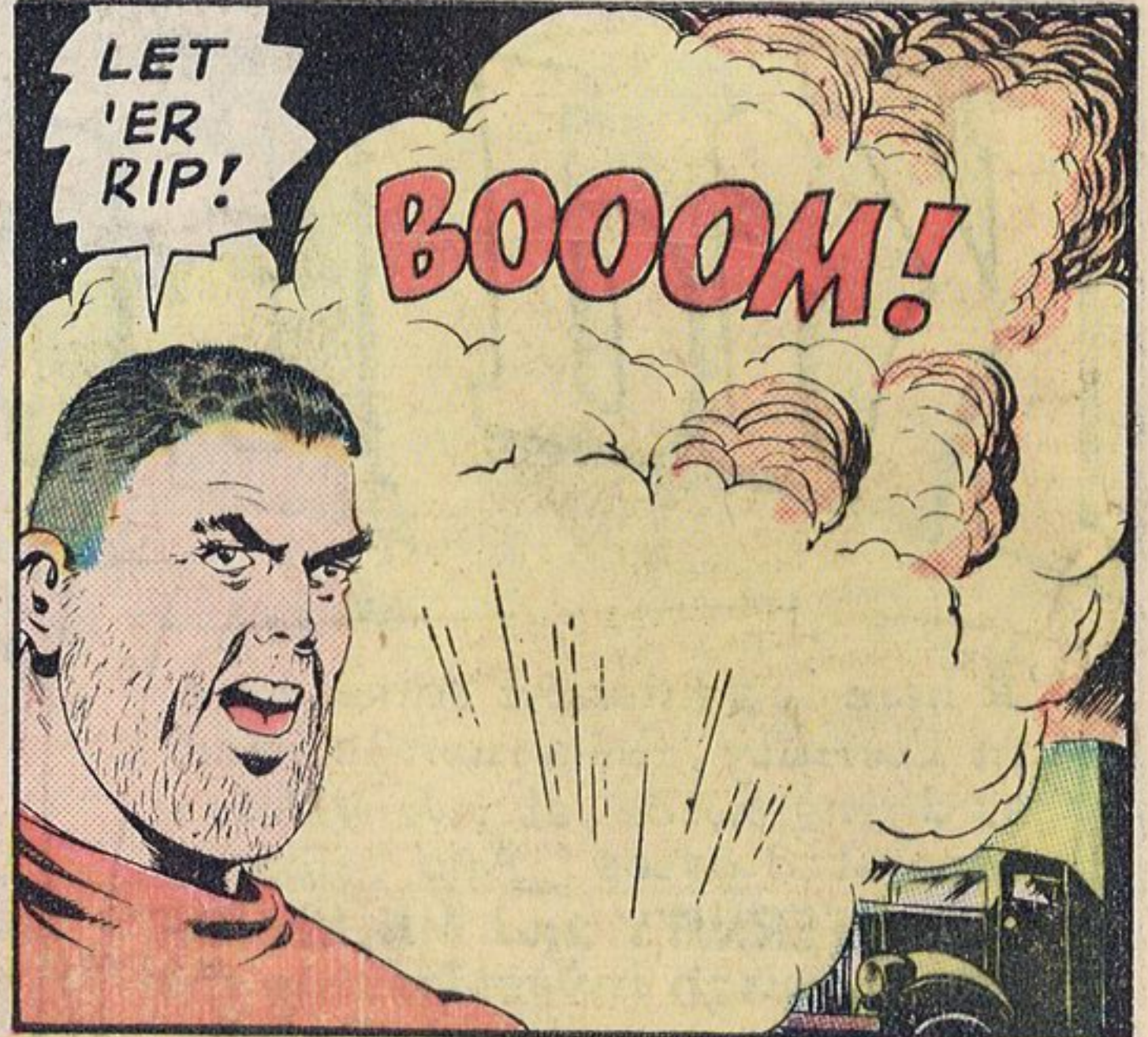
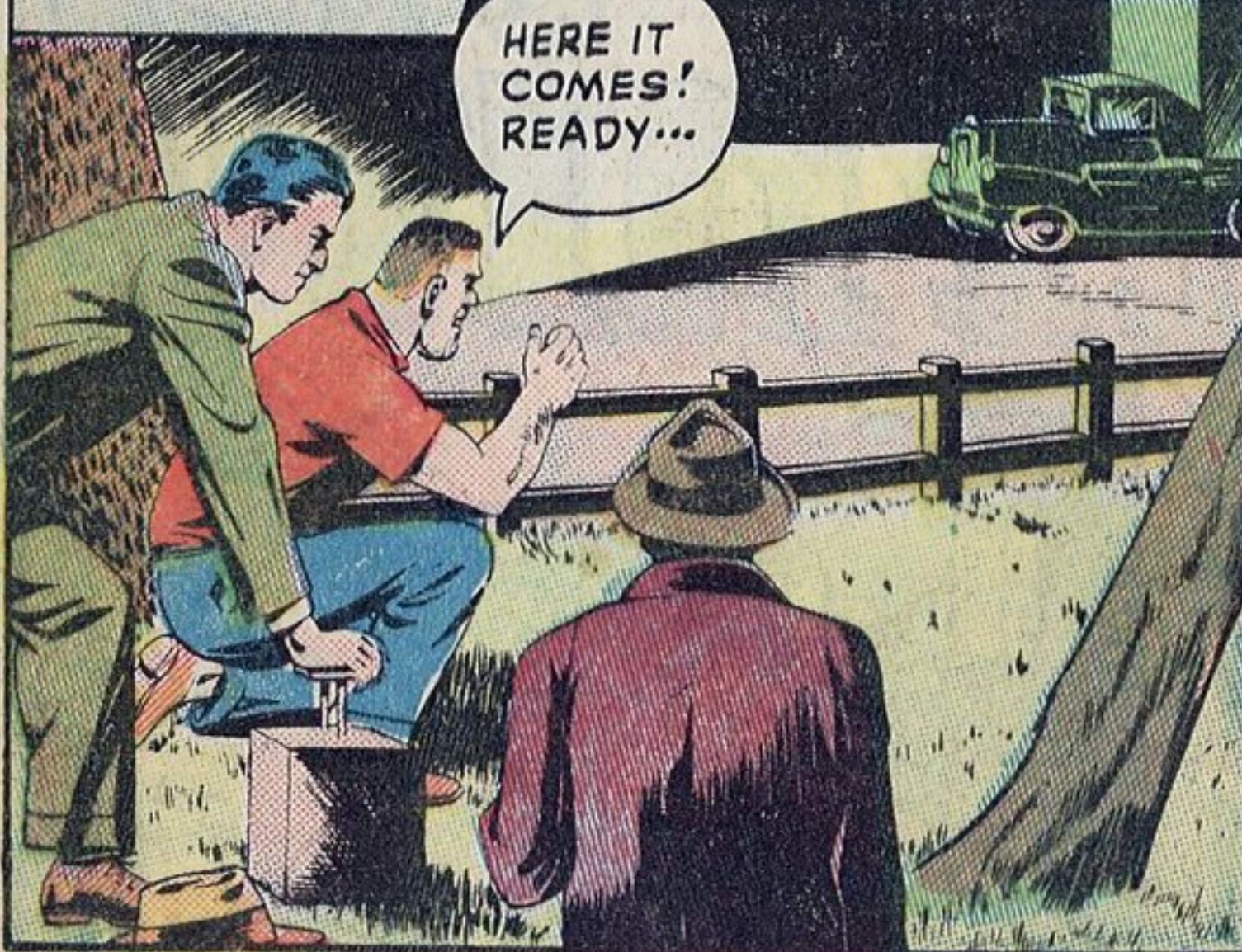
LIONEL TRAINS

Kid Eternity

There is a mistake somewhere in Eternity, for a man is listed as dying twice, at two widely separated dates! And before **KID ETERNITY** and **MR. KEEPER** are through investigating the error, they meet one of gangdom's powerful chieftains, **The BRUTE**, in a thrilling contest where a man's life hangs in the balance!



Near the main highway, several miles out of town...



THESE GUYS ARE DEAD, BRUTE!

SO WHAT? THE CASES OF ALCOHOL AREN'T BROKEN! START UNLOADING, AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!



Now let us meet Vincent Rogers, a young pharmacist who has been on his first job less than a week...

BEEN WAITING LONG, ELLEN?

JUST A FEW MINUTES! HOW DO YOU LIKE WORKING FOR THE ALL BEST DRUGSTORES?



IT'S A SNAP! I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY DO IT, BUT THERE ARE NO SHORTAGES HERE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



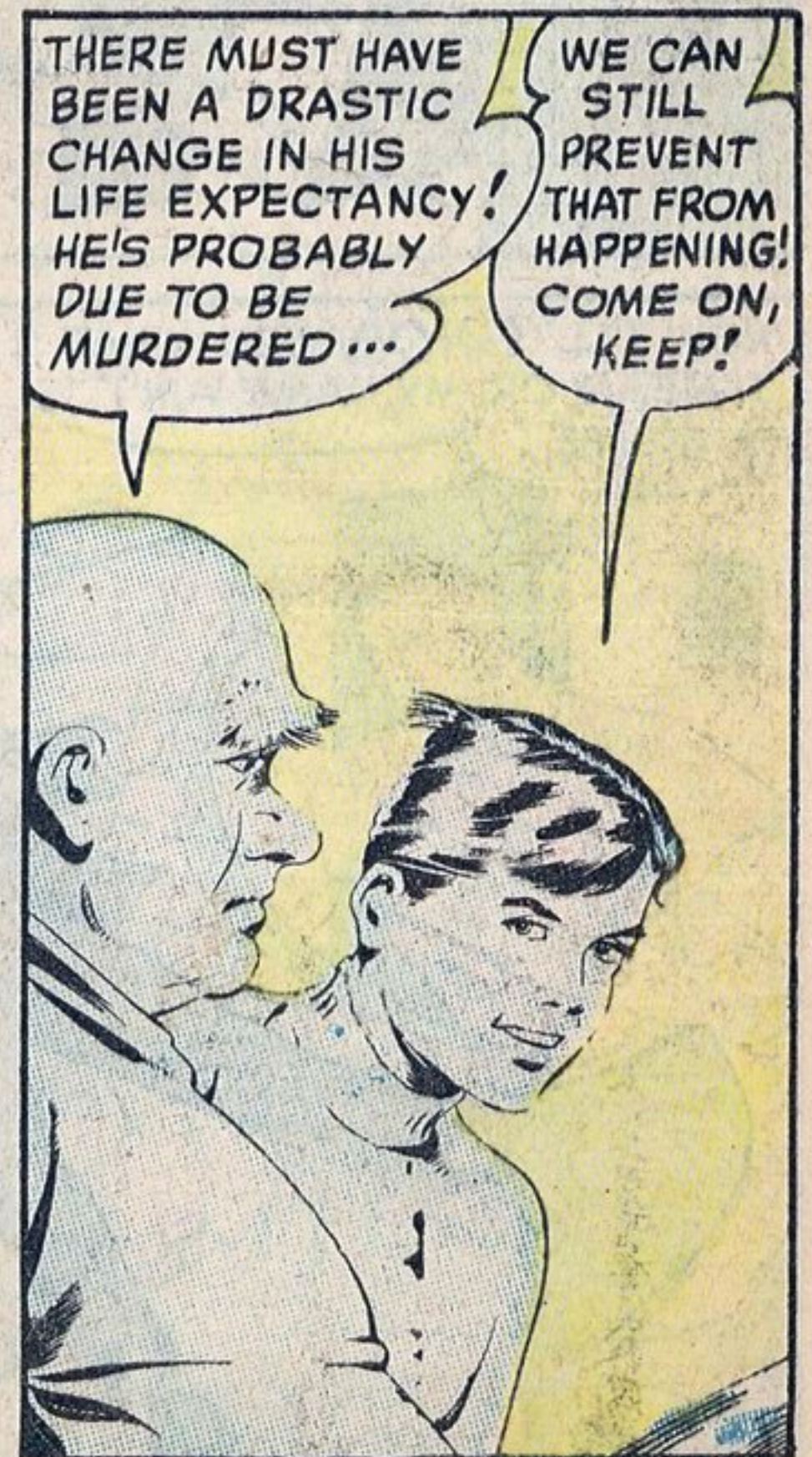
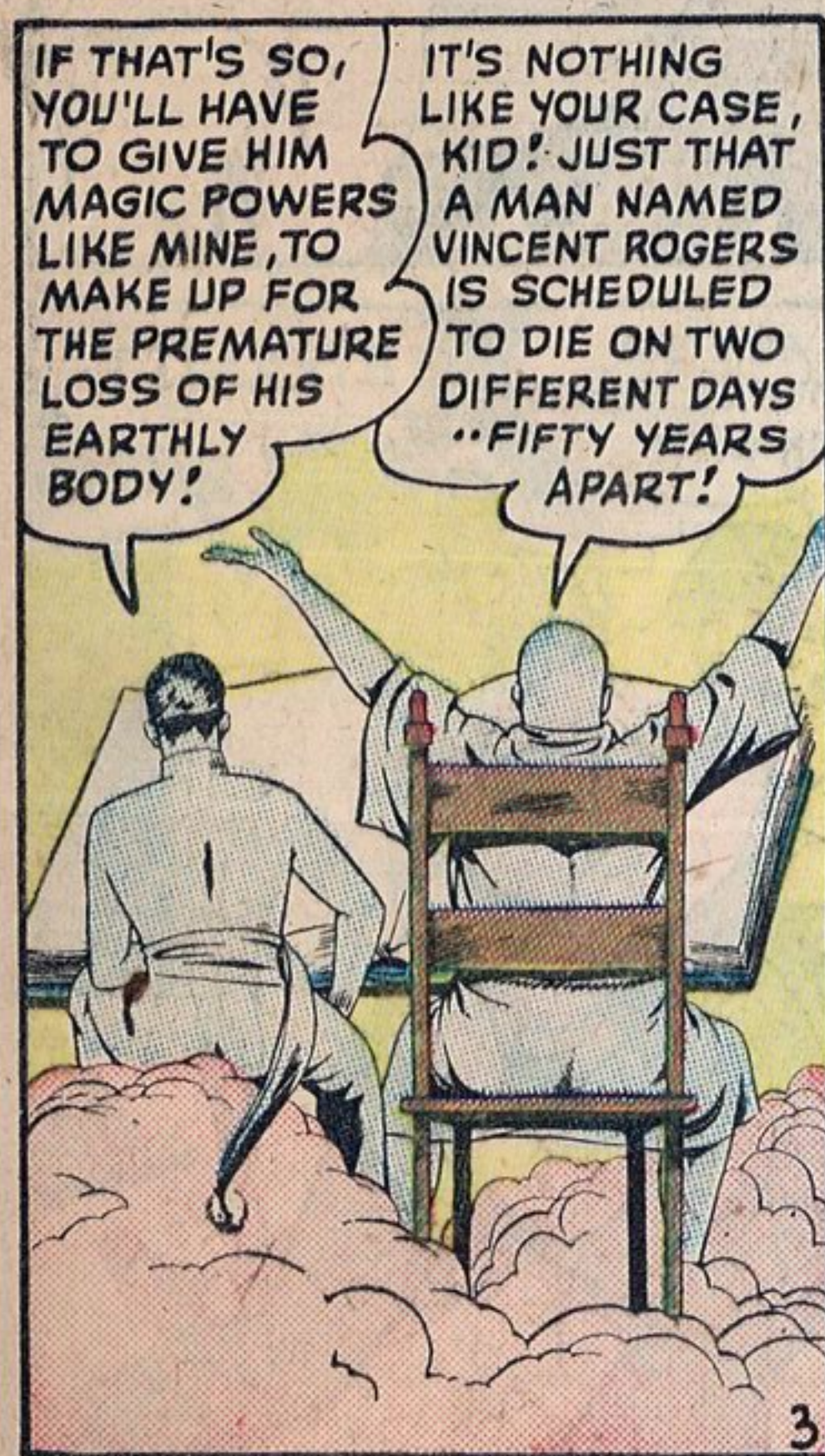
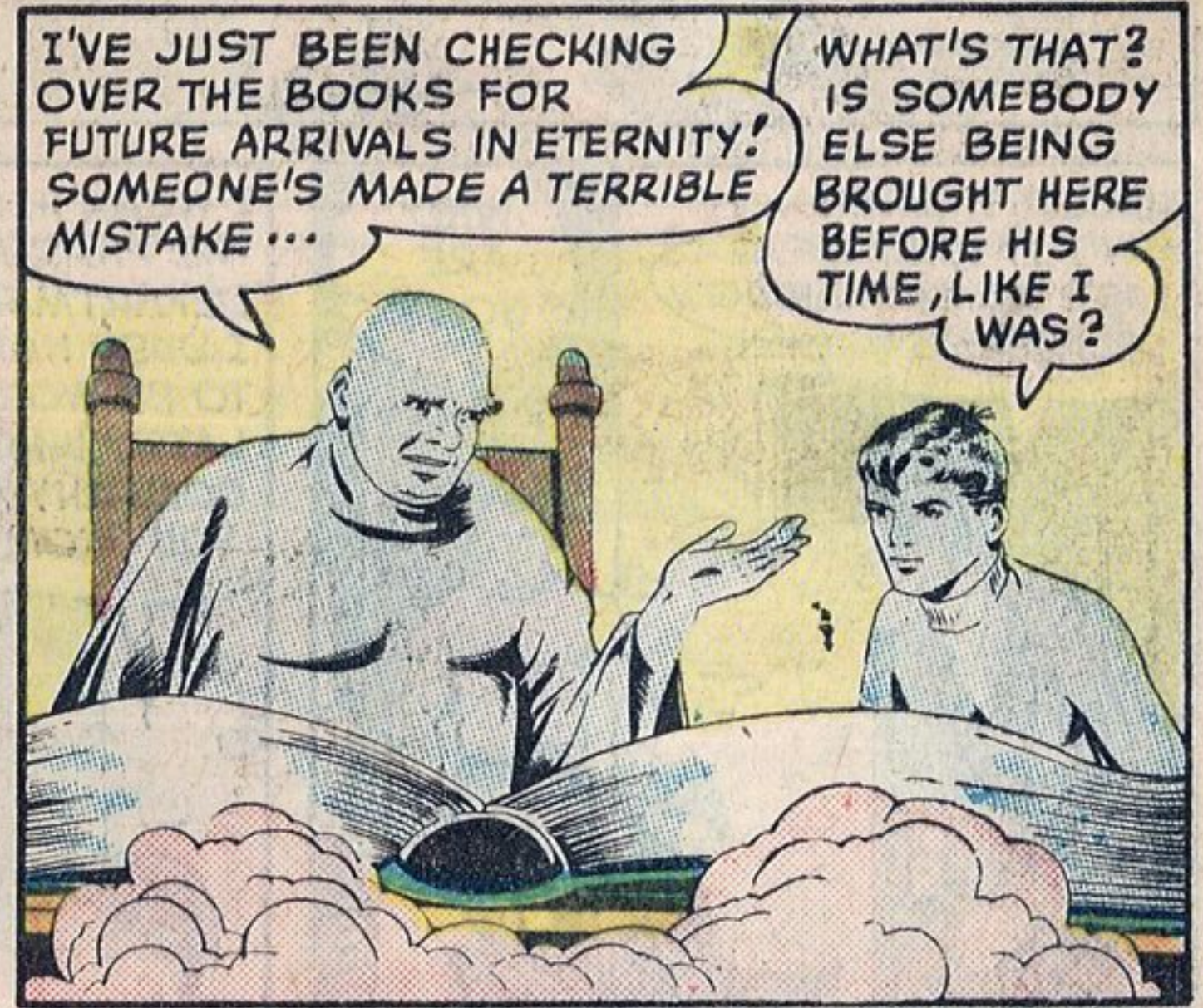
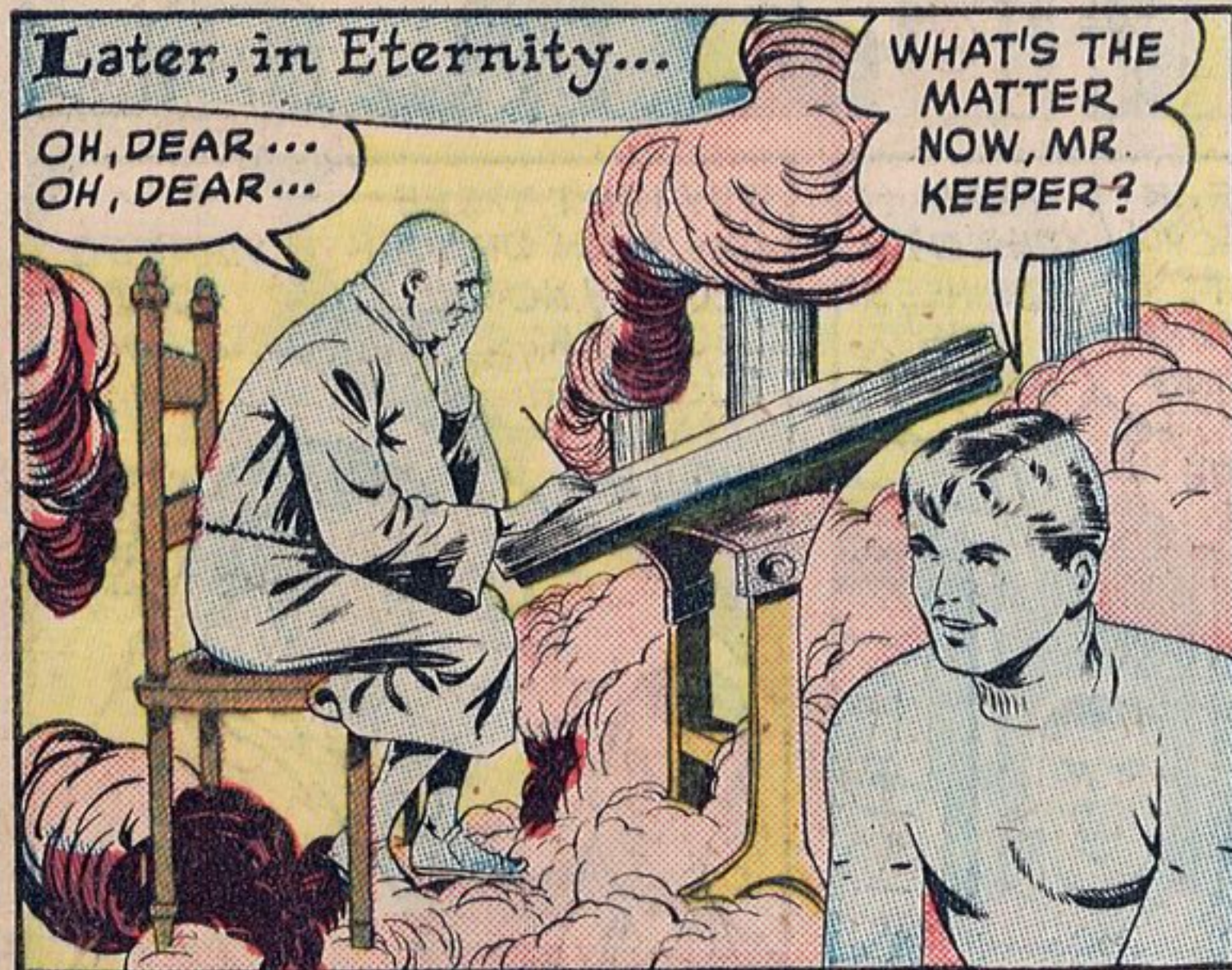
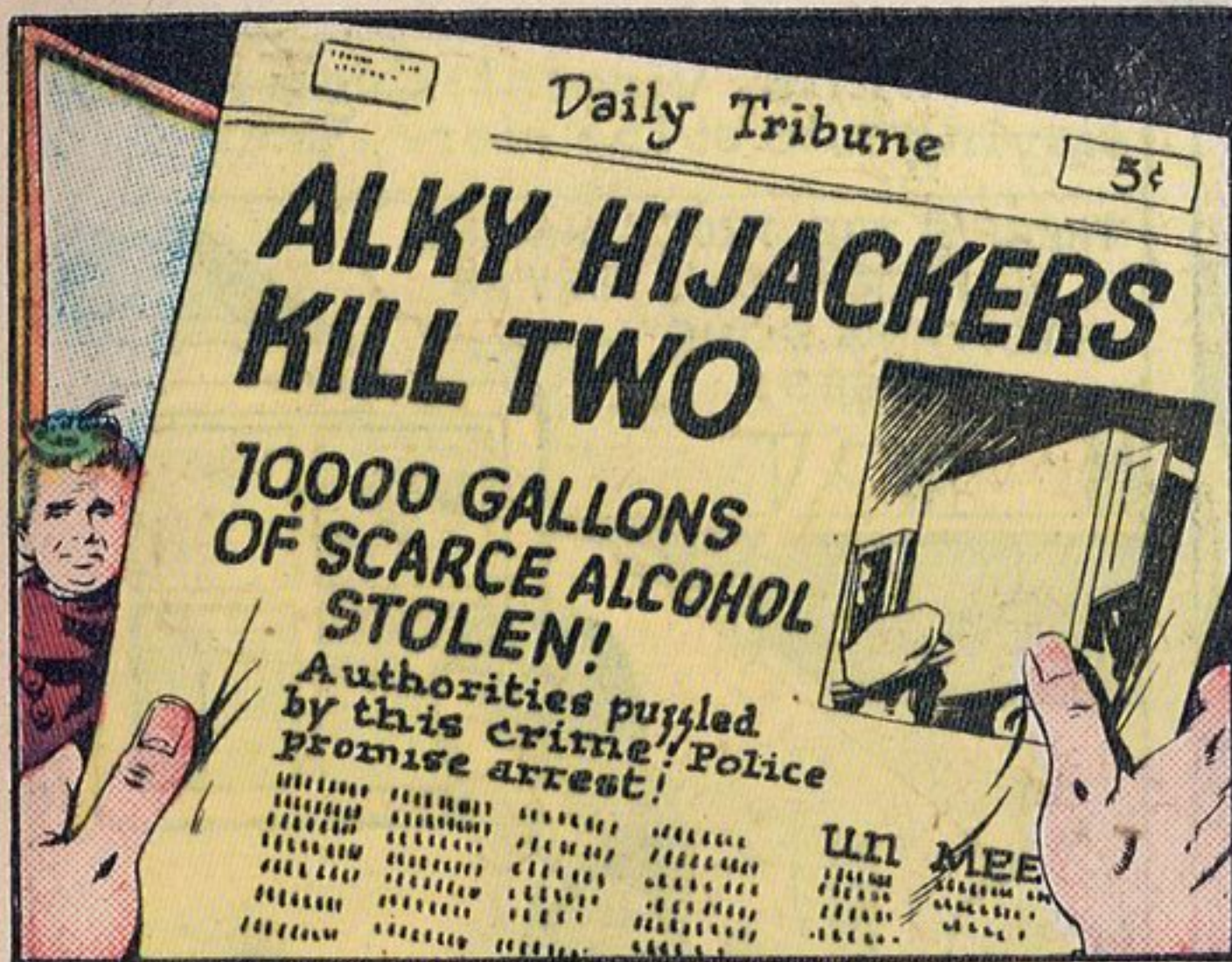
TAKE ALCOHOL, FOR EXAMPLE! EVERY DRUGGIST I KNOW CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF IT TO USE IN MAKING PRESCRIPTIONS! BUT THE ALL BEST STORES HAVE MORE THAN THEY NEED...

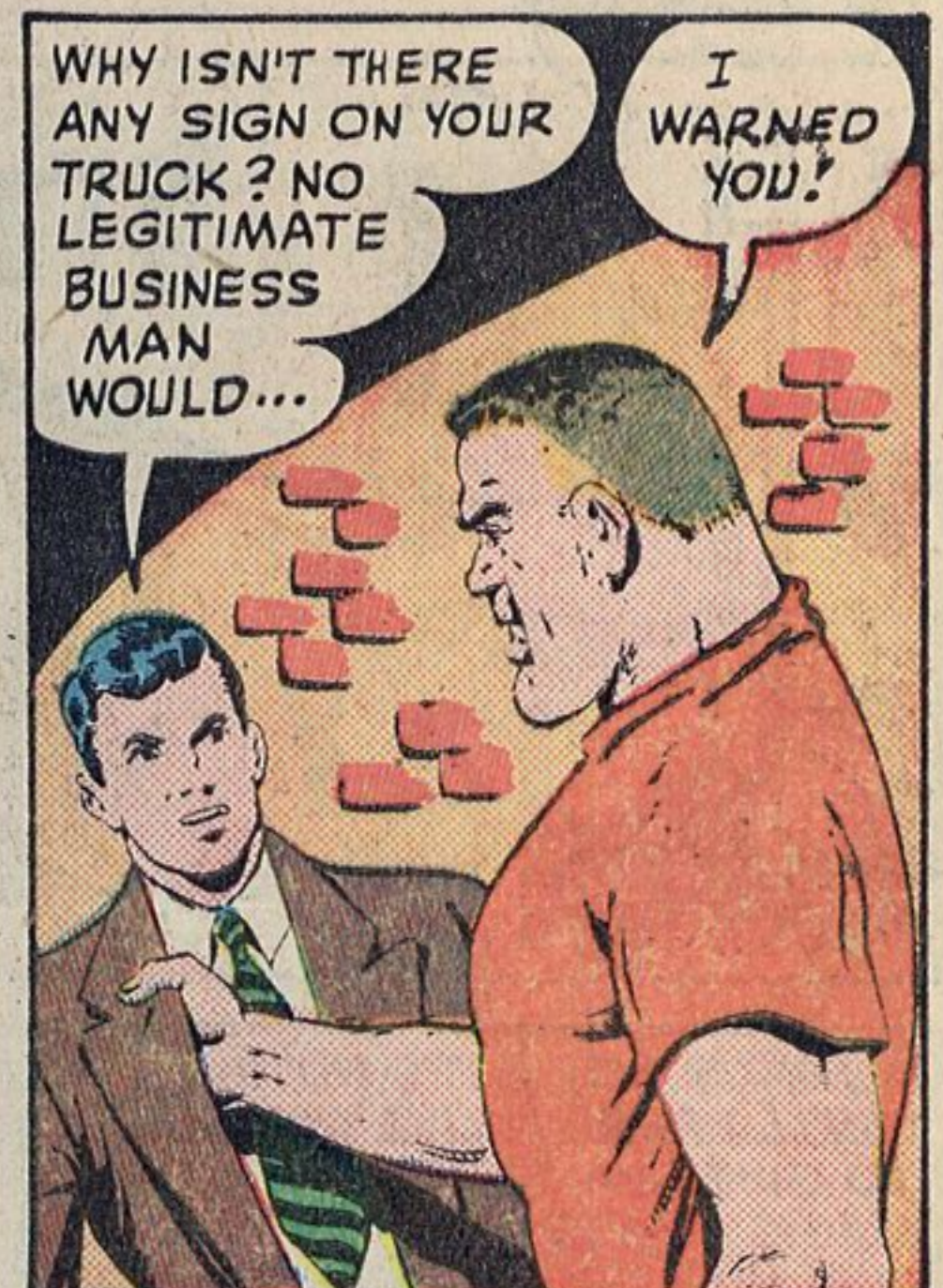
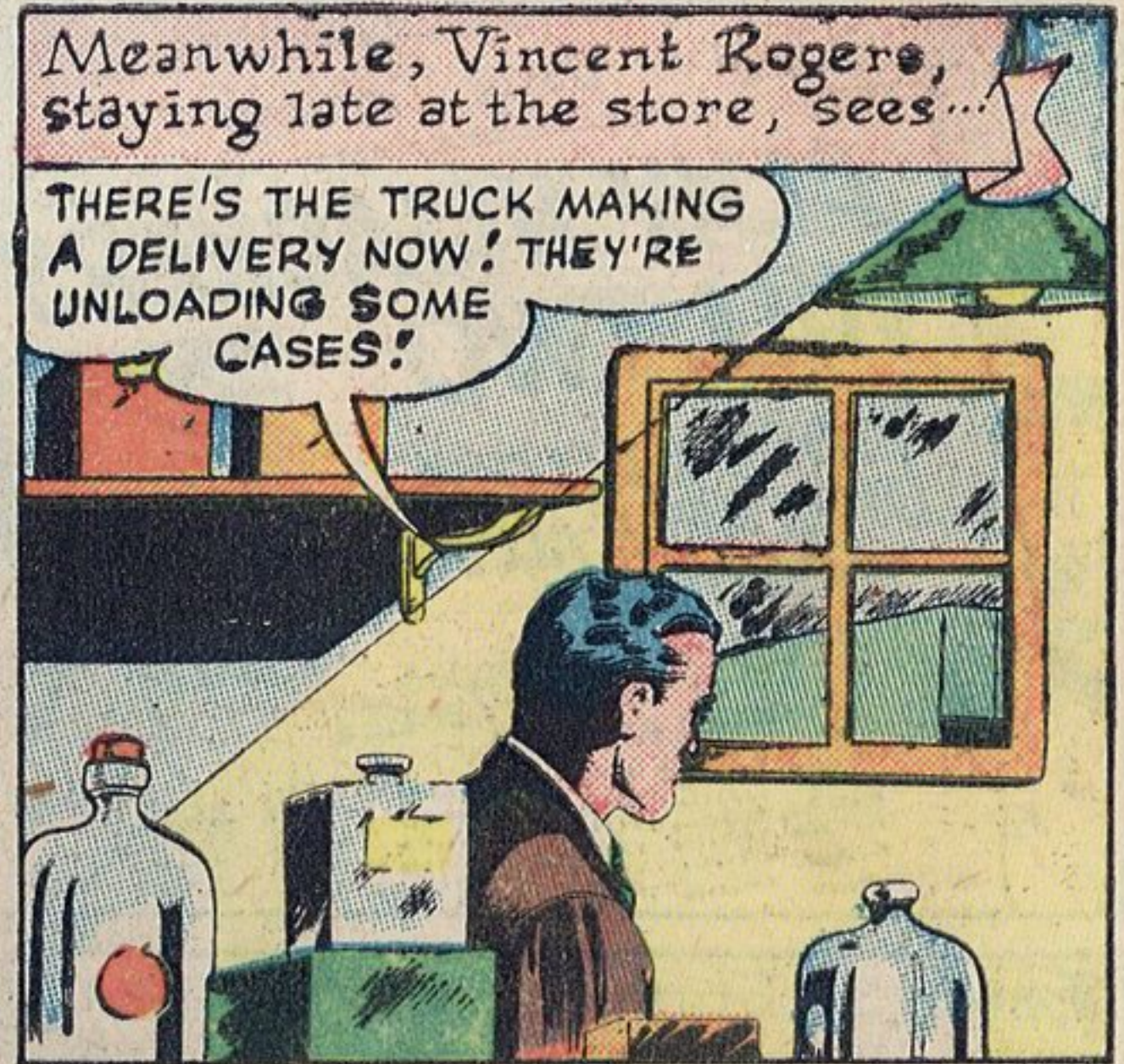
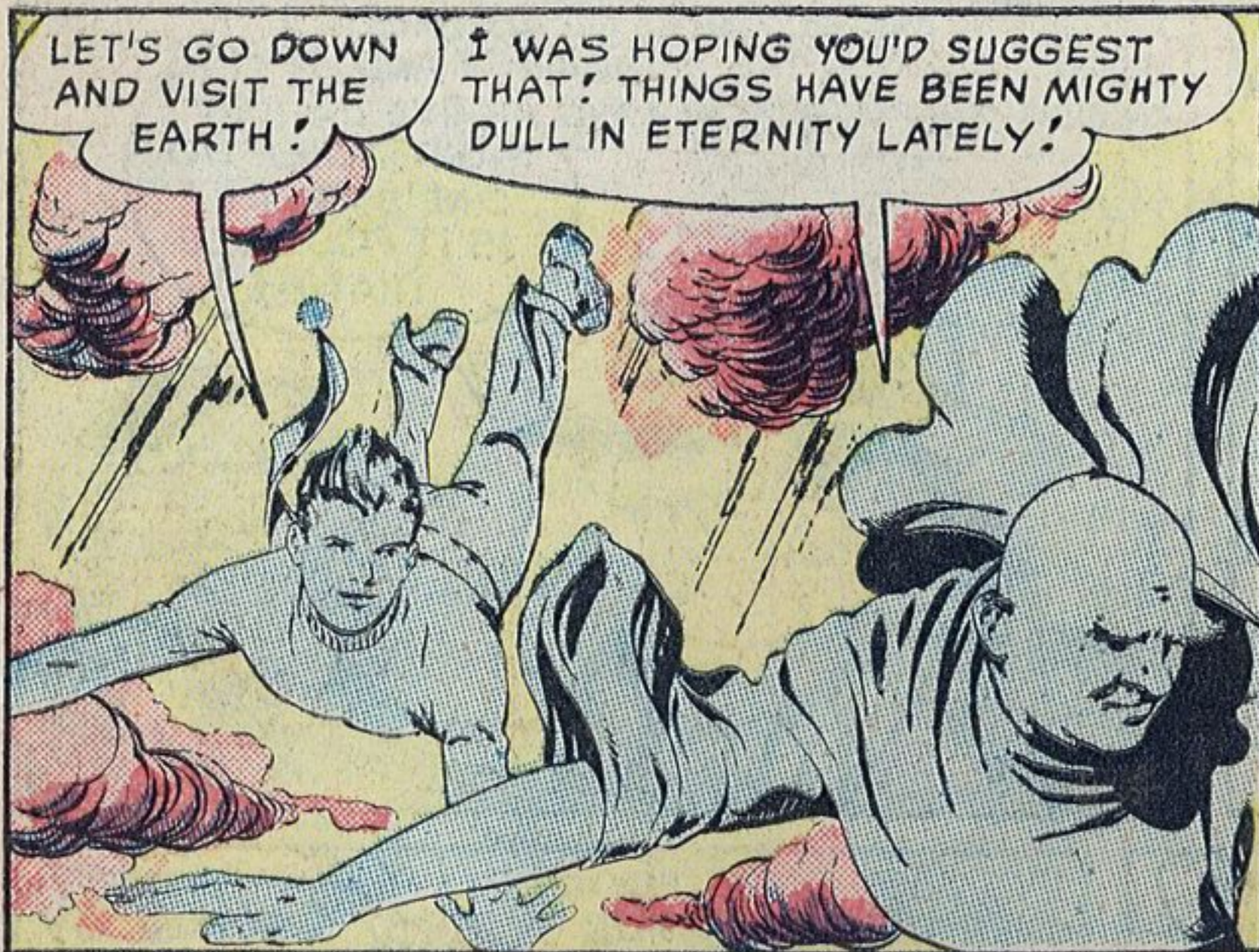


AT THAT RATE, IT'S A WONDER THEY DON'T DRIVE OTHER DRUGSTORES OUT OF BUSINESS!

THEY PROBABLY WILL, UNLESS... HMM! THIS IS FUNNY!



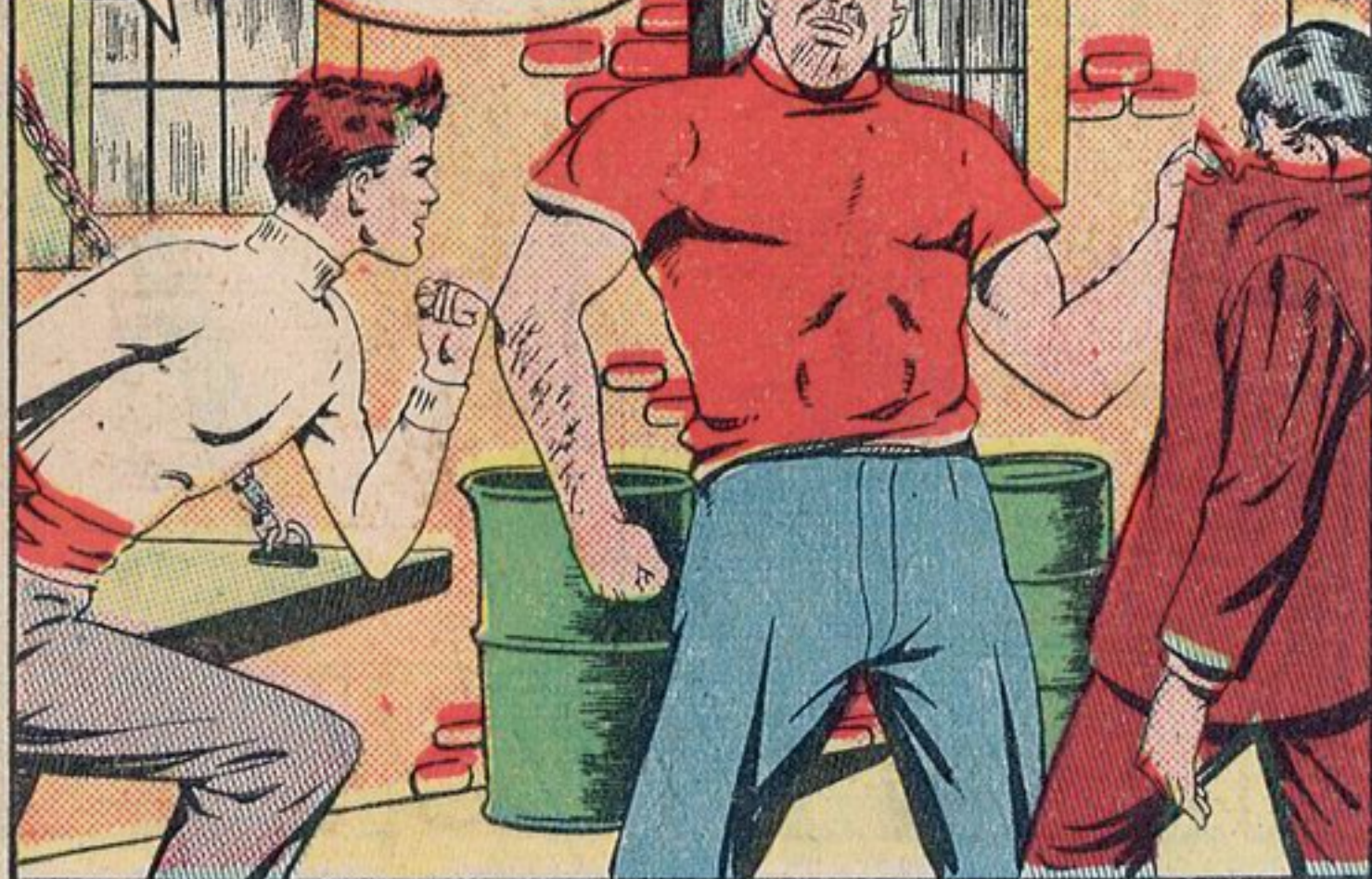




By saying his magic word, Kid Eternity becomes visible ...

LEAVE HIM ALONE!

HAH! A FRESH BRAT'S TRYING TO GET IN THE ACT, TOO!



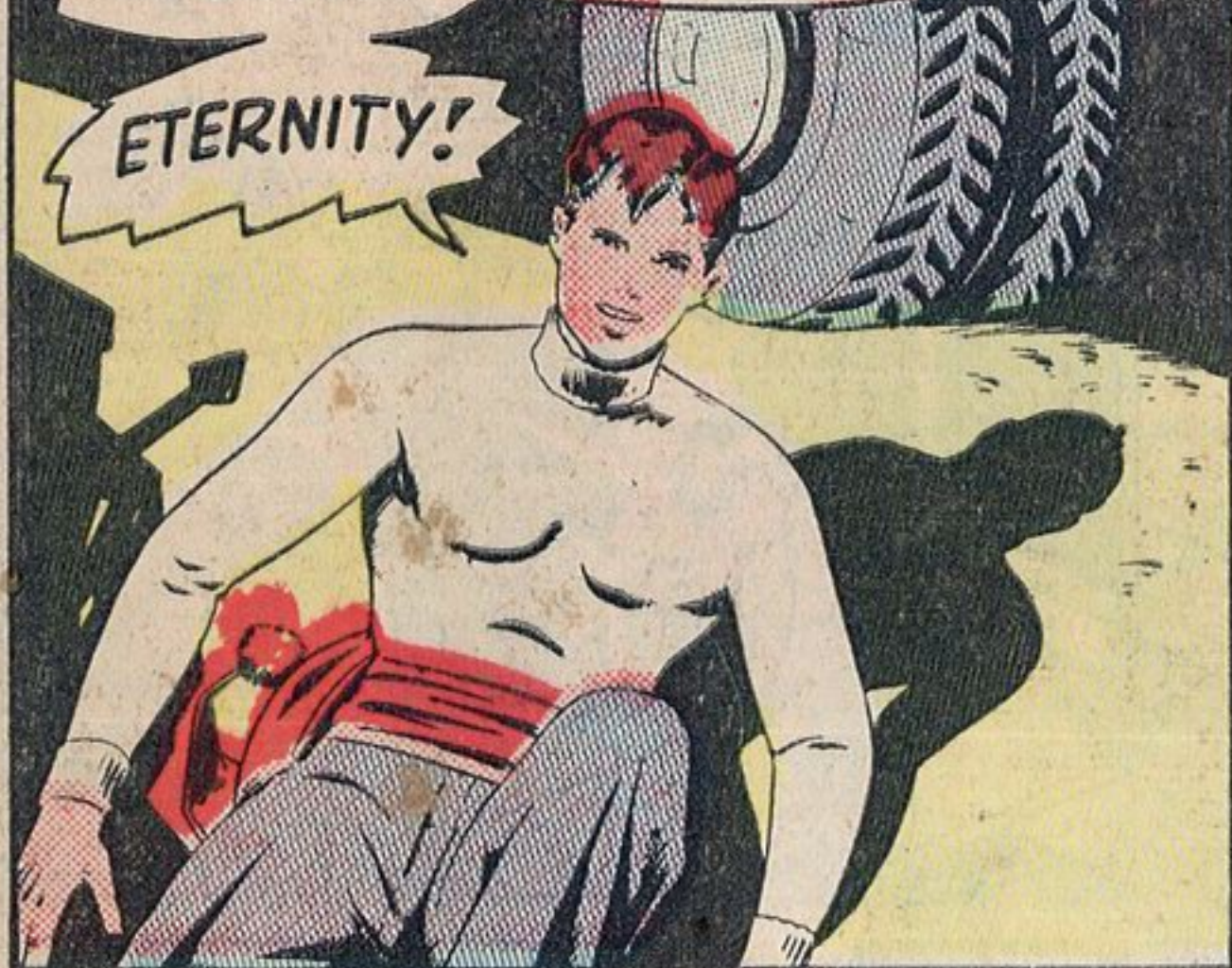
DON'T YOU MAKE ME MAD! OR YOU'LL GET HURT WORSE THAN THE FIRST GUY!

OH!!



I KNOW SOMEONE HE WON'T HURT SO EASILY!

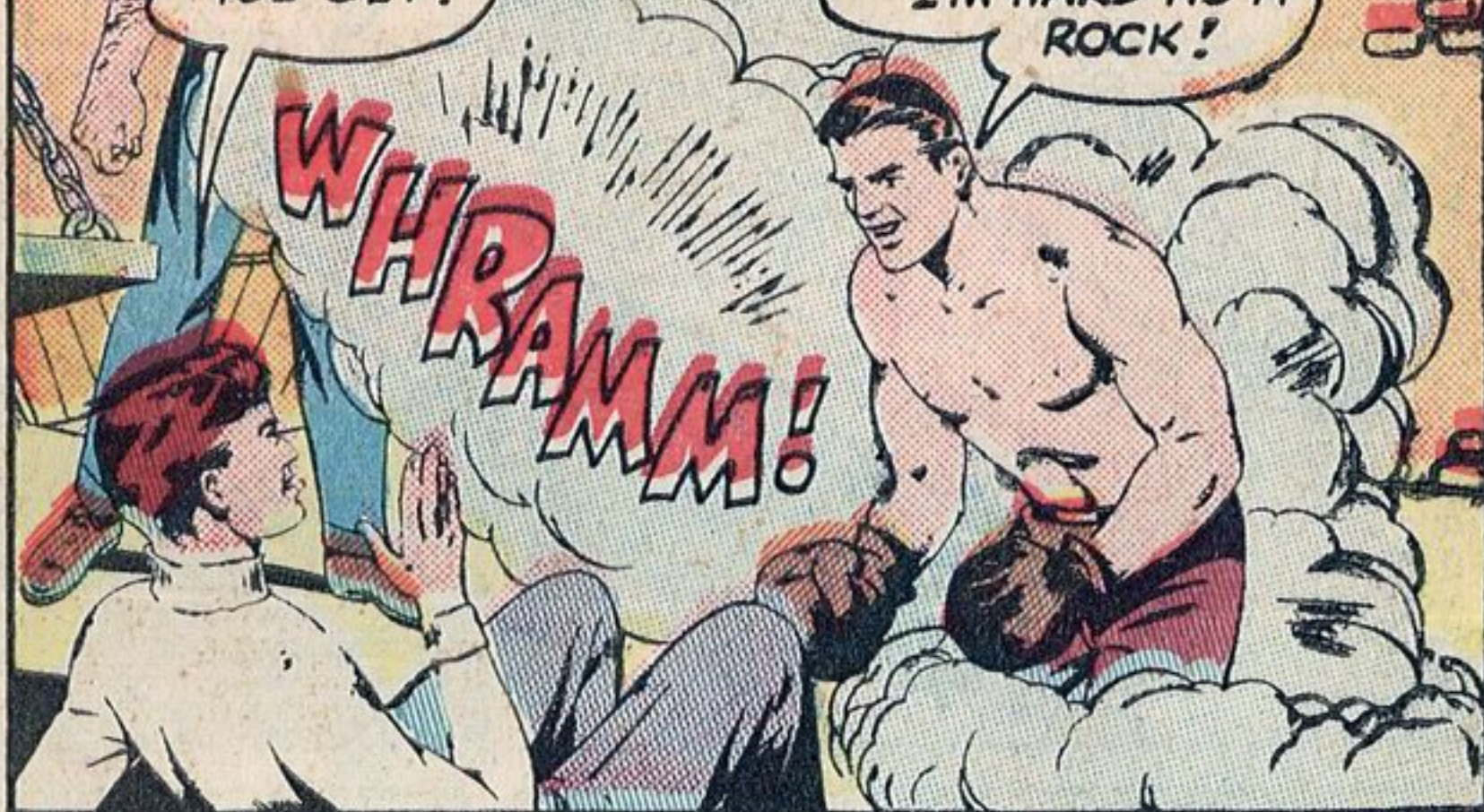
ETERNITY!



JOE GRIMM, THE HUMAN PUNCHING BAG? NO ONE WAS EVER ABLE TO KNOCK YOU OUT!

THEY ALL TRIED, KID, EVEN THE GREAT FITZSIMMONS! BUT I'M HARD AS A ROCK!

WHRAAM!



I COULD PUNCH PRETTY WELL, TOO!

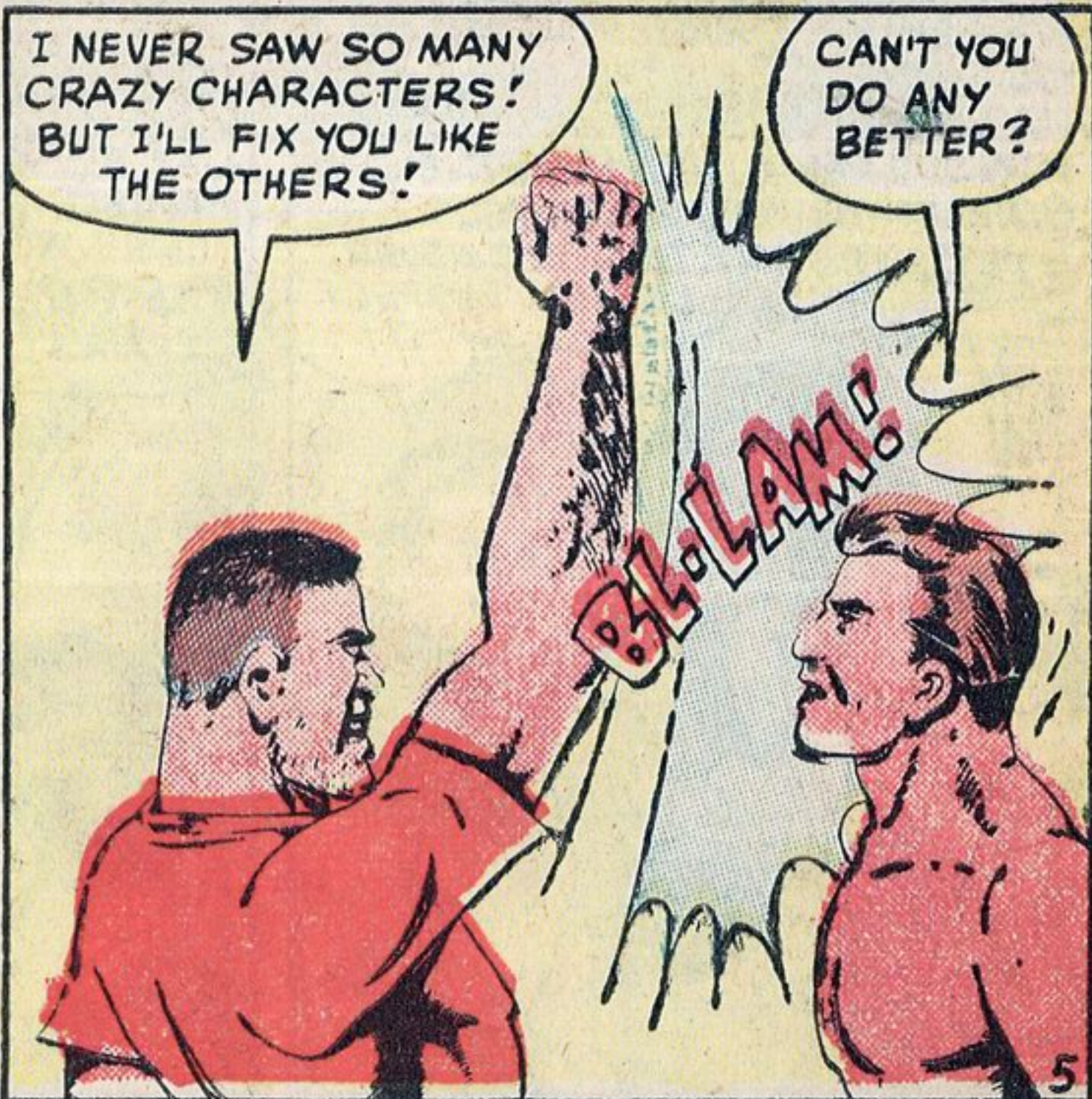
WHA...?

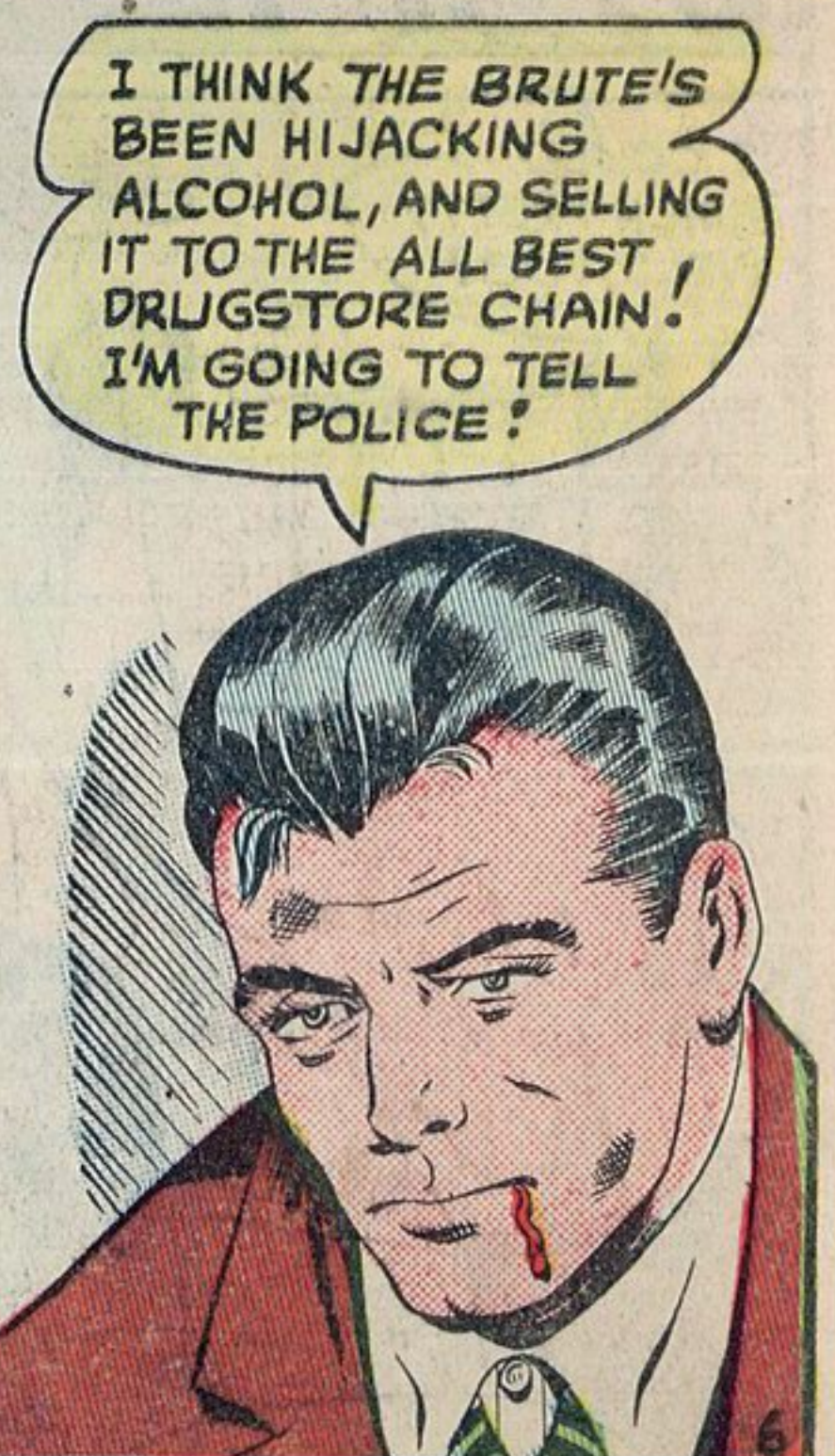
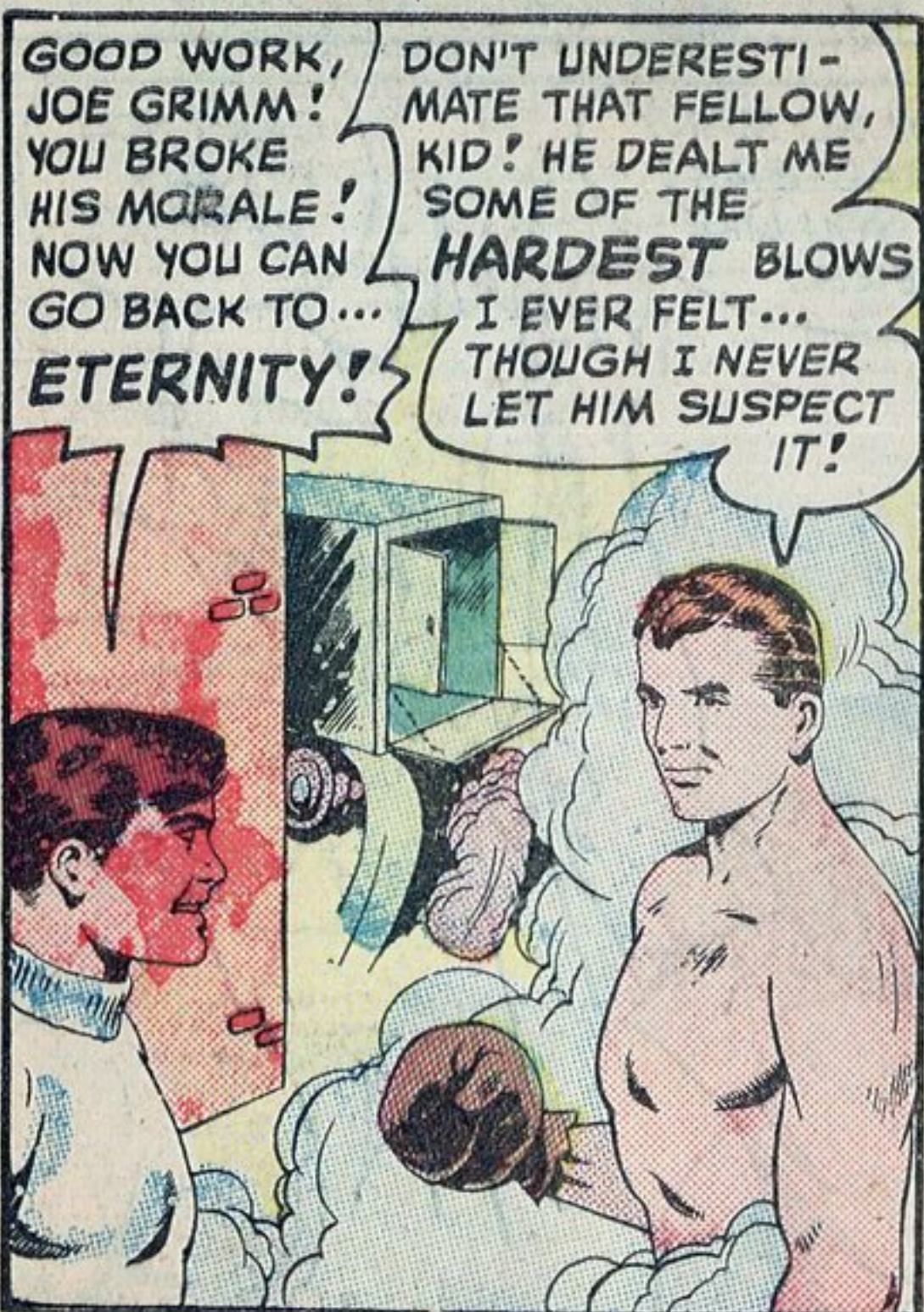
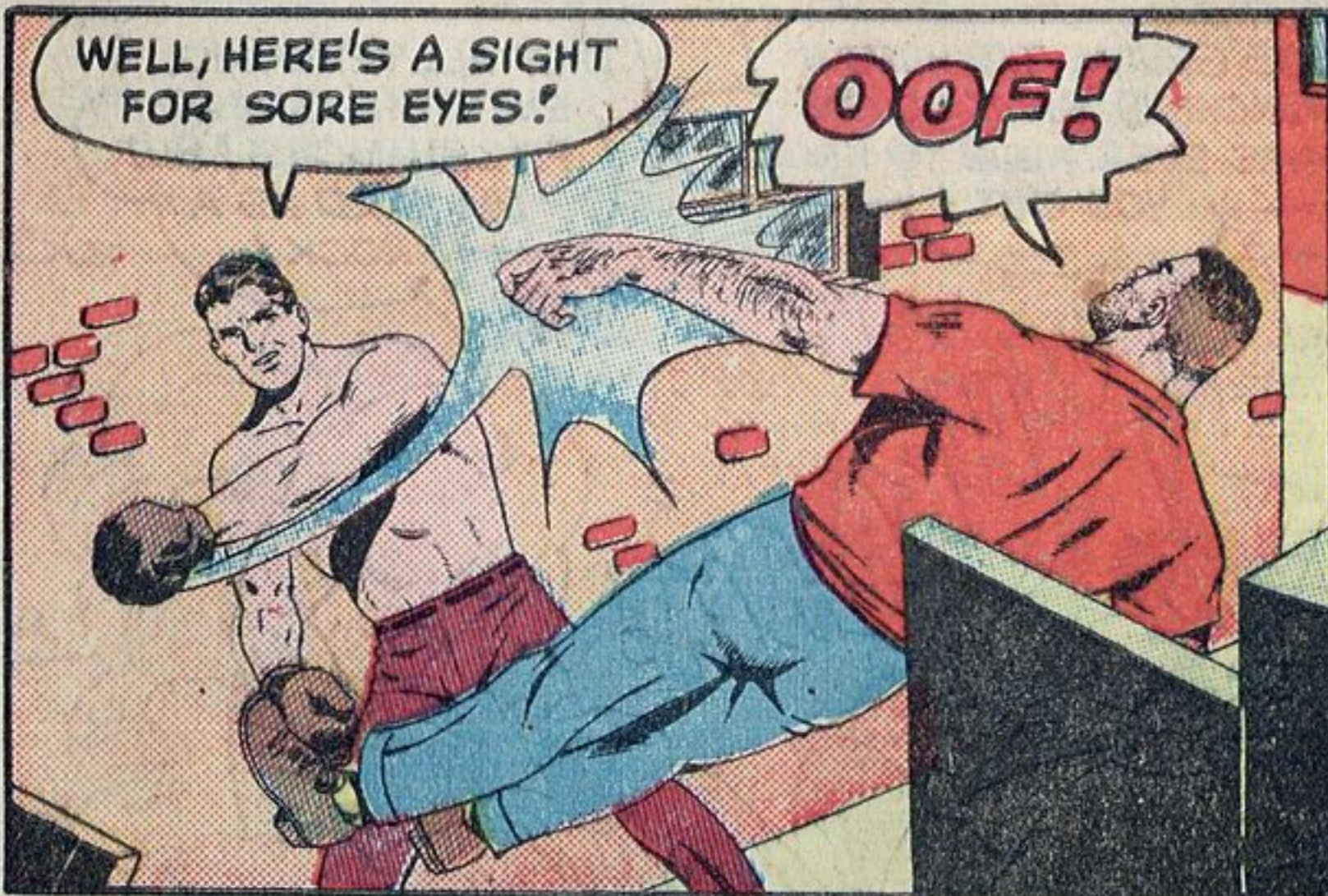
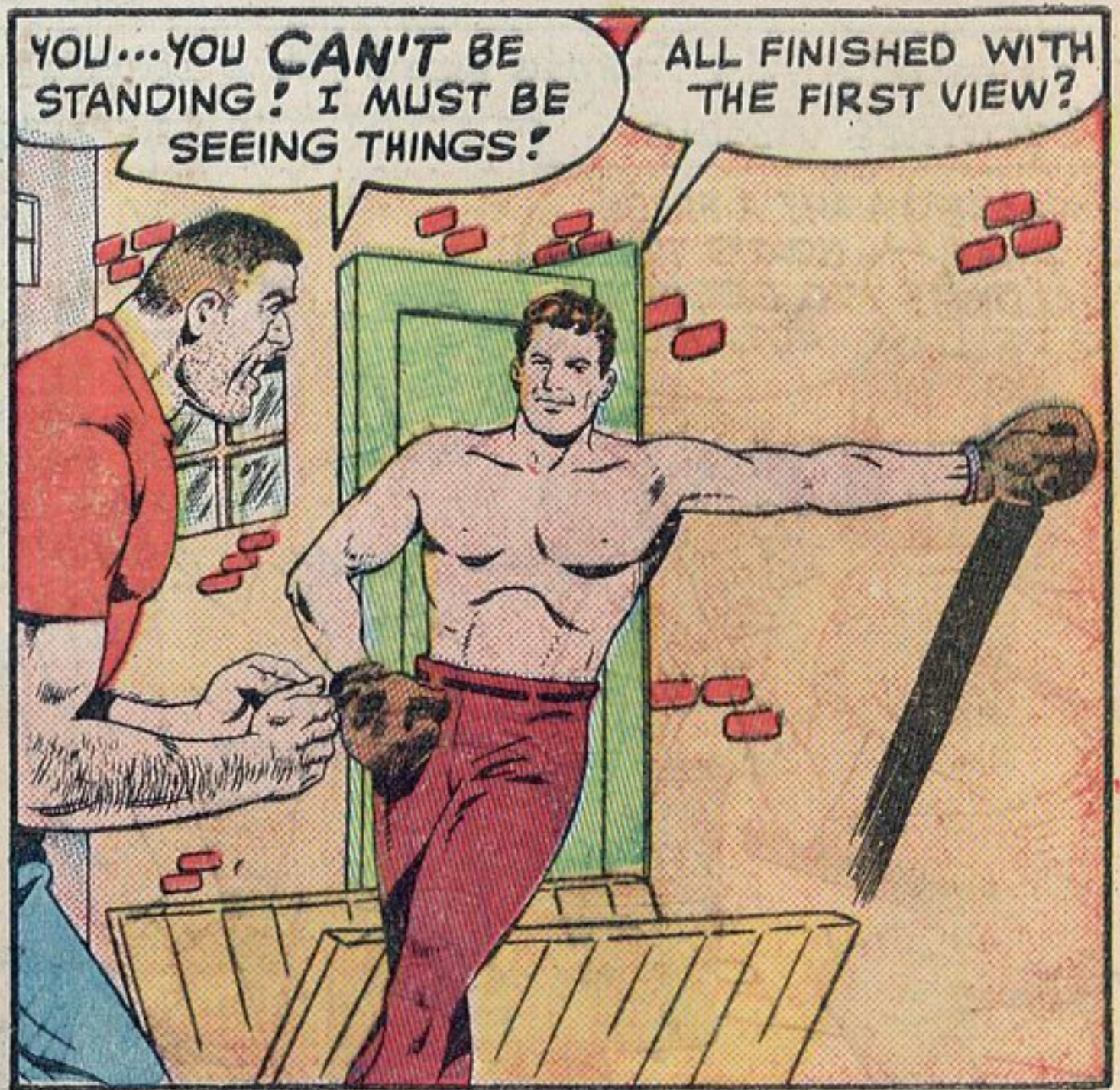
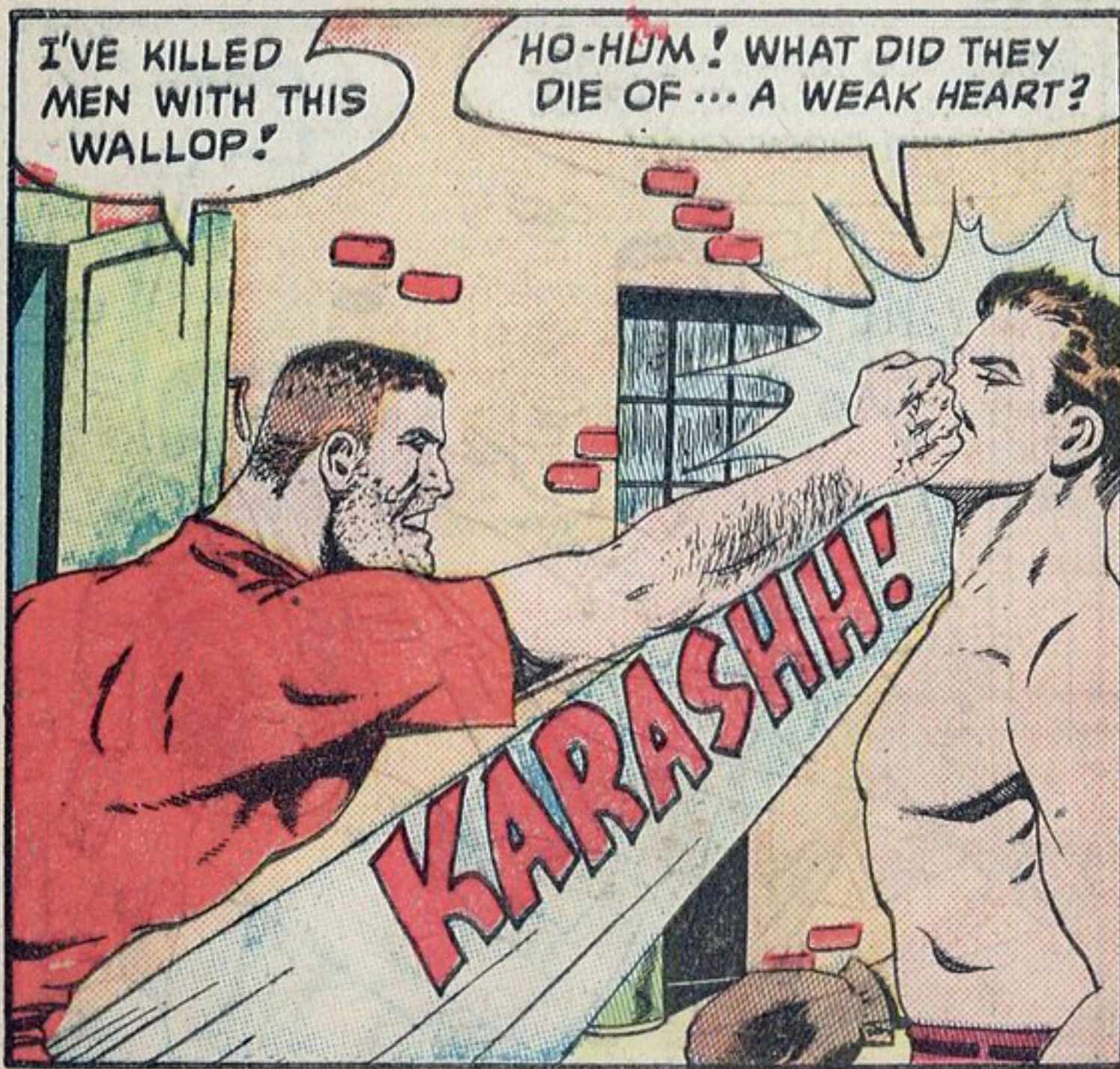


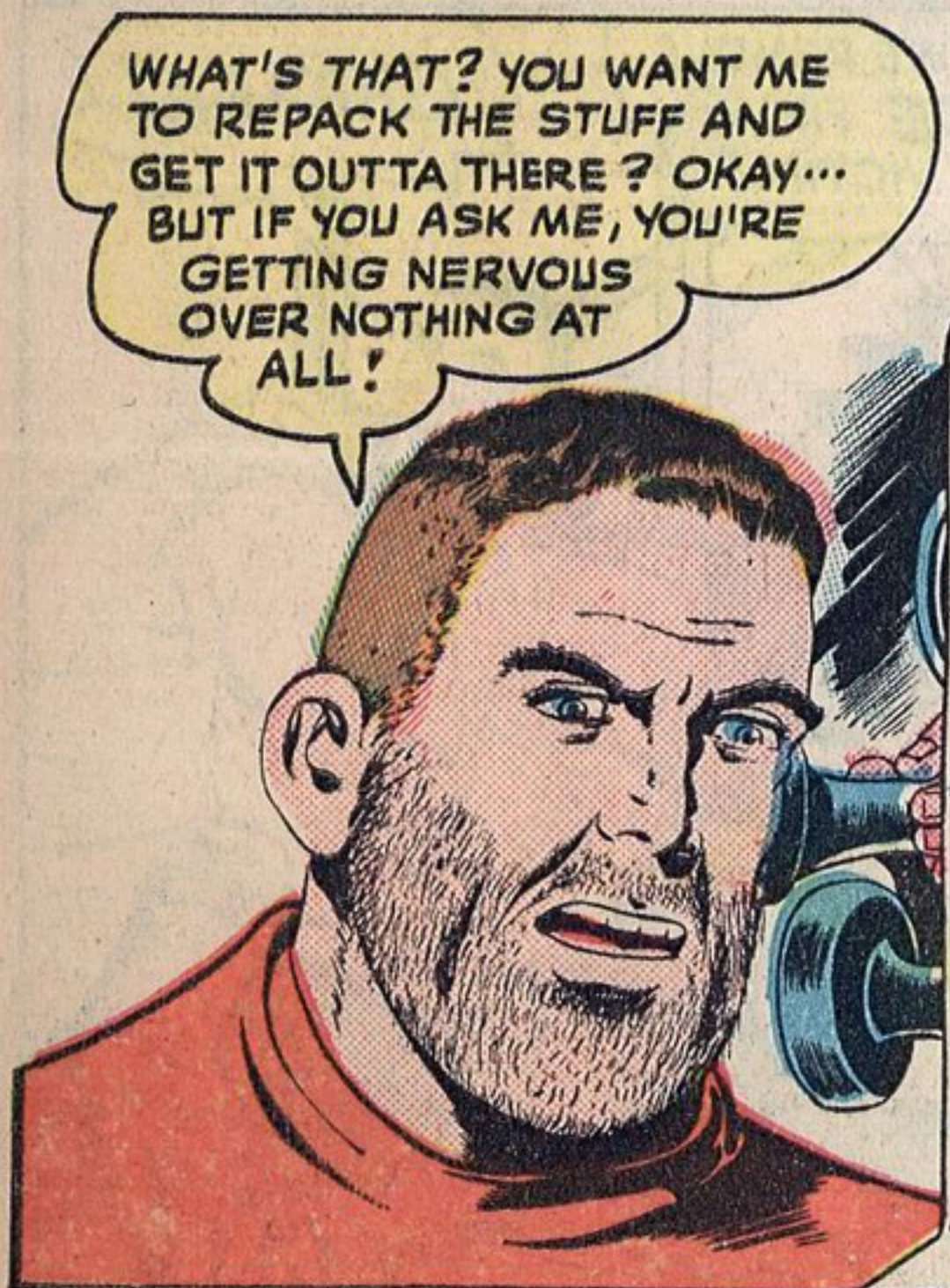
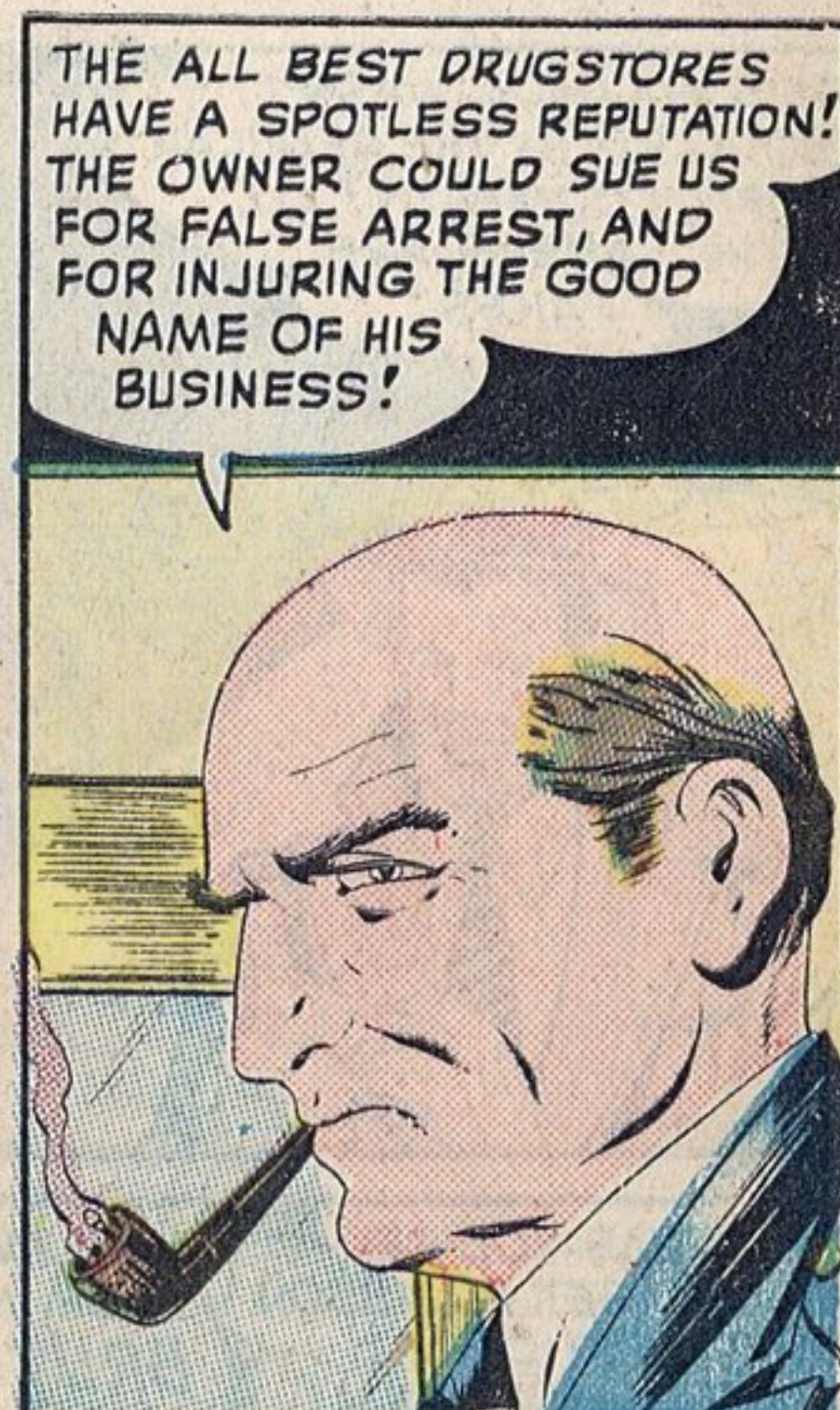
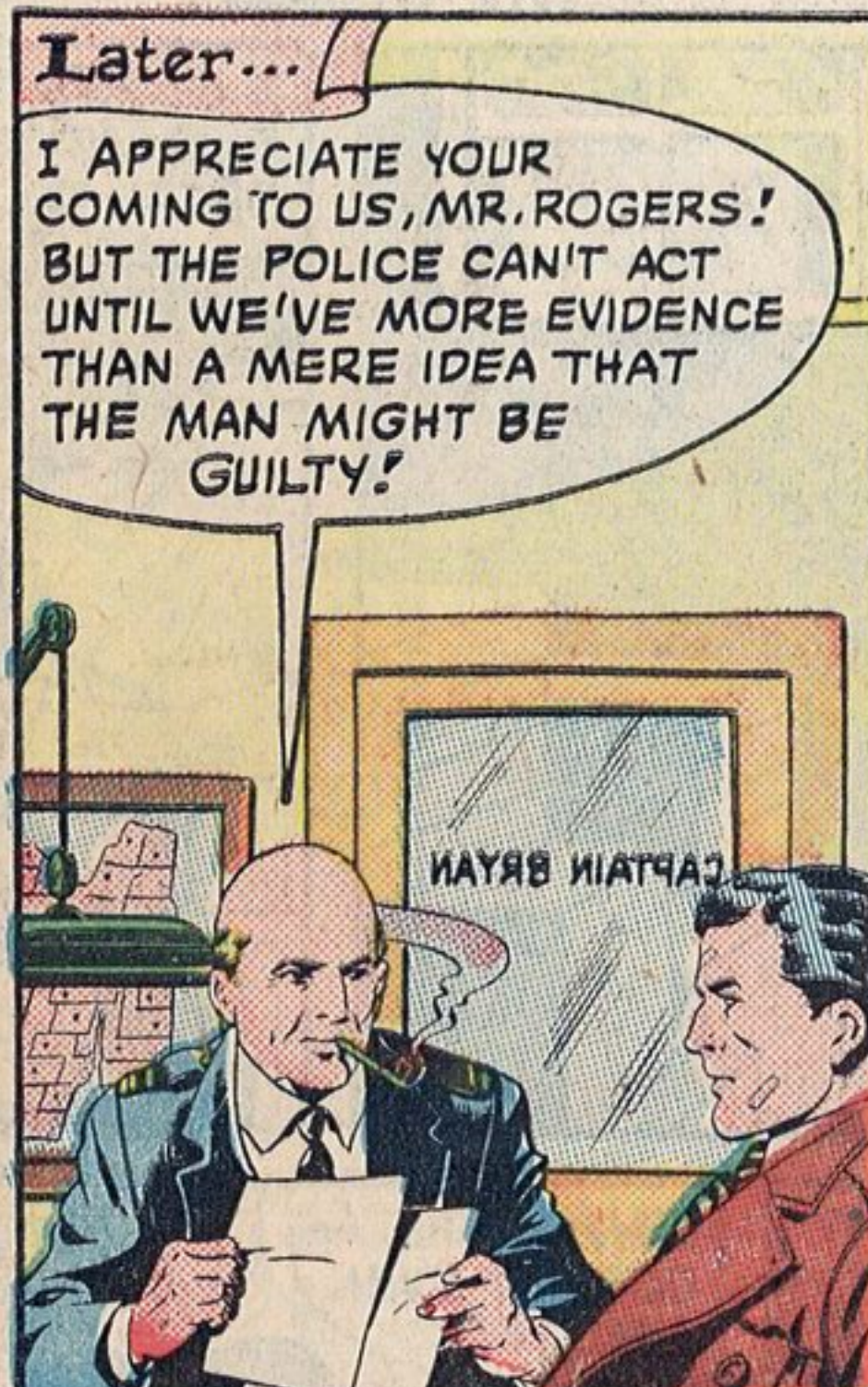
I NEVER SAW SO MANY CRAZY CHARACTERS! BUT I'LL FIX YOU LIKE THE OTHERS!

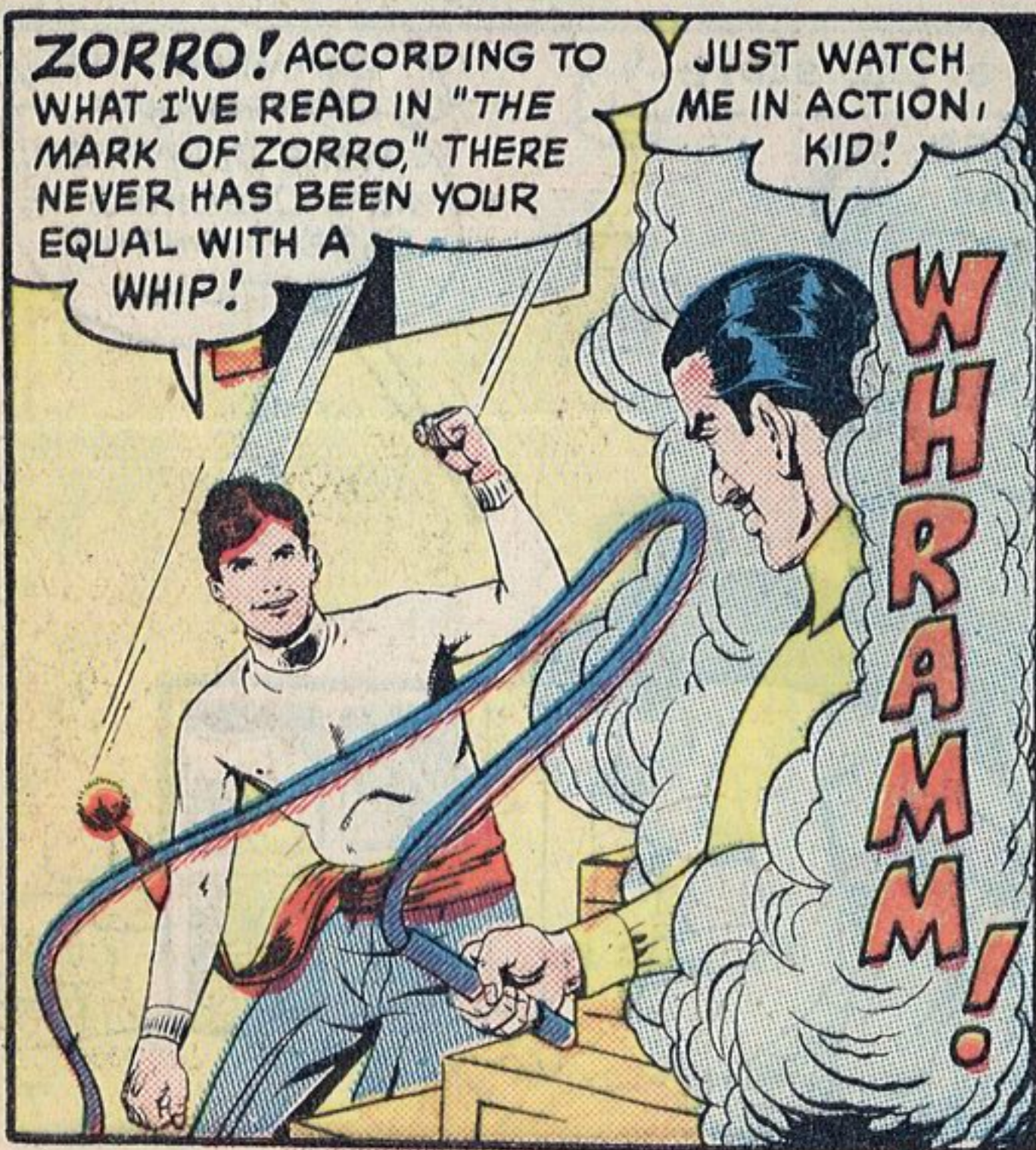
CAN'T YOU DO ANY BETTER?

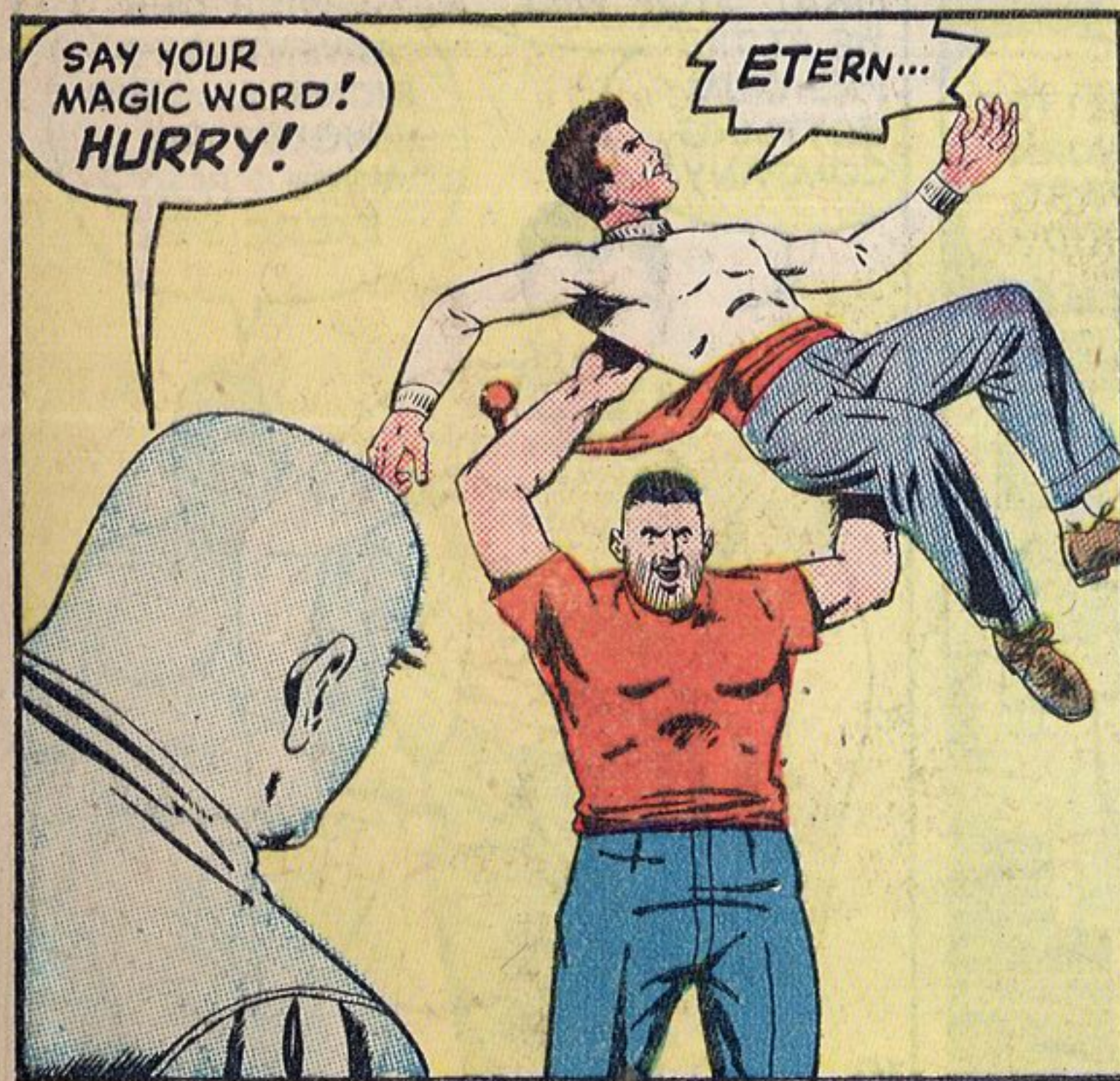
BLAM!

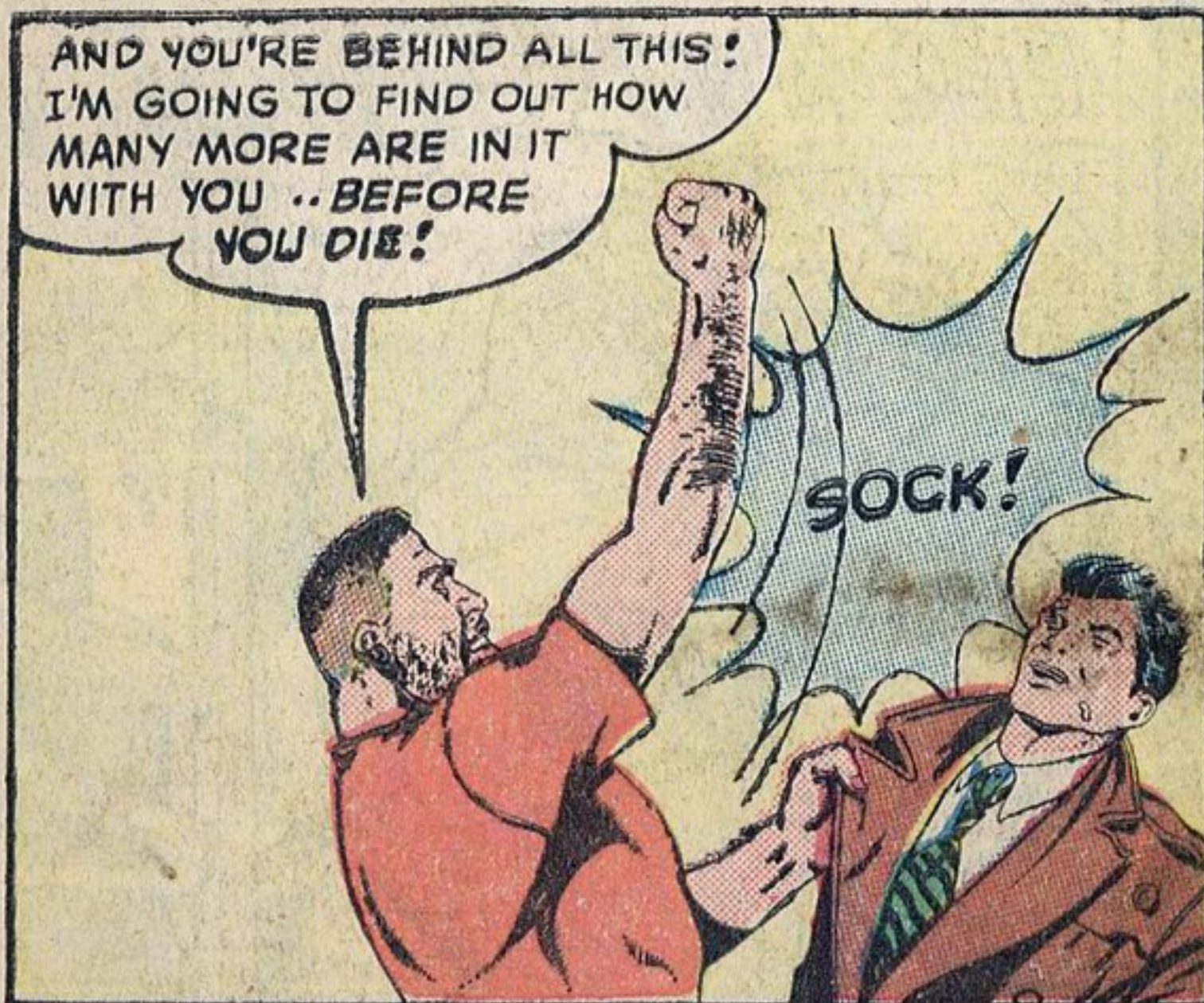


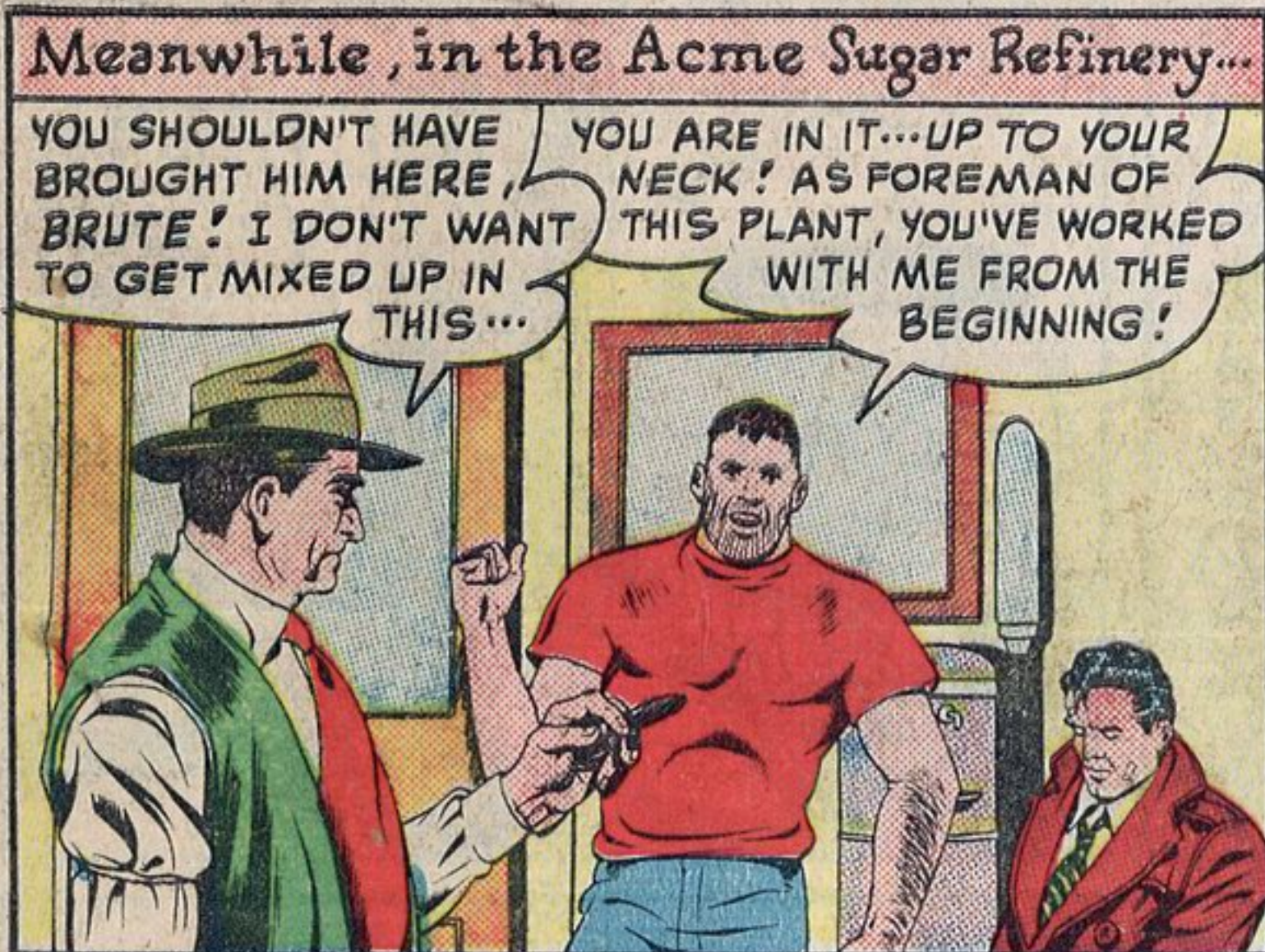
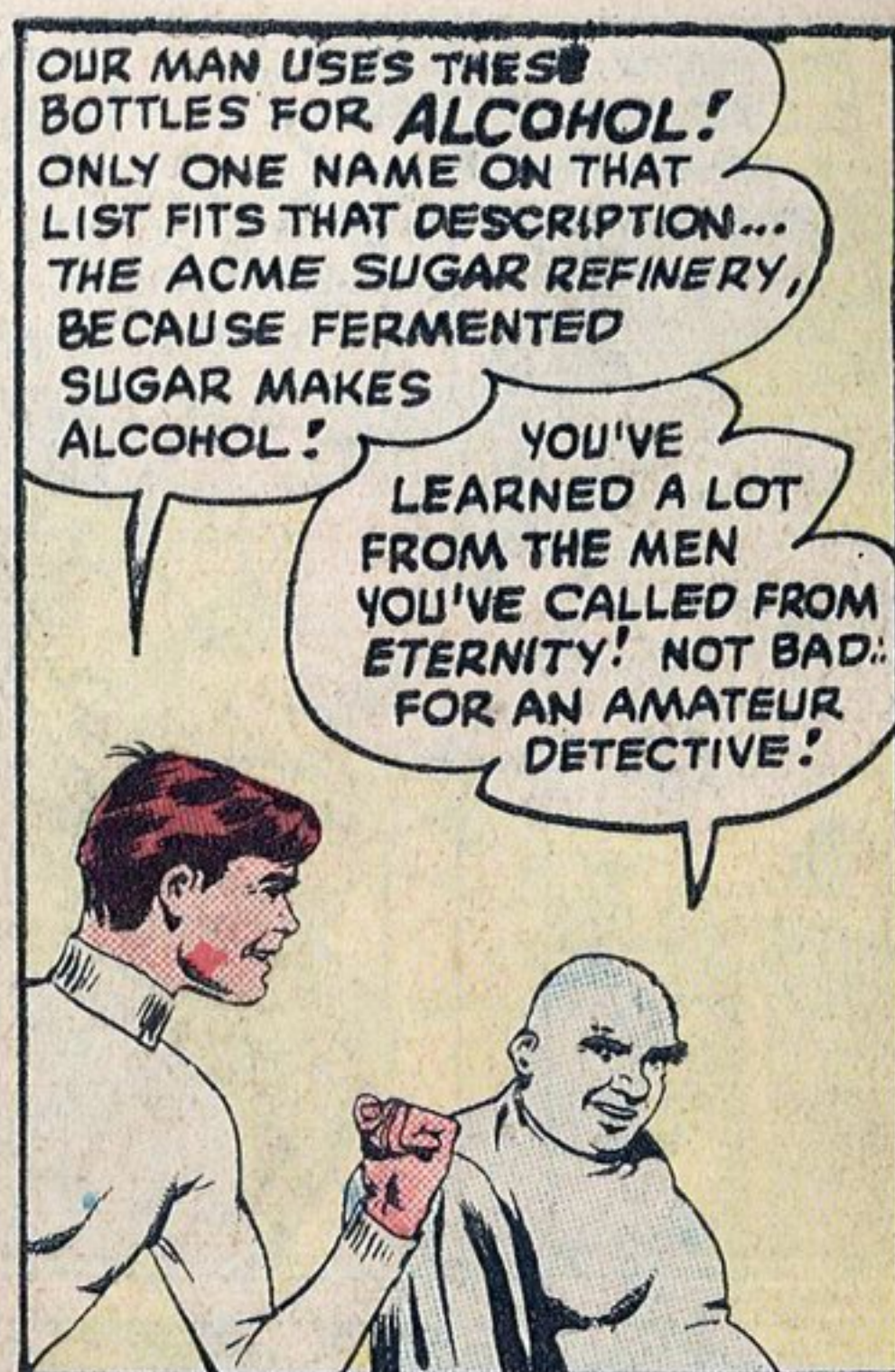


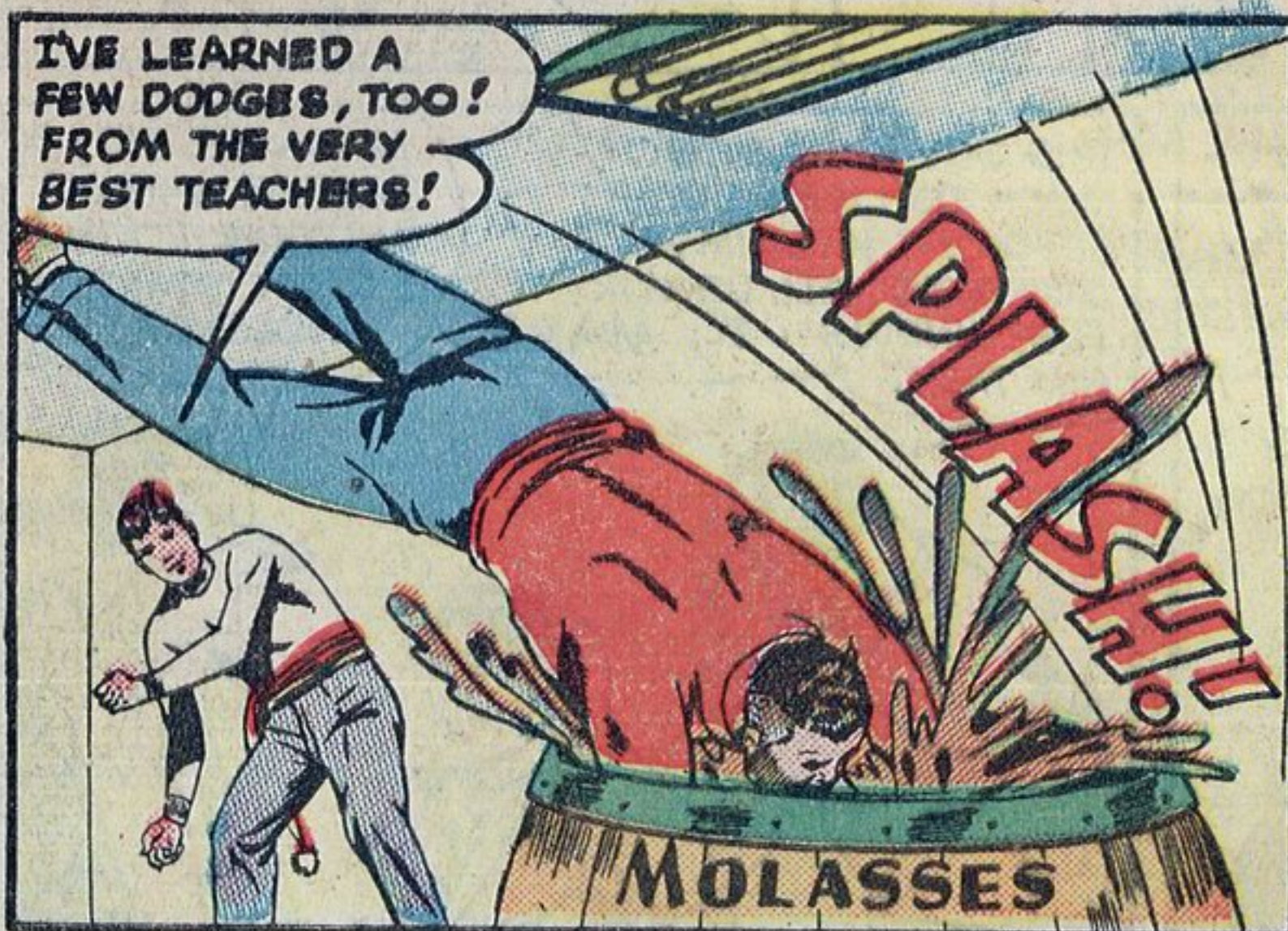




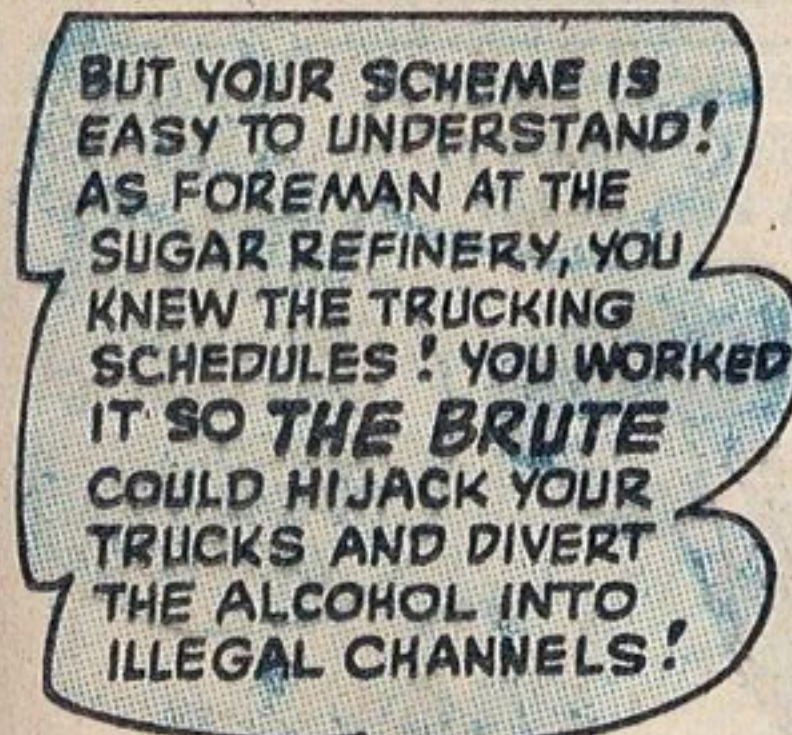
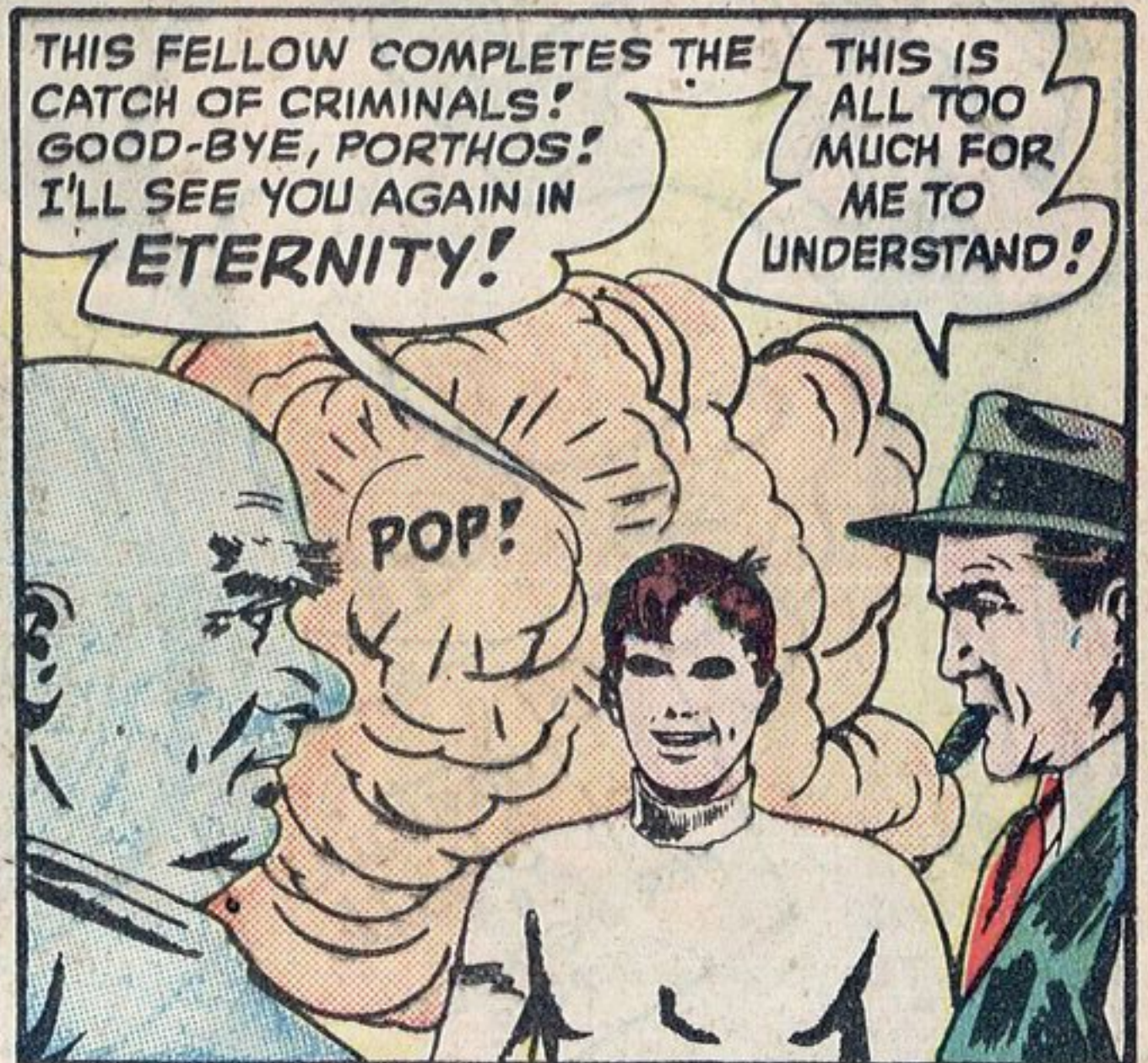
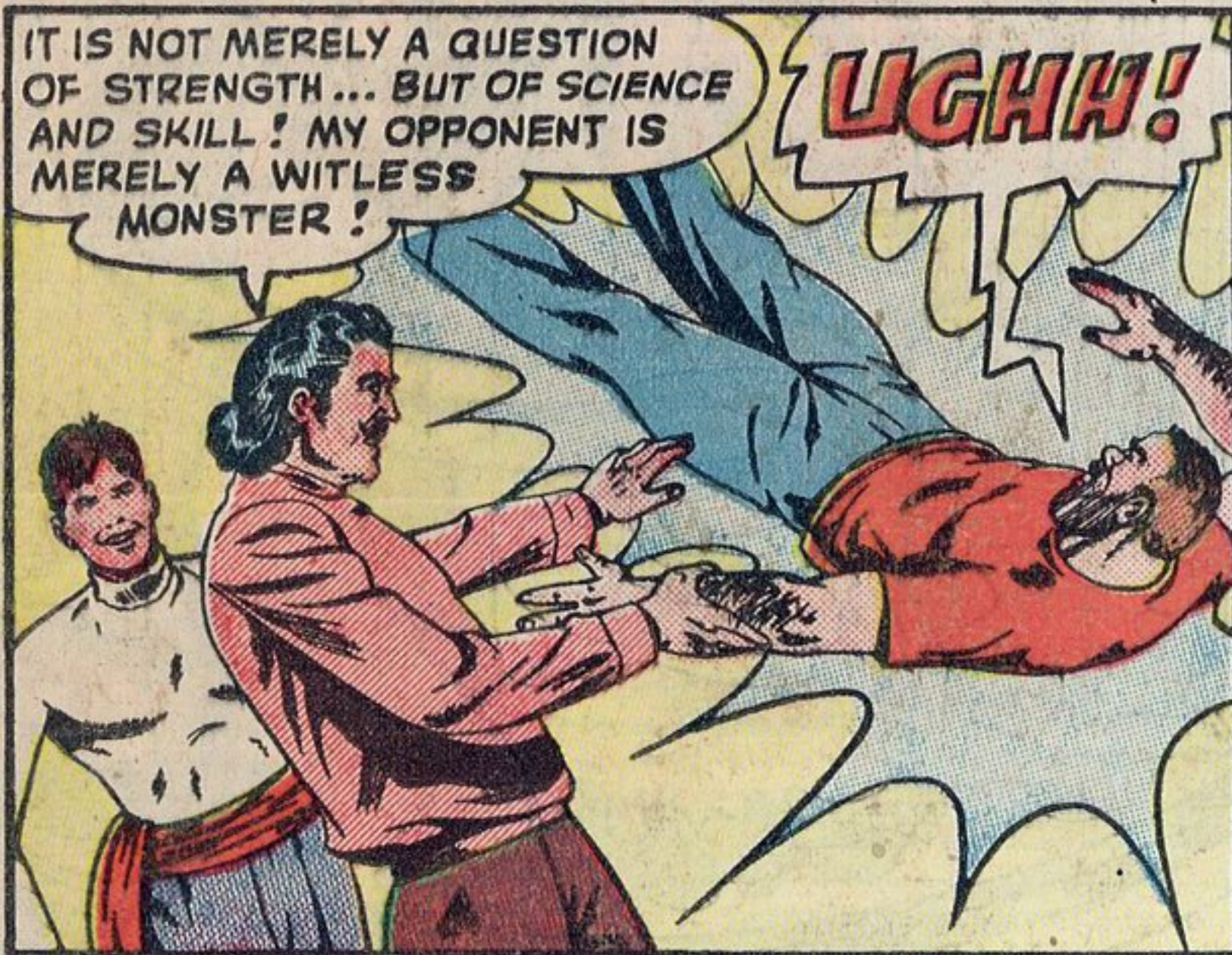








HIT COMICS



HER HIGHNESS

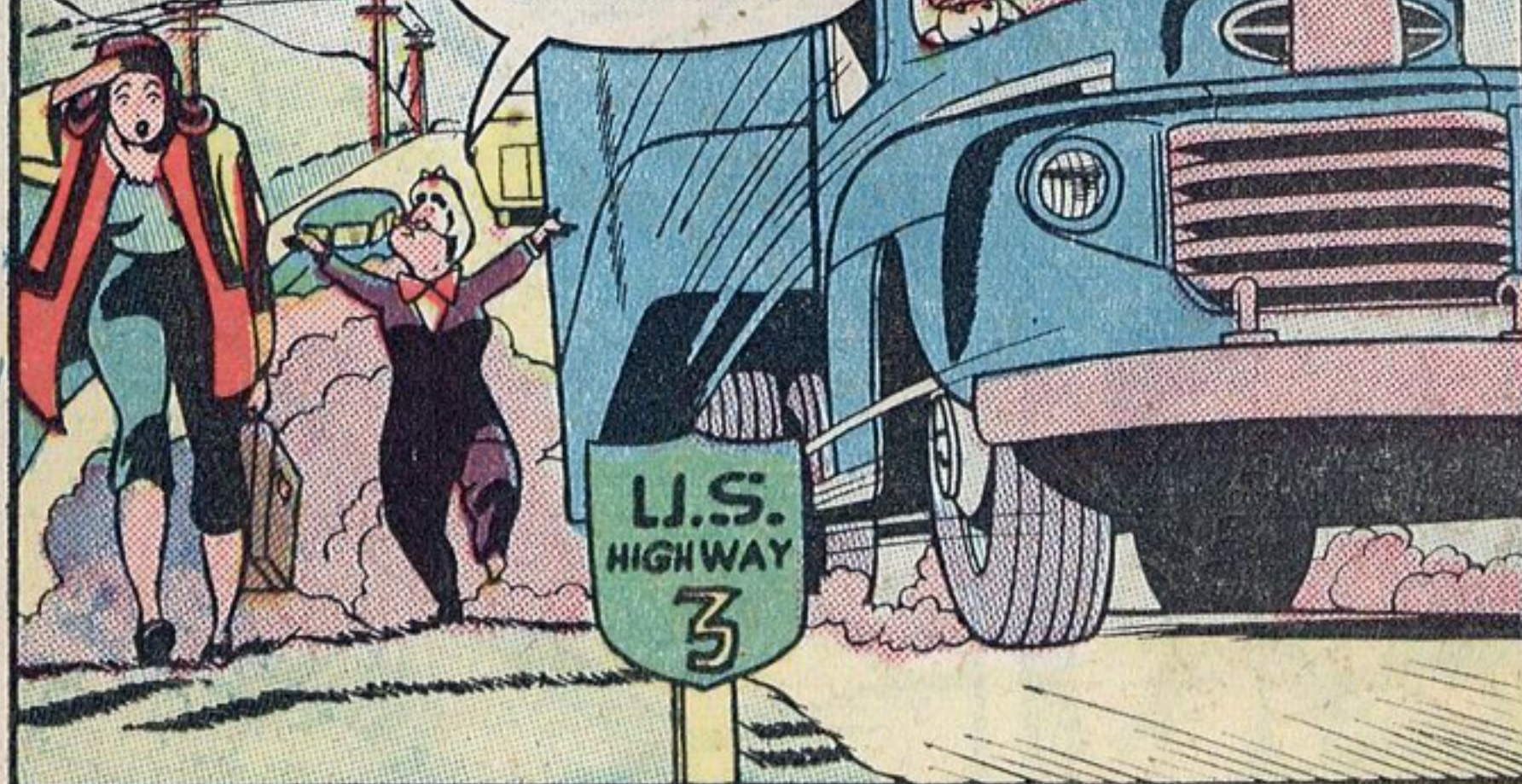
HIGHNESS! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

I DIDN'T THINK THEY'D GIVE ME A WARDROBE TO MATCH!



LET'S REST A WHILE, HIGHNESS! I'M SO TIRED!

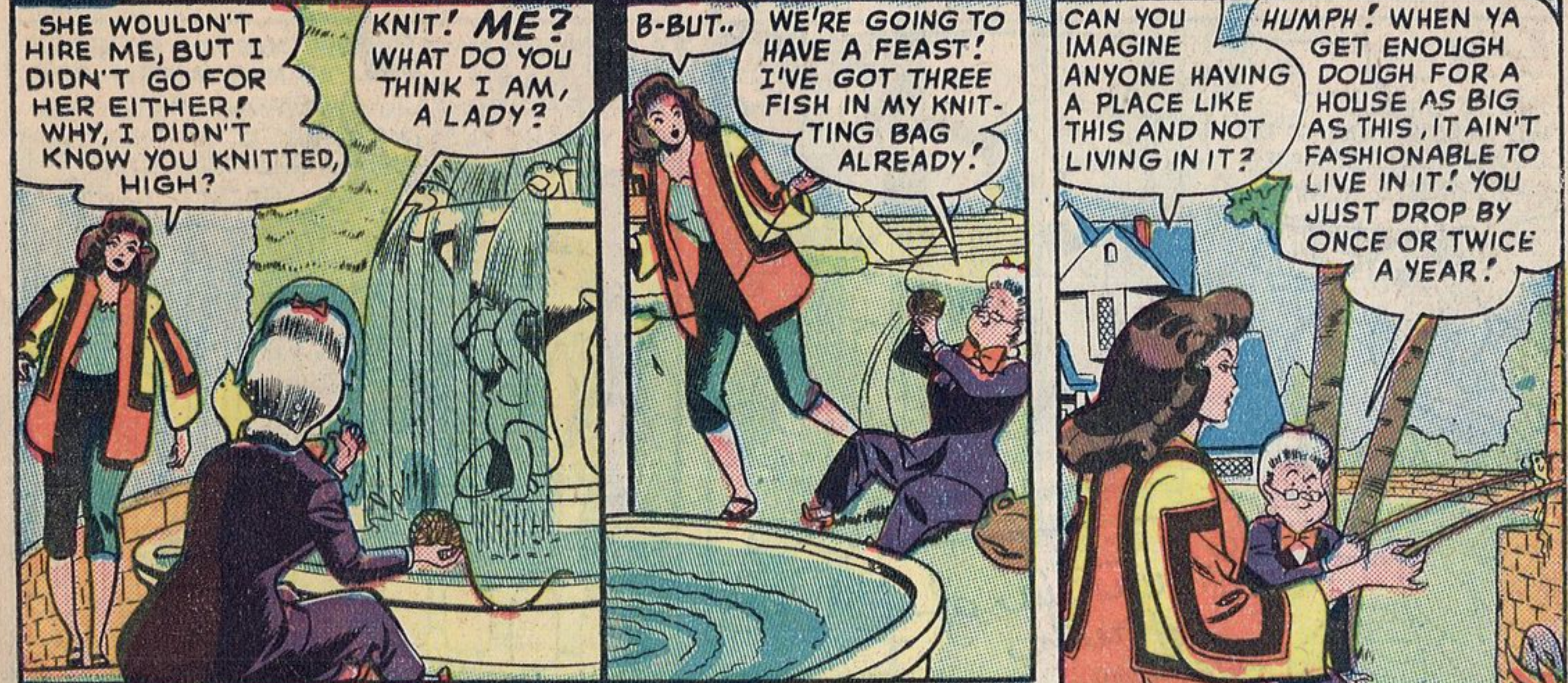
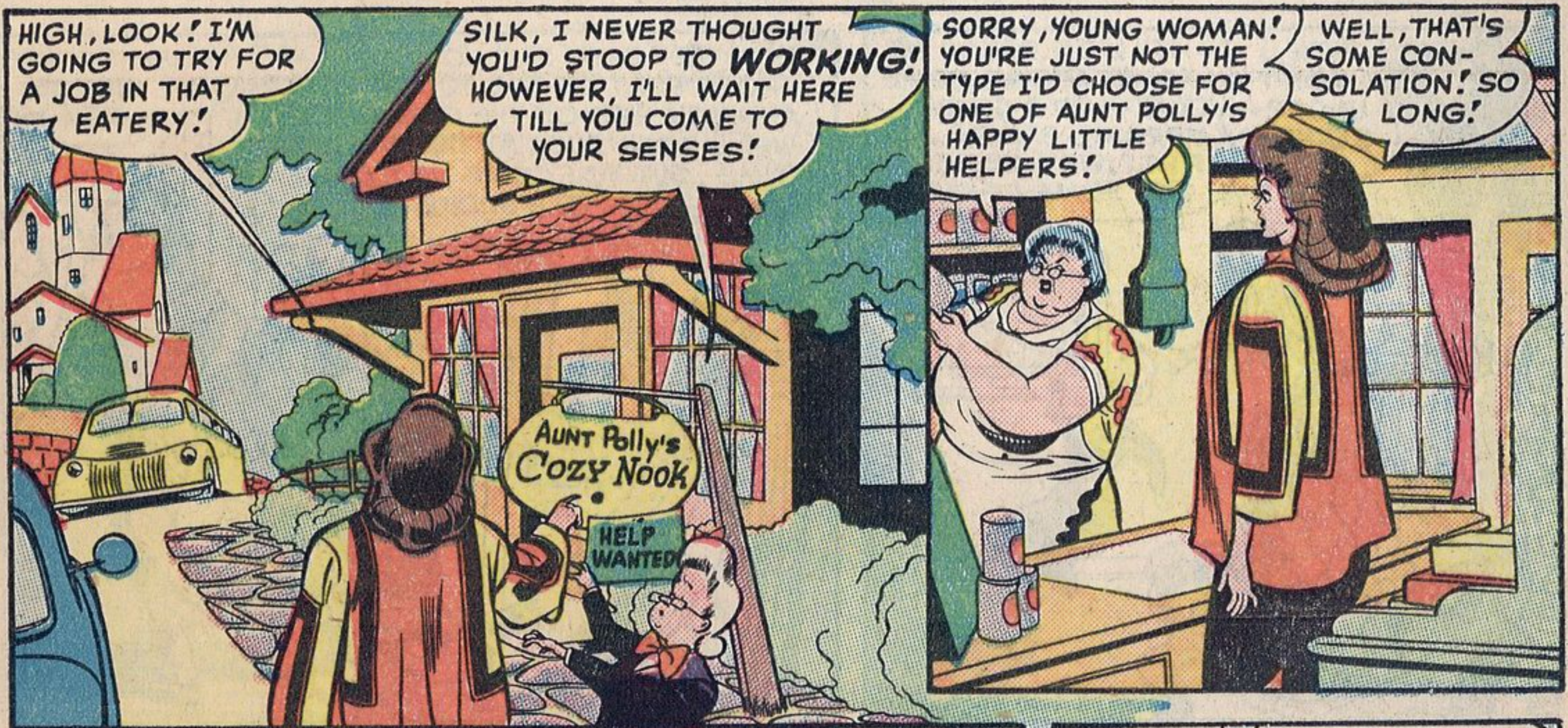
DON'T GIVE UP, SILK! THIS HIKING IS GOOD FOR YOU! THE GREAT OUTDOORS! FREEDOM! OPPORTUNITY! BUNIONS!

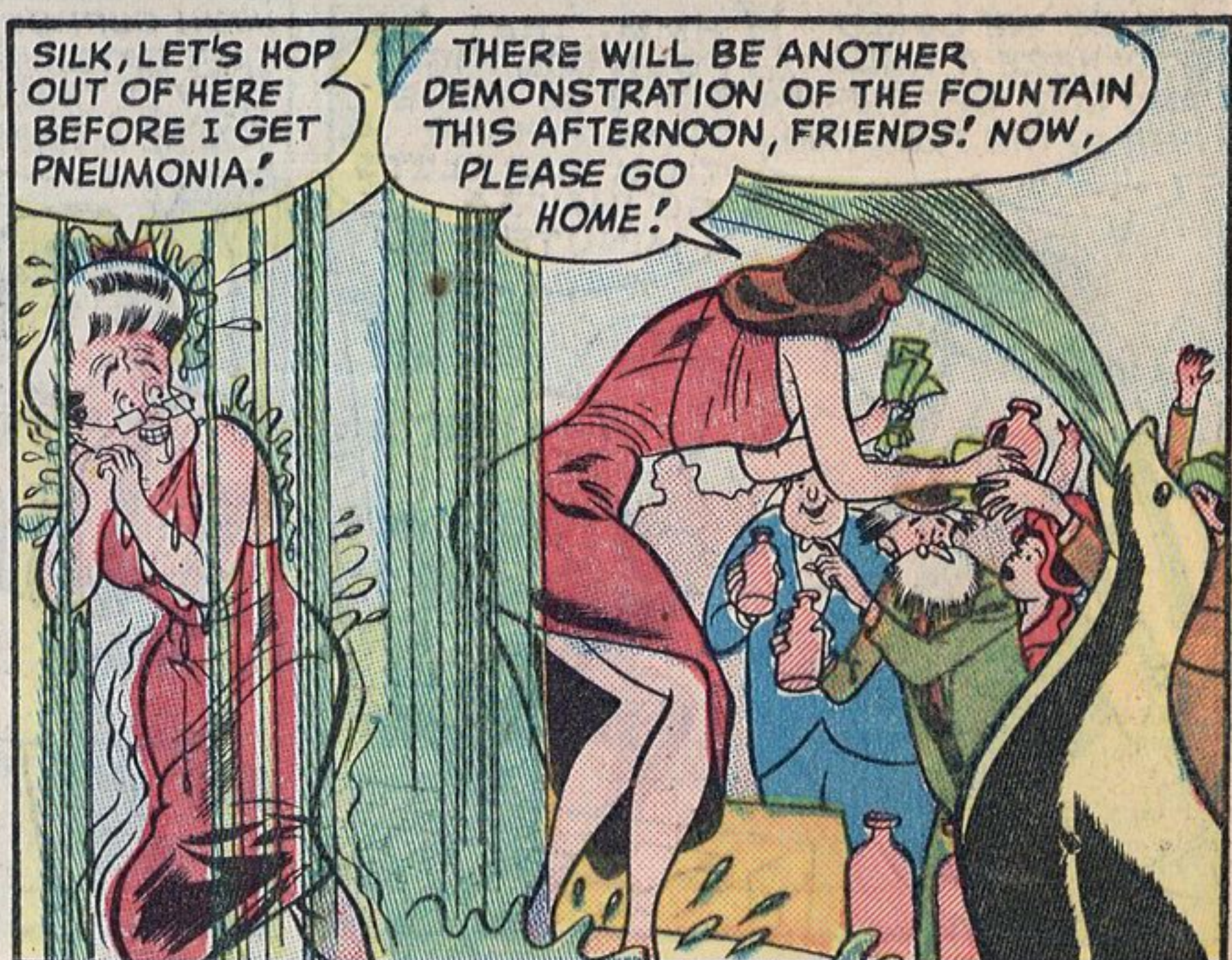
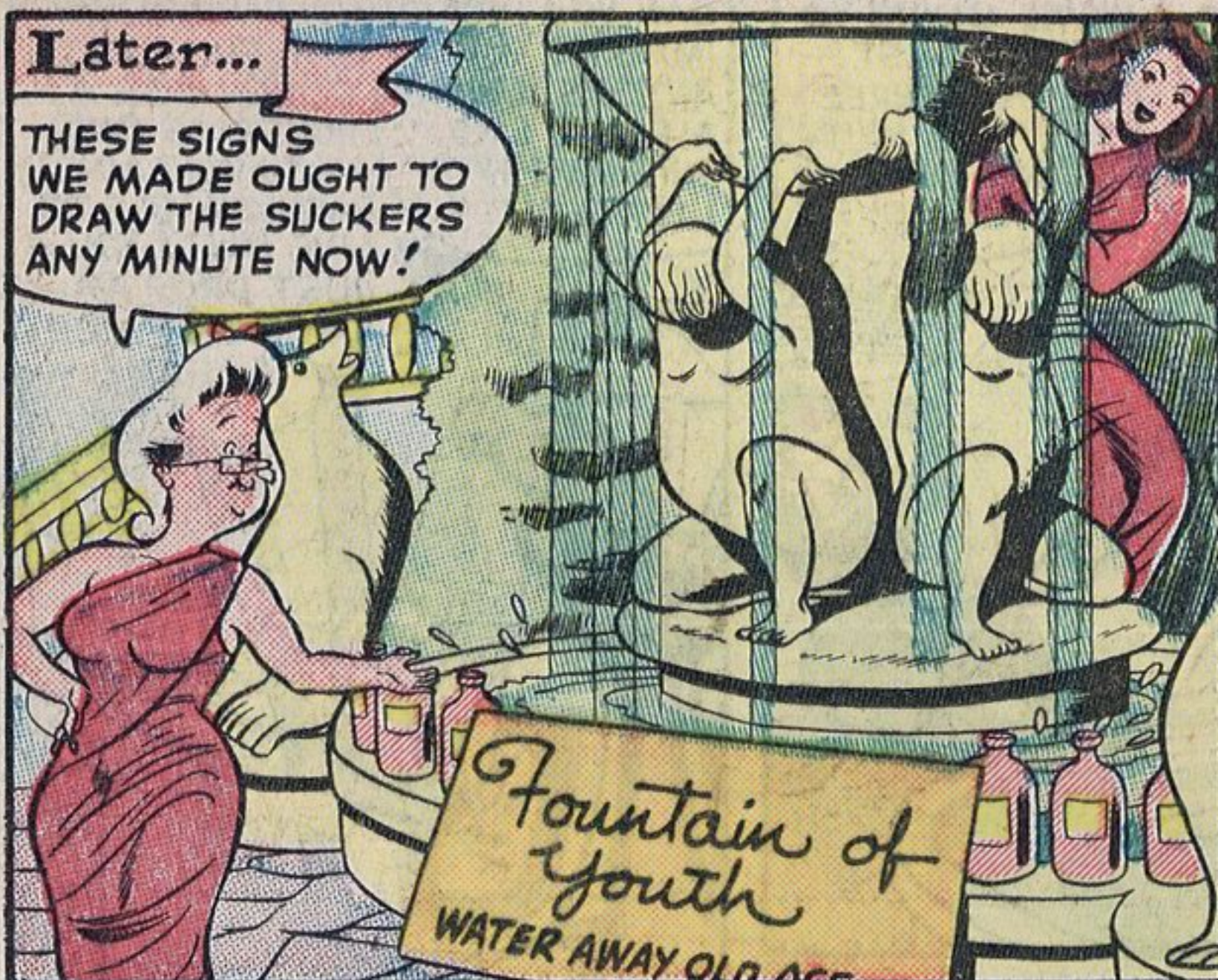
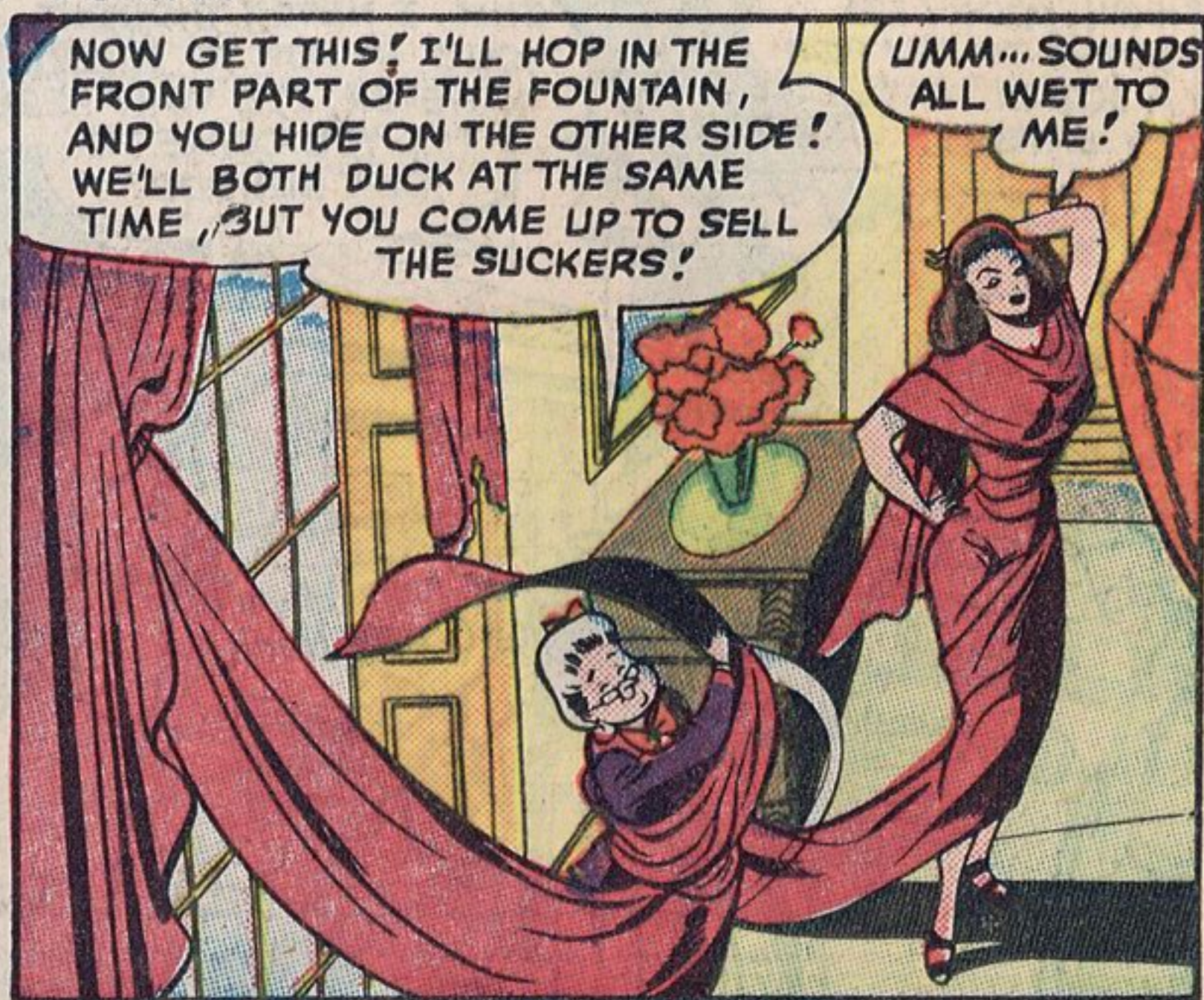
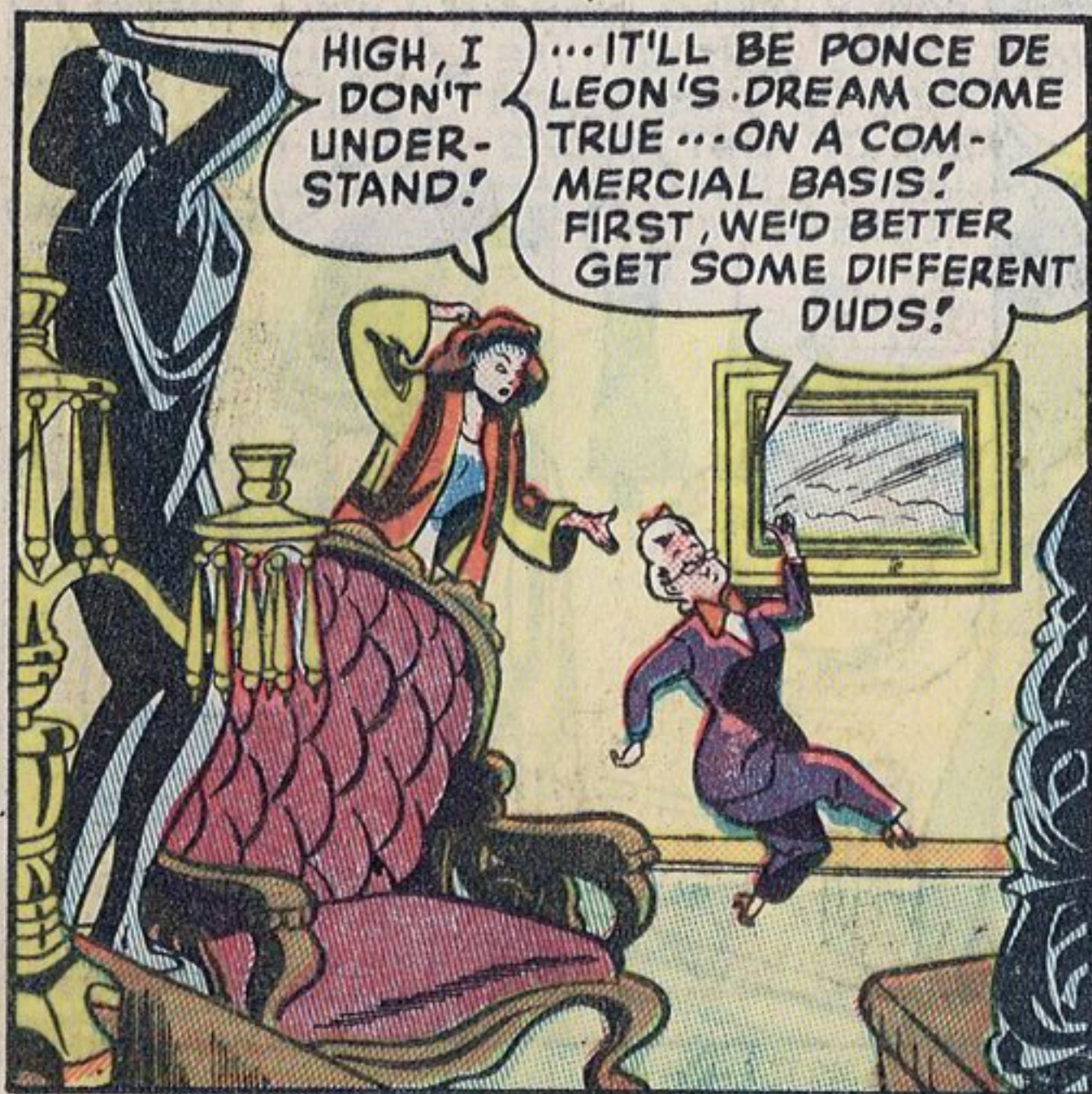


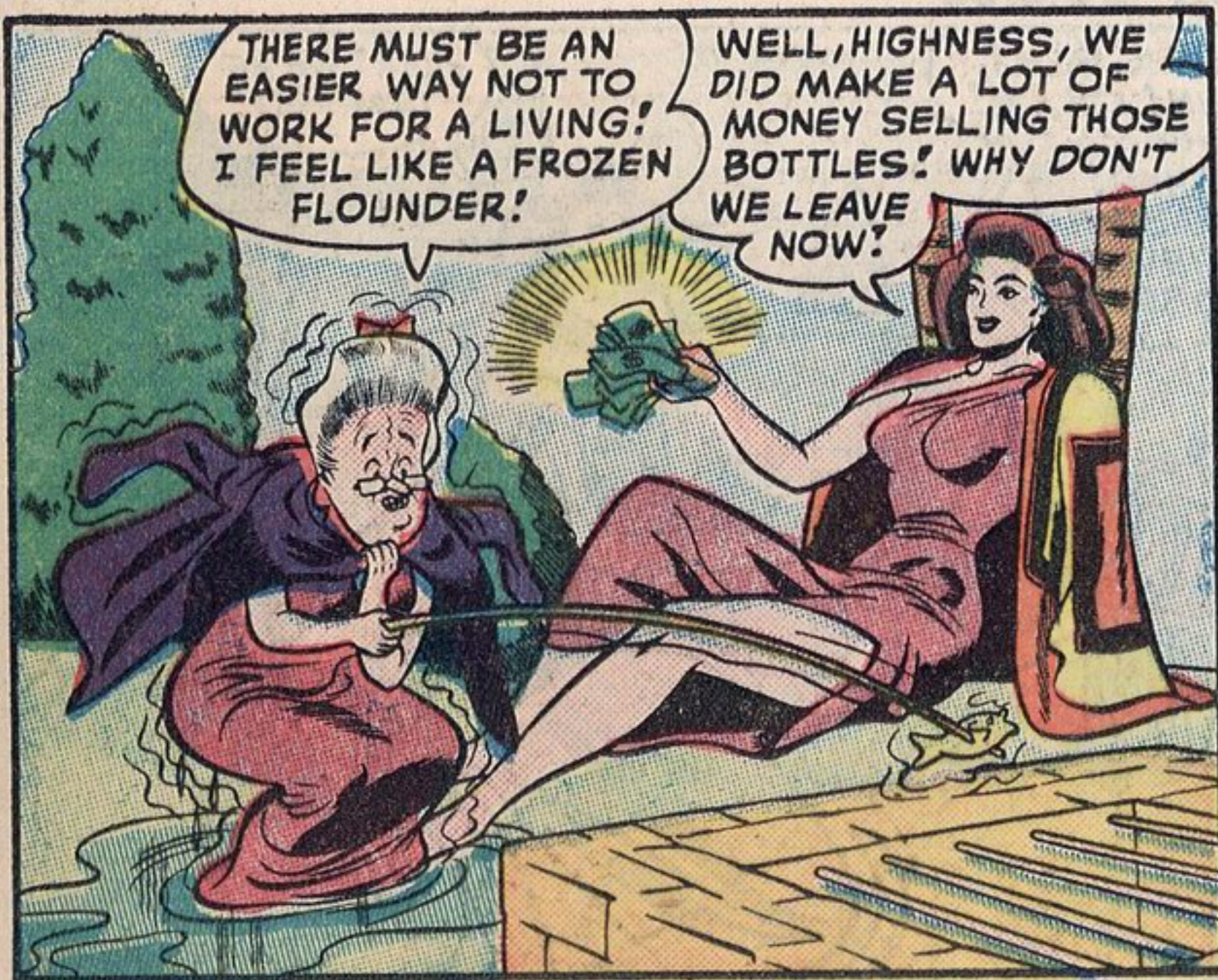
BUNIONS IS RIGHT! NOT A RIDE IN SIGHT! DARN IT... I'VE GOT A RUN IN MY STOCKING!

WALK, DON'T RUN... TO THE NEAREST AND SOFTEST TOUCH! THAT'S MY MOTTO!

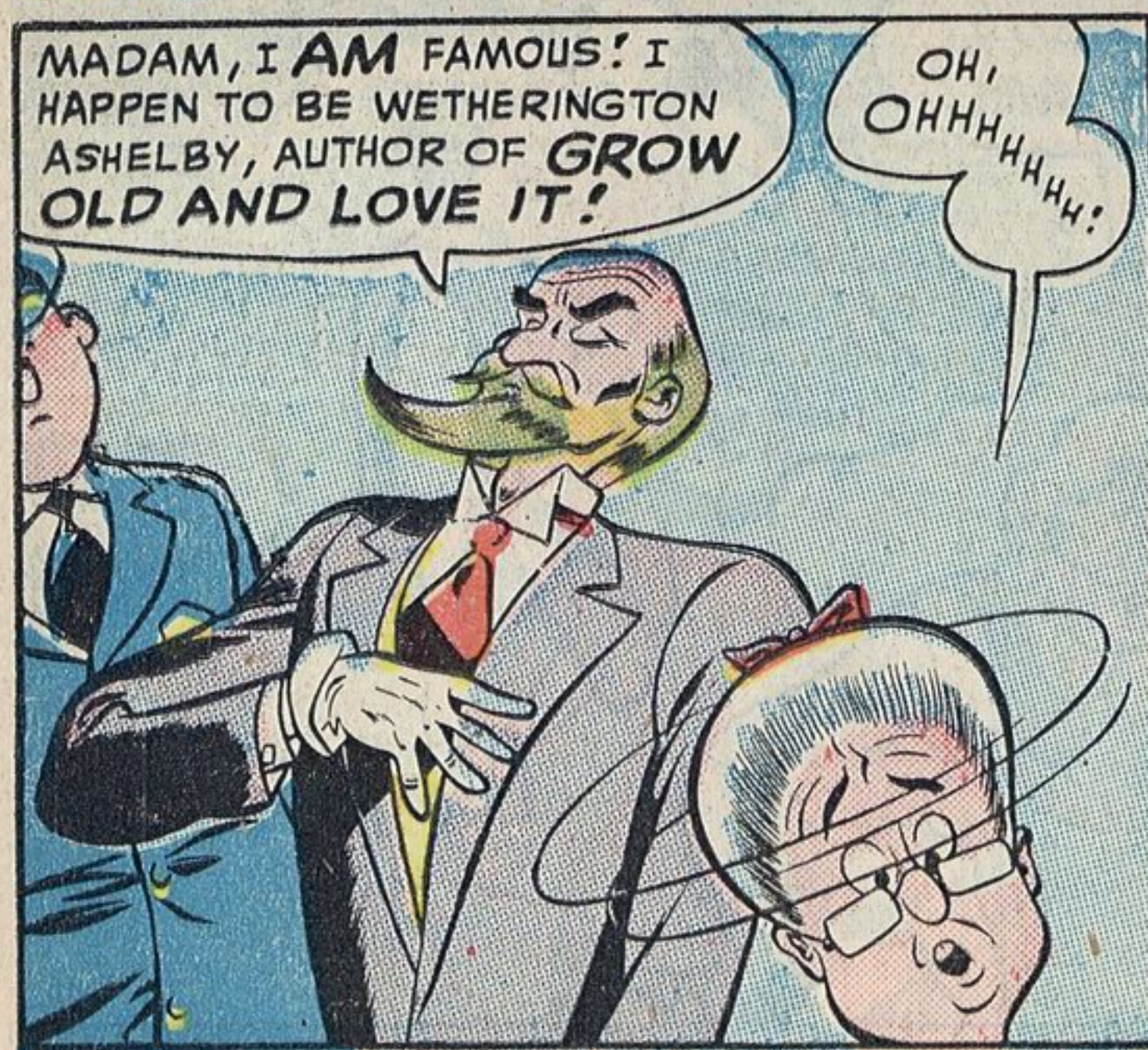
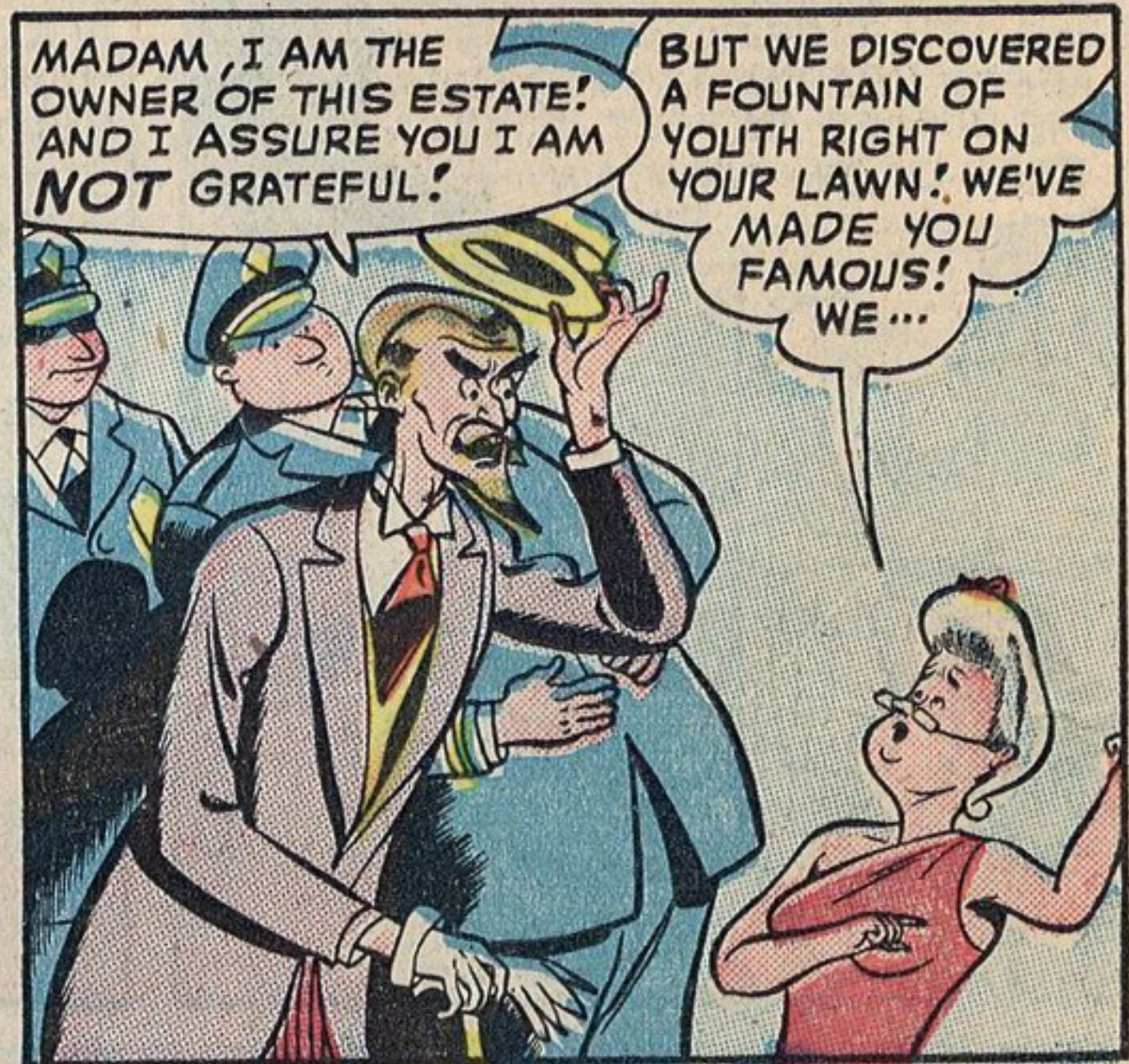
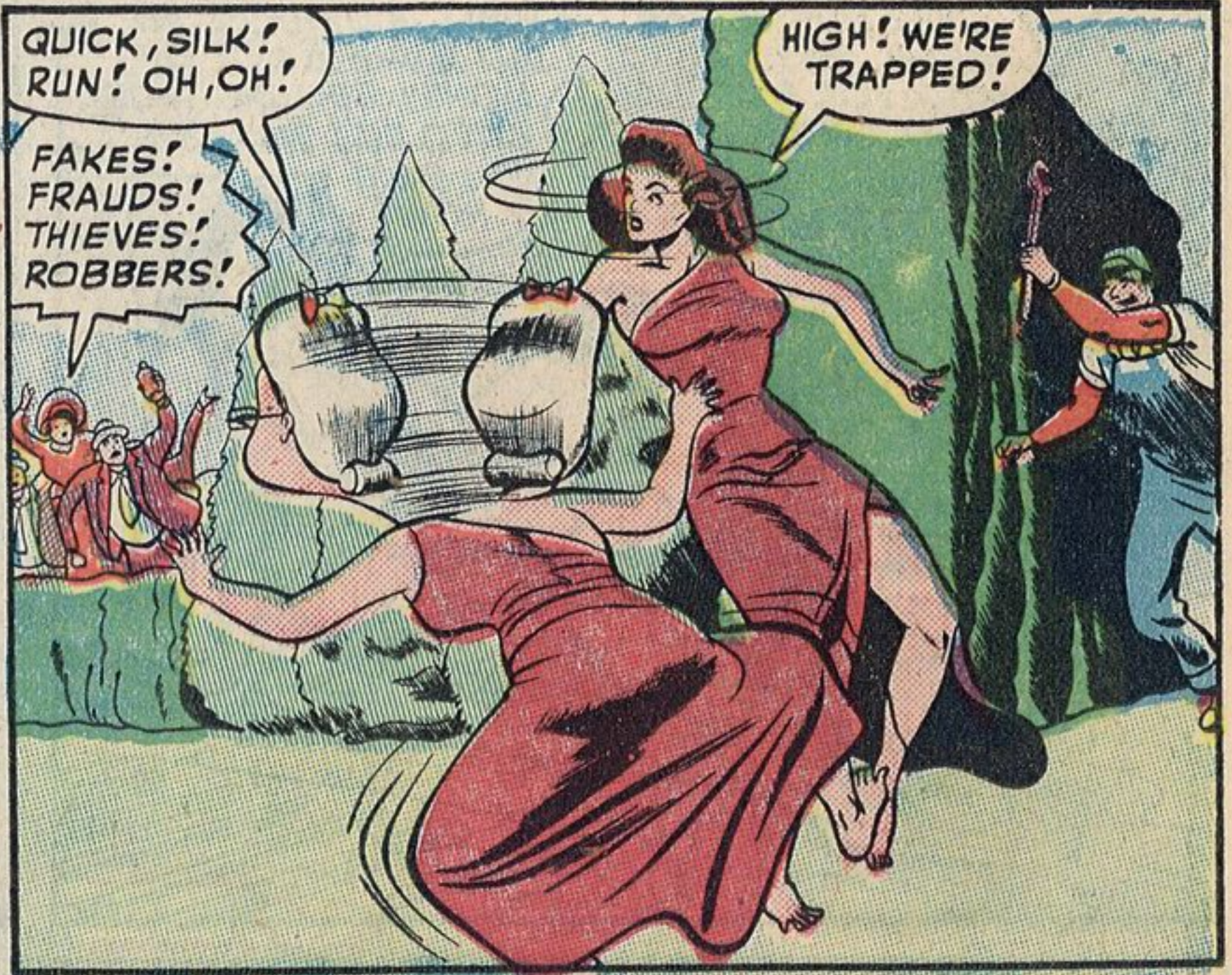








HIT COMICS



BOB AND SWAB

PEARL ISLAND, MY EYE!
WHERE DO THEY GET THAT
STUFF? PERSONALLY, I'D
SETTLE FOR A POCKETFUL
OF MOTHER-OF-PEARL!

SO WOULD
I, IF YOU'RE TALKIN'
ABOUT THE SAME MOTHER
OF THE SAME PEARL I'M
THINKIN' OF!

To Bob Masters, marine,
and Swab Decker, sailor,
it doesn't matter that the
war's over; that there's
good will towards men;
that there's peace on
earth... because if there's
trouble around, they'll
find it!

HURRY UP, SWABBIE!
WE'VE GOTTA SCUTTLE
THIS TUB AND MAKE
THE NEXT LIBERTY
BOAT!

LET'S
SHOVE!
MY GAUGE
IS HIGH AND
I'M READY
TO BLOW A
GASKET,
BOB!

HARD ASTERN,
SWABBIE!
SOMEBODY'S
SPRUNG A SALTY
LEAK IN HIS LAMPS!

YEAH, I
HEAR IT,
TOO!
SOUNDS
PITIFUL!

MAN YOUR
PUMPS, HALF-
HITCH! WHY
THE TEARS?

SOB-SOB! IT'S
MY GAL! SHE
SENT BACK THE
PRESENT I

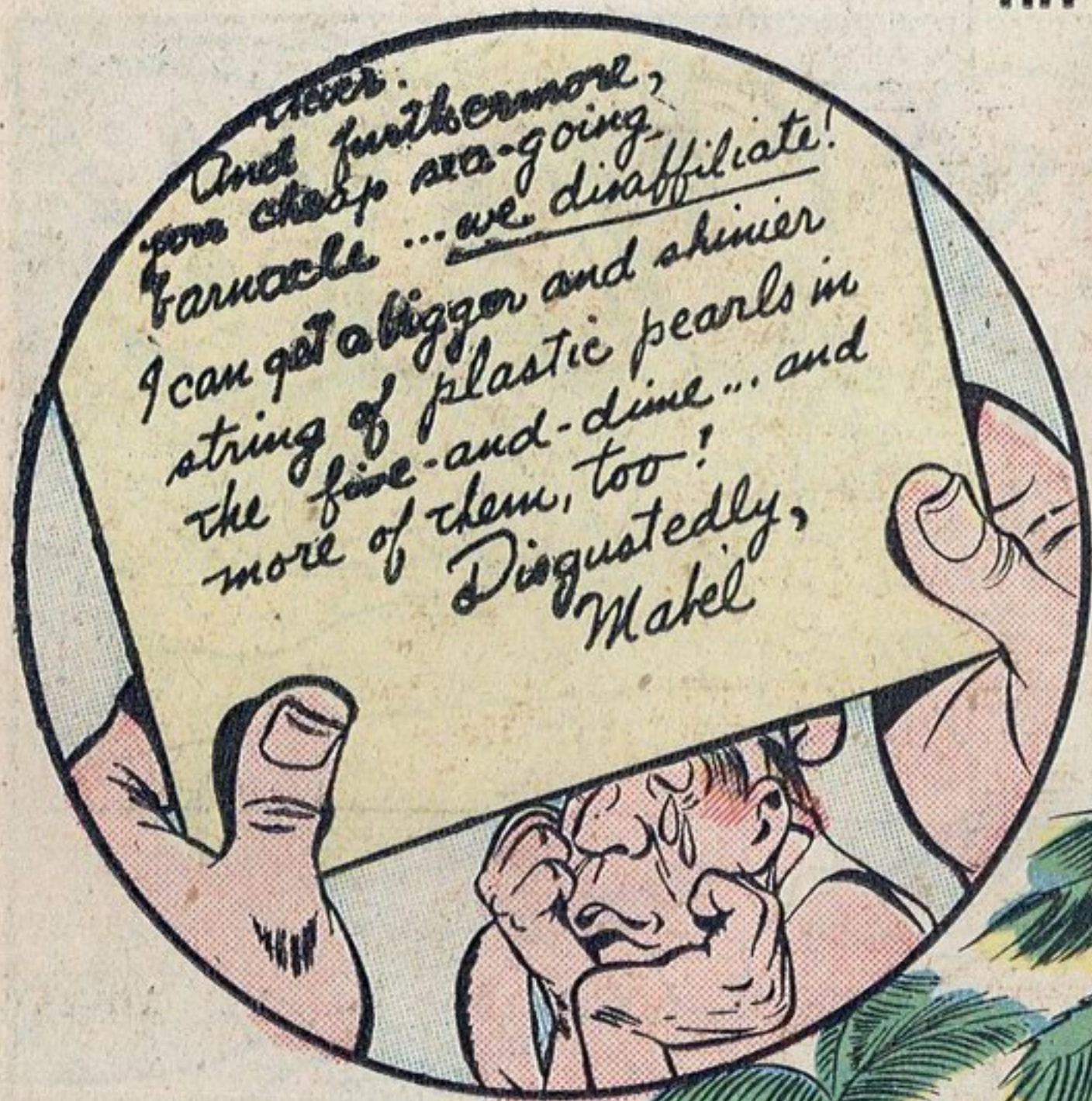
SENT HER!
READ THE
LETTER AND
SEE! SOB!
SNIFF...
SNIFF!

SOB!

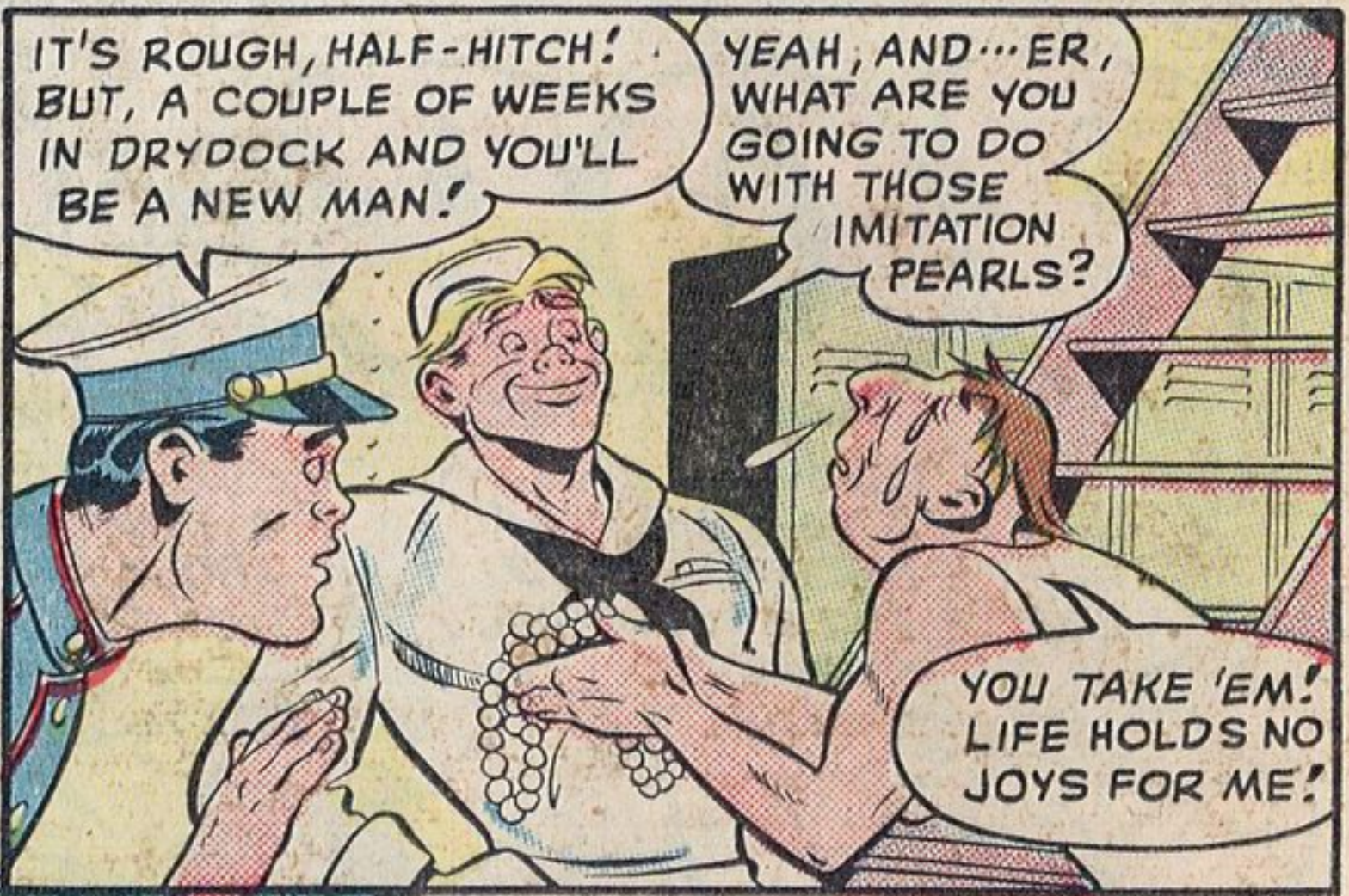
SOB!

SNIFF!

BOO-HOO!



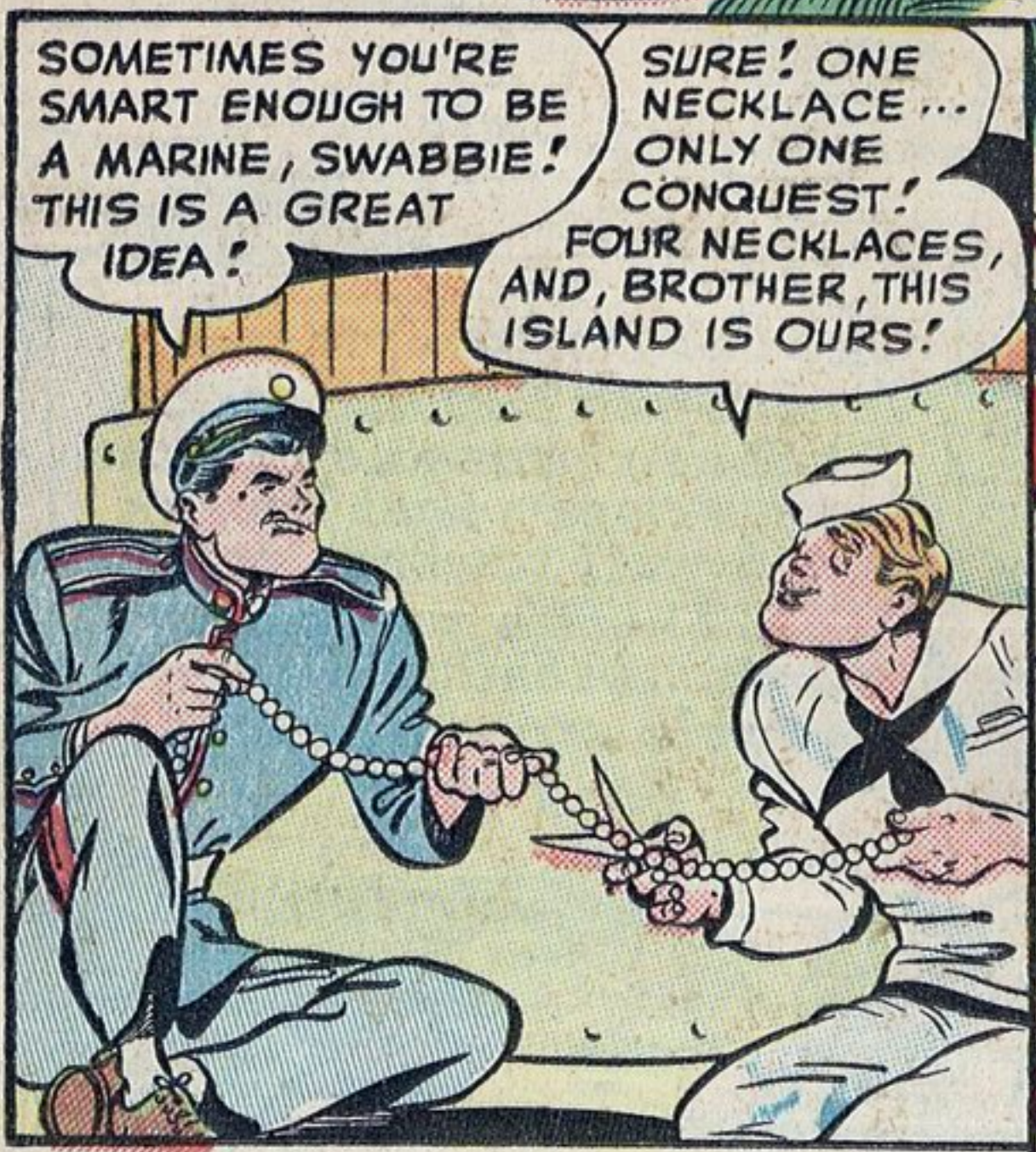
And furthermore,
you cheap sea-going
barnacle ... we disaffiliate!
I can get a bigger and shinier
string of plastic pearls in
the five-and-dime ... and
more of them, too!
Disgustedly,
Mabel



IT'S ROUGH, HALF-HITCH!
BUT, A COUPLE OF WEEKS
IN DRYDOCK AND YOU'LL
BE A NEW MAN!

YEAH, AND ... ER,
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO
WITH THOSE
IMITATION
PEARLS?

YOU TAKE 'EM!
LIFE HOLDS NO
JOYS FOR ME!



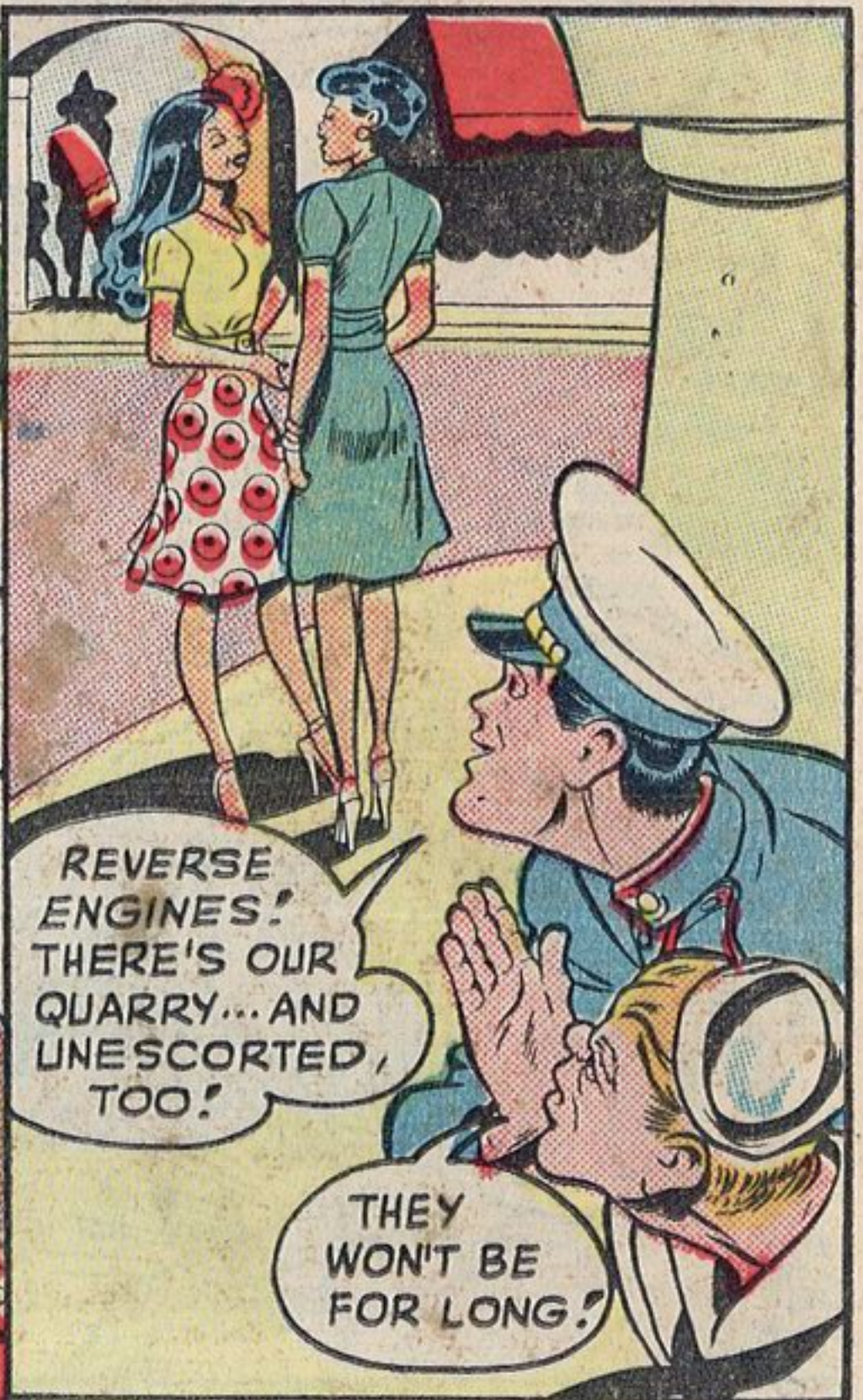
SOMETIMES YOU'RE
SMART ENOUGH TO BE
A MARINE, SWABBIE!
THIS IS A GREAT
IDEA!

SURE! ONE
NECKLACE ...
ONLY ONE
CONQUEST!
FOUR NECKLACES,
AND, BROTHER, THIS
ISLAND IS OURS!



NOW
REMEMBER,
SWABBIE,
YOU DROP
THE BAIT
AND I HANDLE
THE STRATEGIC
MANEUVERS!

REET!



REVERSE
ENGINES!
THERE'S OUR
QUARRY ... AND
UNESCORTED,
TOO!

THEY
WON'T BE
FOR LONG!



PARDON, SEÑORITAS!
DID YOU JUST DROP
SOME PEARL
NECKLACES?

EH?



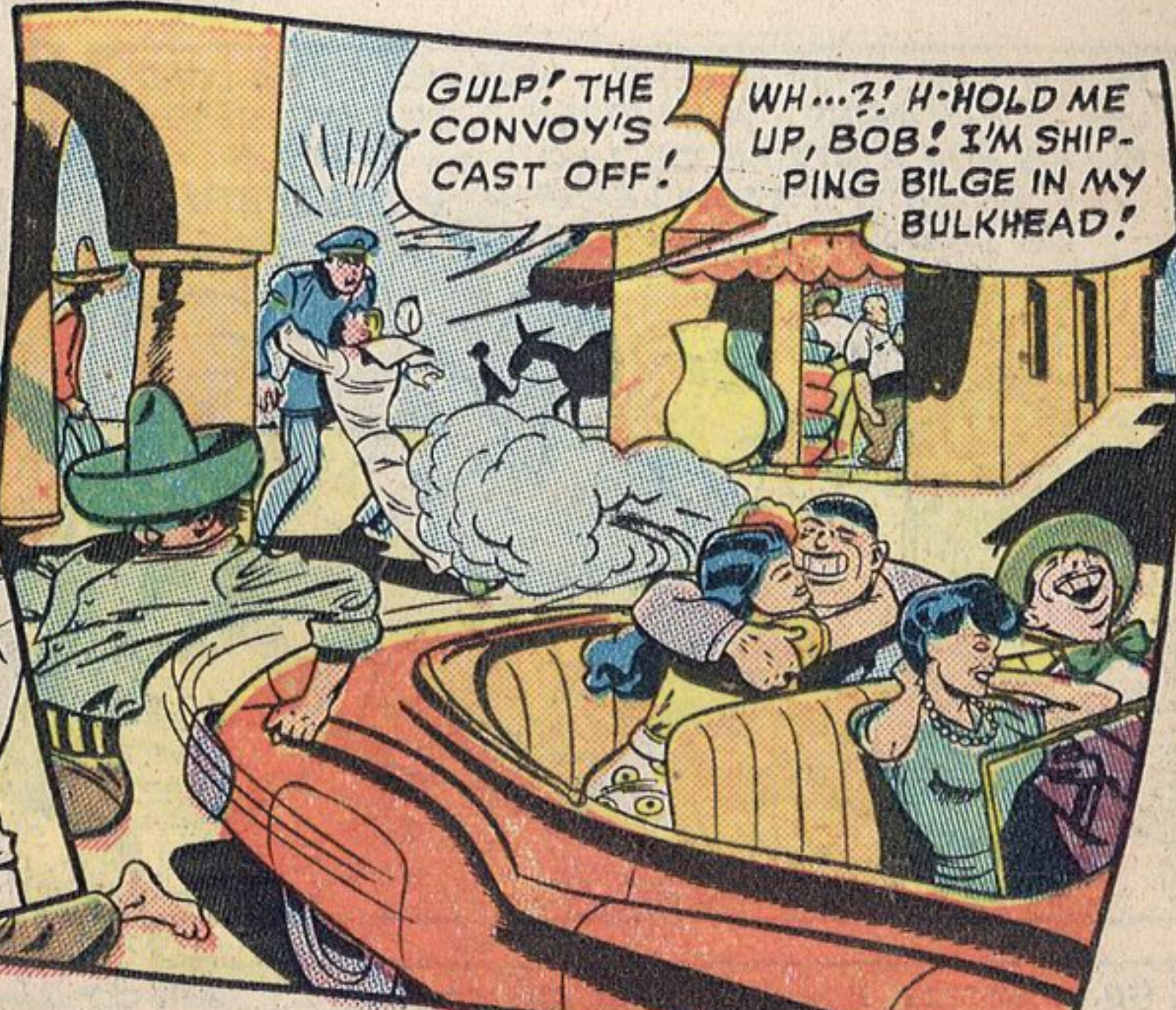
THEY ARE YOURS, YES?
PERHAPS WE CAN FIND
SOME QUIET CAFE NEAR-
BY WHERE WE CAN TELL
YOU HOW WE CAME TO
FIND THE NECKLACES,
NO?

OH, THANK YOU,
SEÑORS! HOW
DID THEY EVER
SLEEP FROM
OUR NECKS?



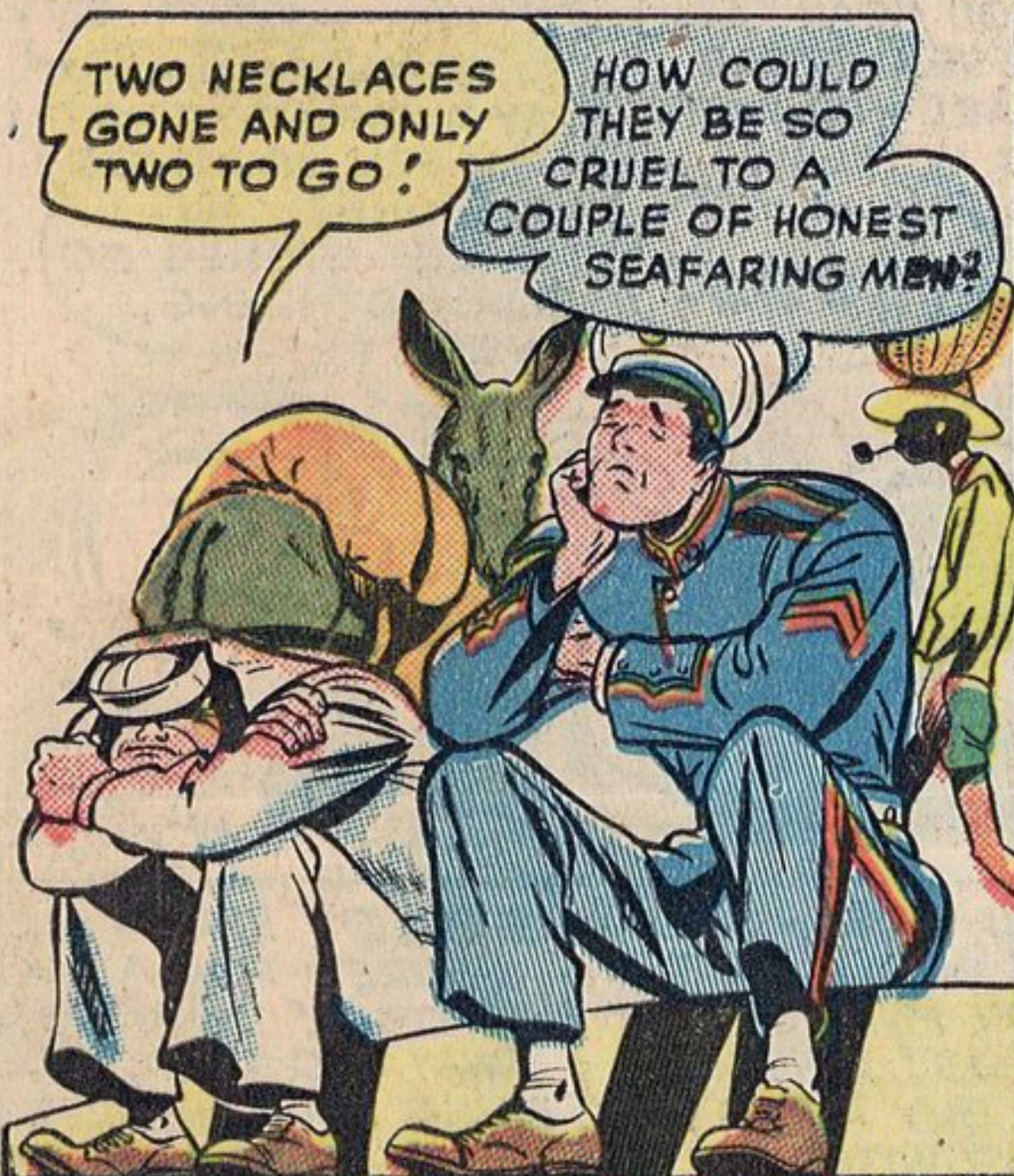
ONE SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL WITH EXPENSIVE PEARLS!

ER...AH...YES! AT THE CAFE WE SHALL GO INTO THE MATTER MORE THOROUGHLY!



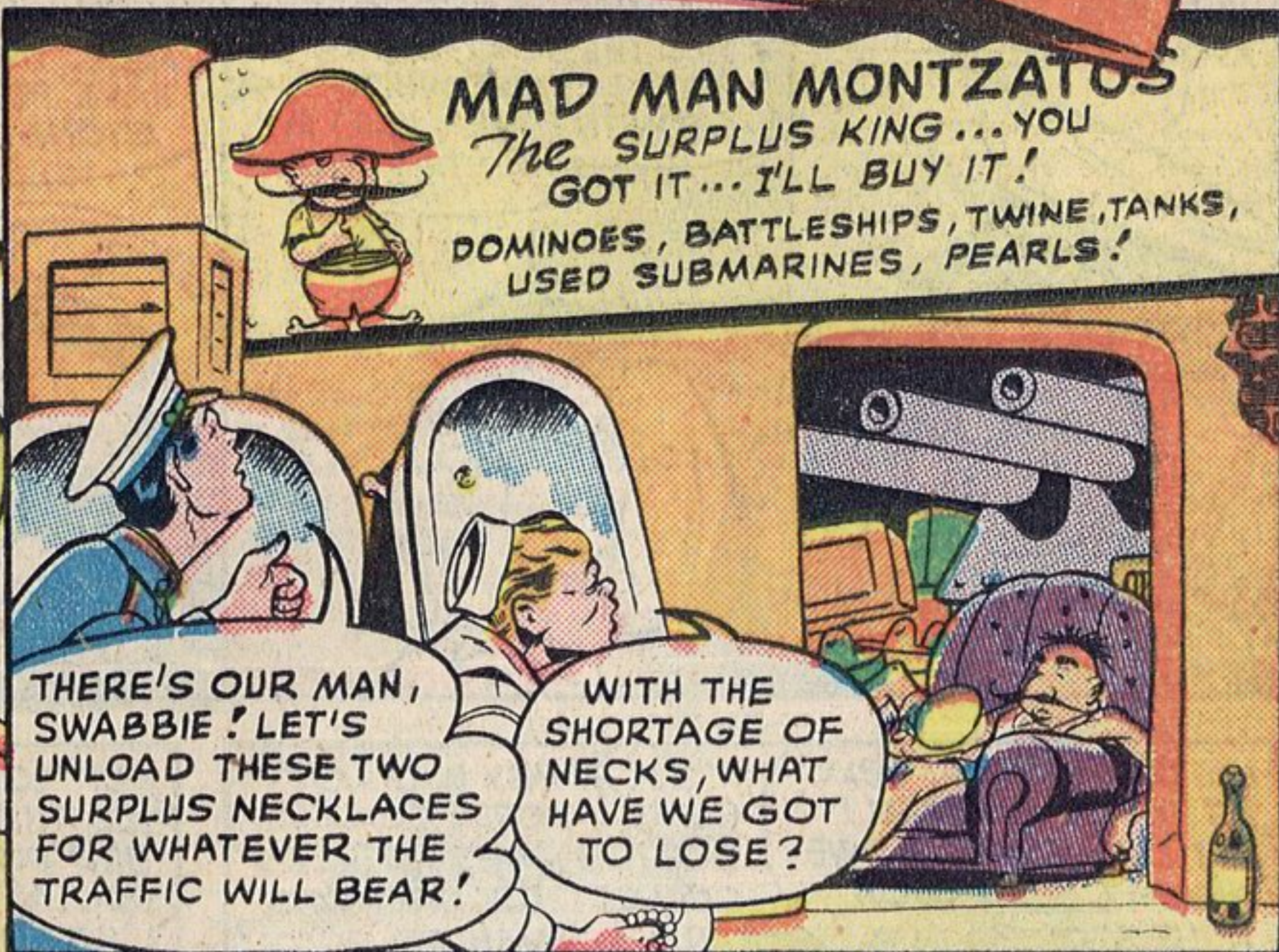
GULP! THE CONVOY'S CAST OFF!

WH...?! H-HOLD ME UP, BOB! I'M SHIPPING BILGE IN MY BULKHEAD!



TWO NECKLACES GONE AND ONLY TWO TO GO!

HOW COULD THEY BE SO CRUEL TO A COUPLE OF HONEST SEAFARING MEN?

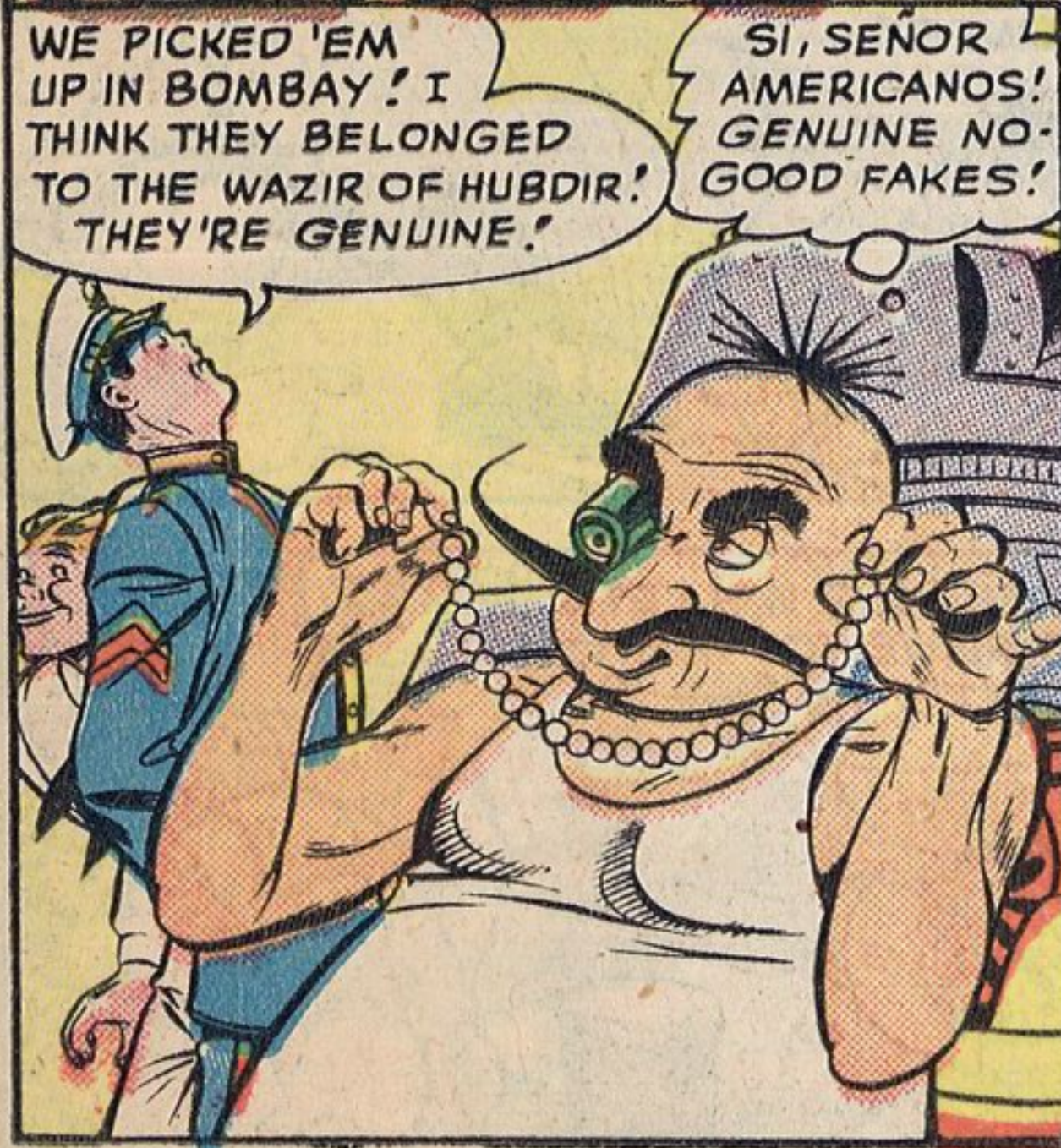


MAD MAN MONTZATOS
The SURPLUS KING... YOU GOT IT... I'LL BUY IT!

DOMINOES, BATTLESHIPS, TWINE, TANKS, USED SUBMARINES, PEARLS!

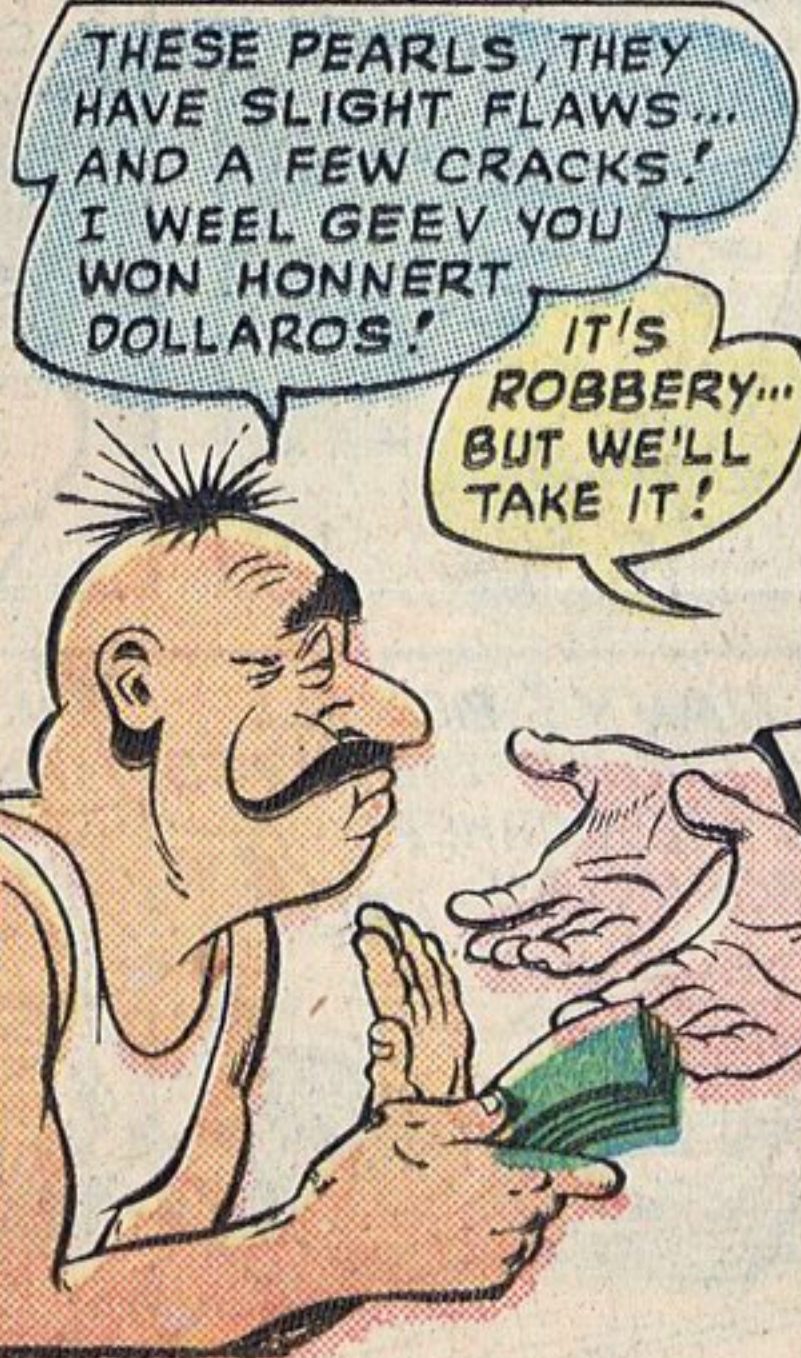
THERE'S OUR MAN, SWABBIE! LET'S UNLOAD THESE TWO SURPLUS NECKLACES FOR WHATEVER THE TRAFFIC WILL BEAR!

WITH THE SHORTAGE OF NECKS, WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO LOSE?



WE PICKED 'EM UP IN BOMBAY! I THINK THEY BELONGED TO THE WAZIR OF HUBDIR! THEY'RE GENUINE!

SI, SEÑOR AMERICANOS! GENUINE NO-GOOD FAKES!

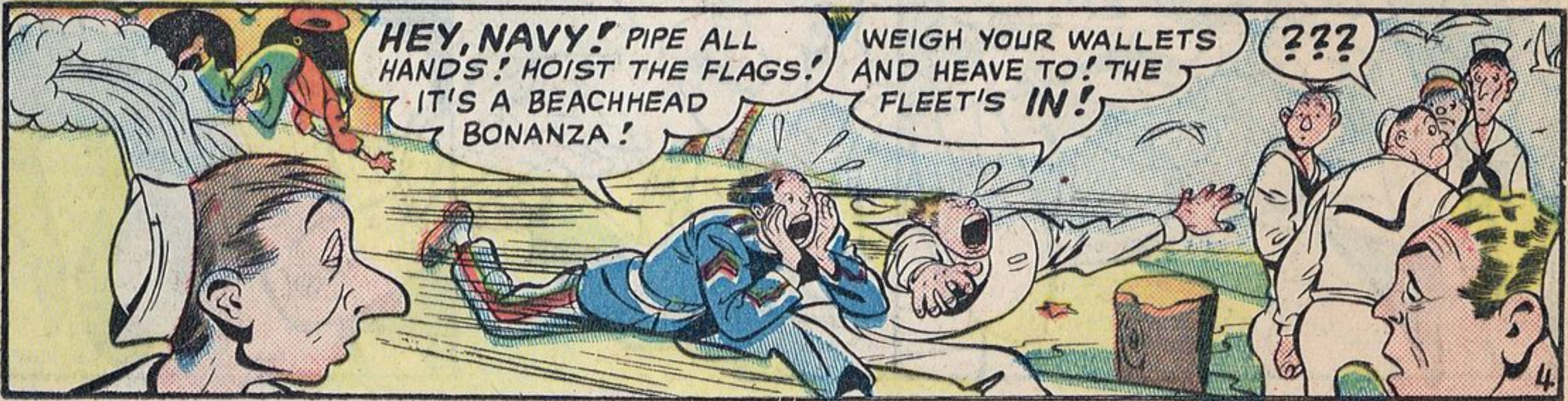
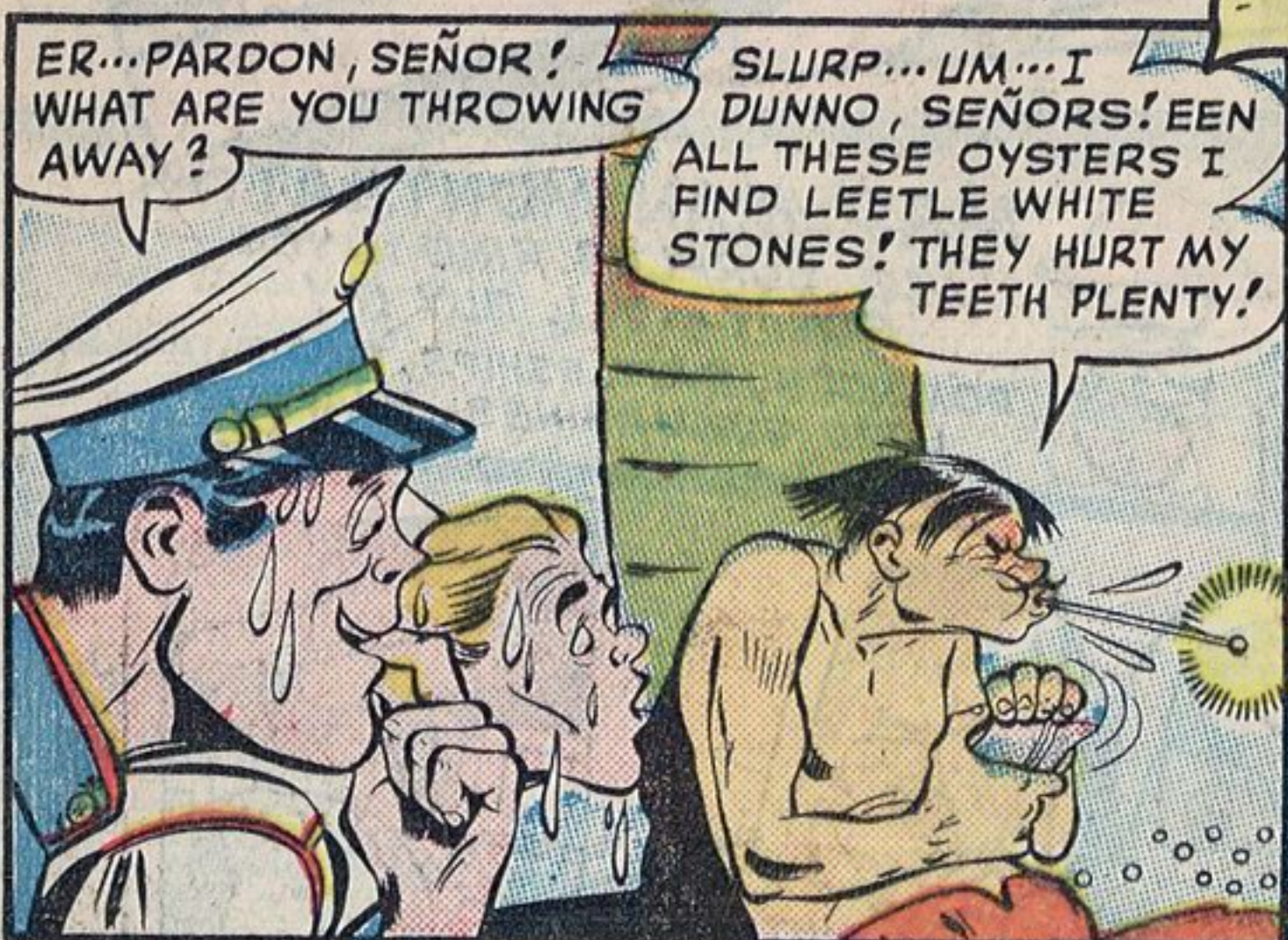


THESE PEARLS, THEY HAVE SLIGHT FLAWS... AND A FEW CRACKS! I WEEEL GEEV YOU WON HONNERT DOLLAROS!

IT'S ROBBERY... BUT WE'LL TAKE IT!



HALLO, PEDRO? TWO AMERICAN SAILORS ARE... BZZZ... BZZZ...



I'M TELLIN' YA, THE WATERS LOUSY WITH PEARLS! THOUSANDS OF 'EM! WE NEED FOUR-HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR DIVING PRIVILEGES! IT'S AN EVEN SPLIT...EVERY CONTRIBUTOR GETS A PROPORTIONATE HAUL!

HERE'S FIFTY!

COUNT ME IN!

I'LL TAKE TEN-BUCK'S-WORTH!

HERE'S YOUR DOUGH, AMIGO! NOW FOR A NICE COOL SWIM!

AH, GRACIAS, SEÑOR! PERHAPS FIVE-HUNNERT DOLLAROS EES TOO MUCH FOR OYSTERS WEETH WHITE STONES, NO?

NO!

THIS IS ALMOST GETTIN' MONOTONOUS! THERE'S A PEARL IN EVERY DANGED OYSTER!

MY MOTHER WARNED ME ABOUT DREAMS LIKE THIS! OH, DON'T LET ME WAKE UP!

C'MON, FLEET! LET'S CASH IN OUR CHIPS!

THERE AREN'T ENOUGH GREENBACKS ON THIS ISLAND TO PAY US OFF... BUT WE'LL TRY!

THE OLD GOAT ISN'T HERE! MAYBE HE'S IN THE BACK ROOM!

YEAH! HE MUST BE BEATING HIS BRAINS OUT OVER THOSE NECKLACES WE SOLD HIM! WAIT'LL HE SEES THIS LOAD!

WONNERFUL, EH, PEDRO? FOR WAN-HUNNERT DOLLAROS, WE GAT FOUR-HUNNERT, EH?

HEH, HEH! LOOK, MAD HOMBRE MONTZATOS! I NOW PUT TWO PEARLS OF GLASS EEN EACH OYSTER FOR BEEG JOKE! YEK! YEK!

?

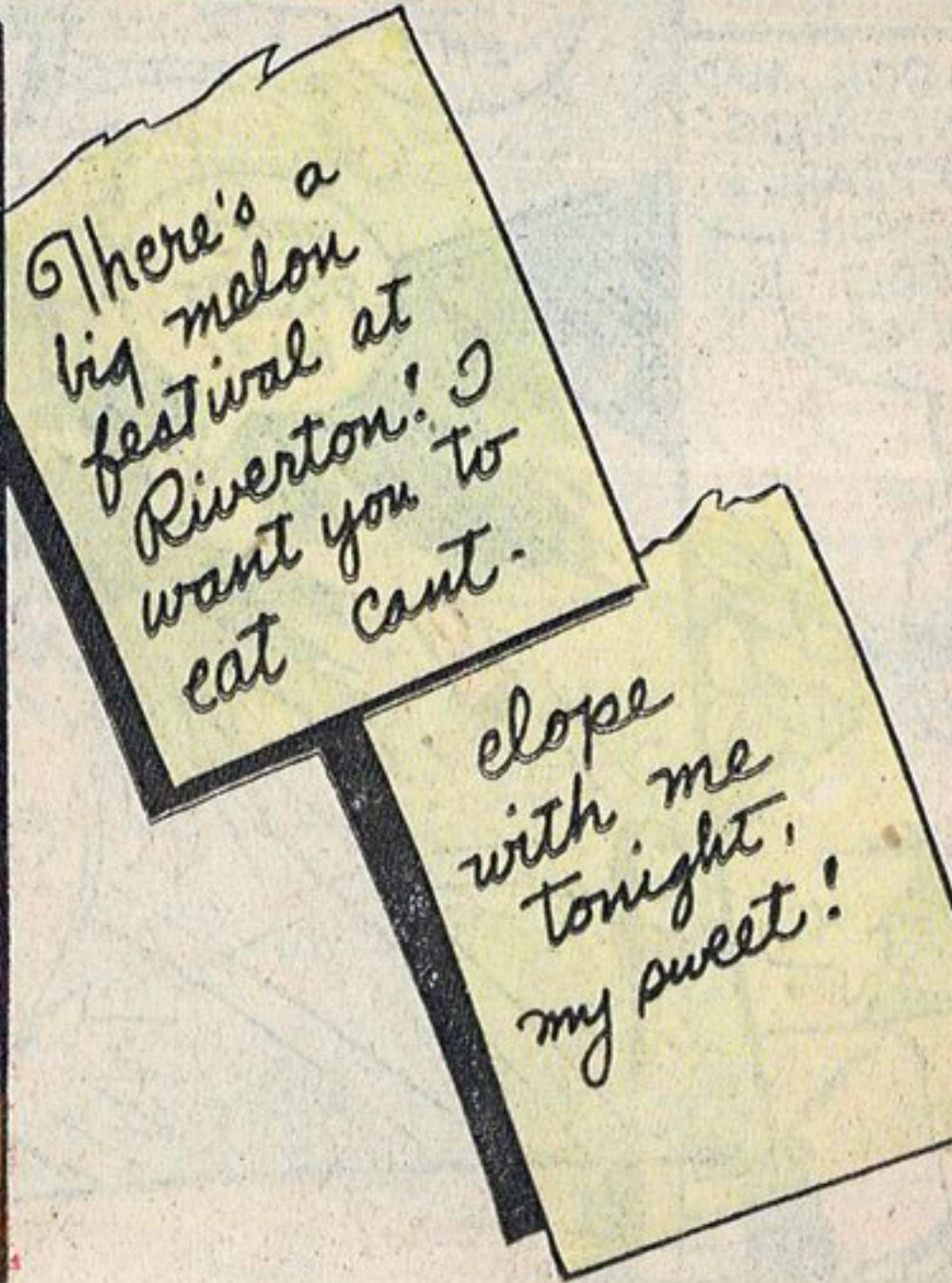
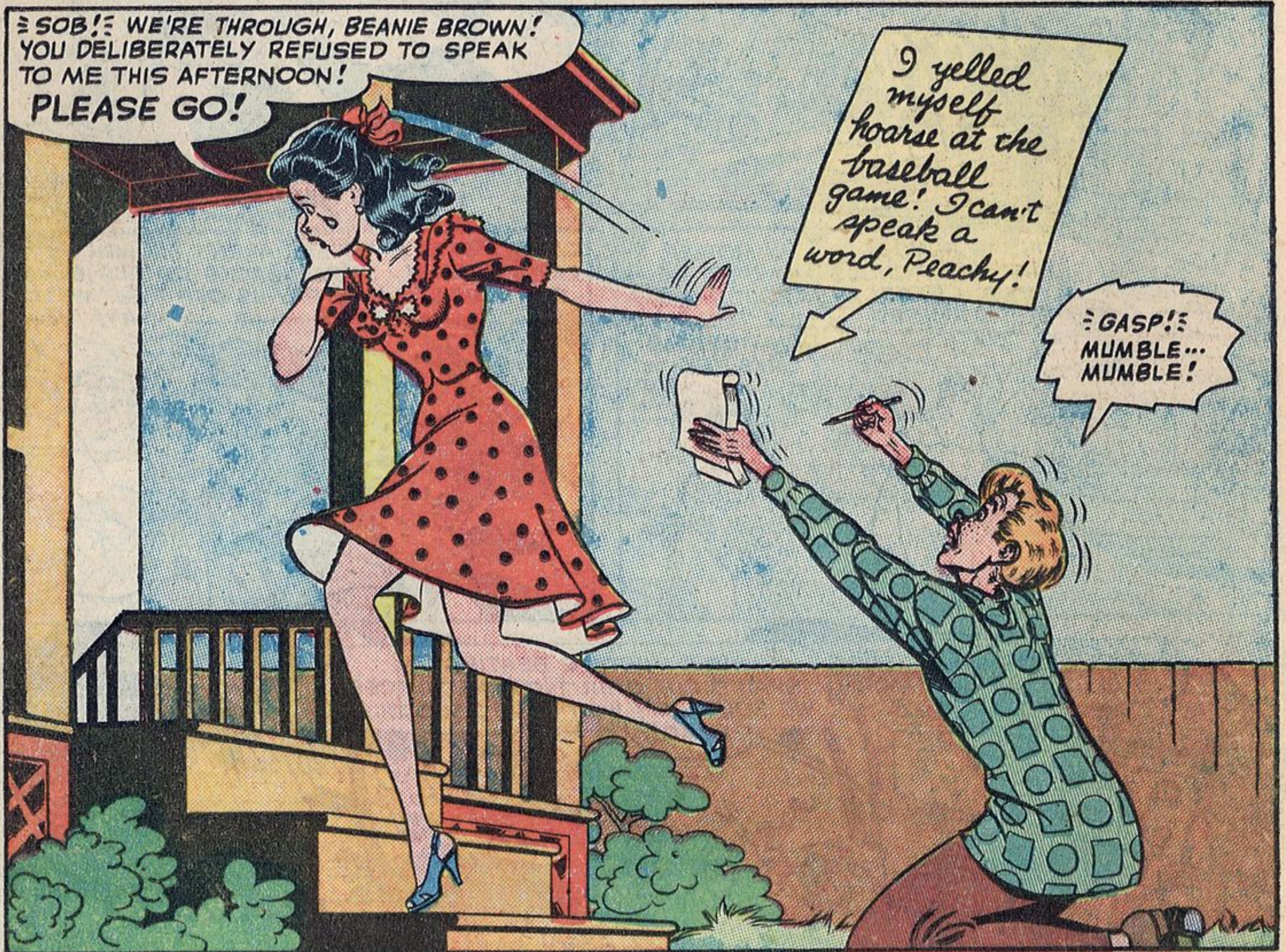
GREAT IDEA, EH?

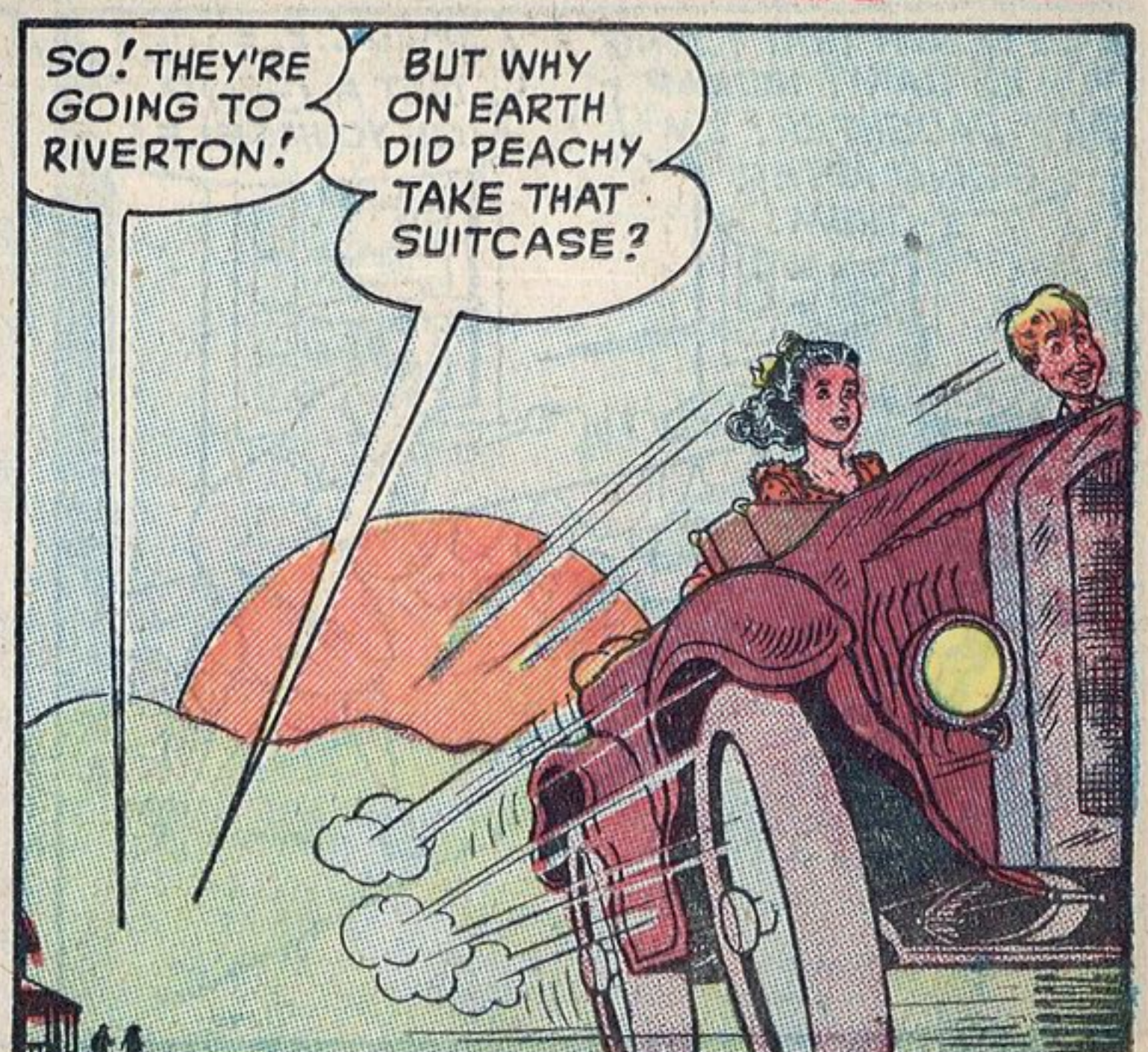
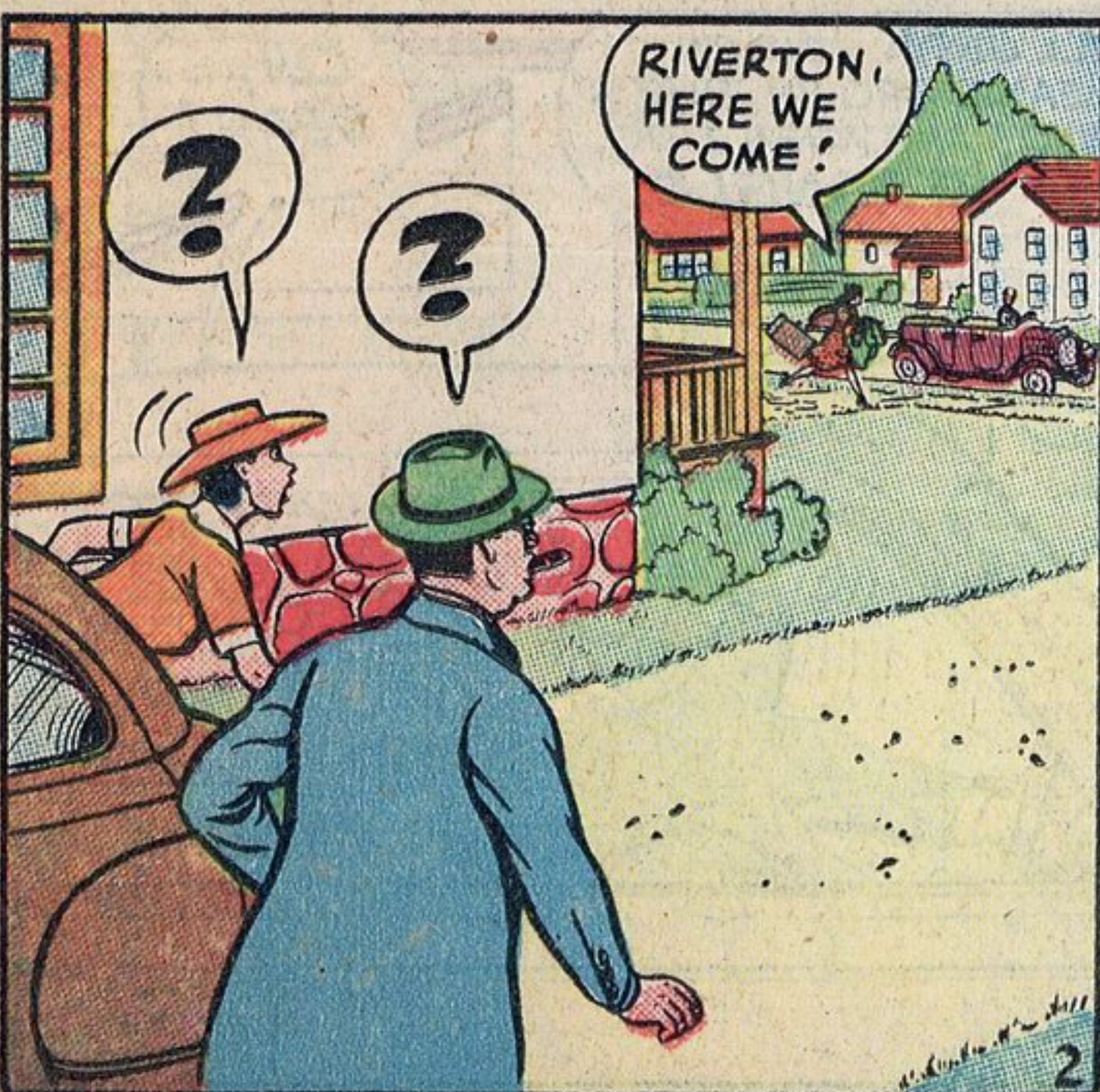
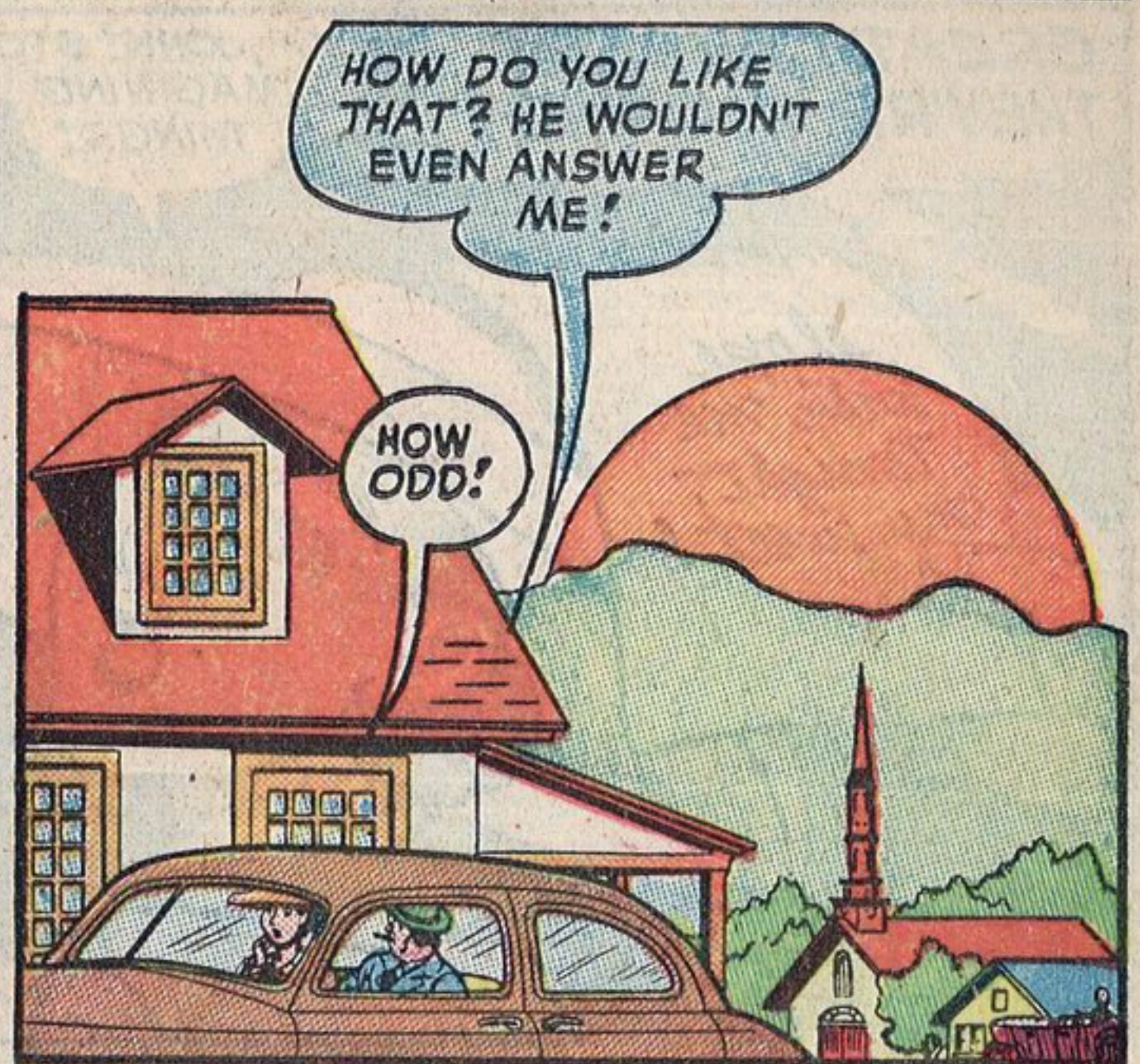
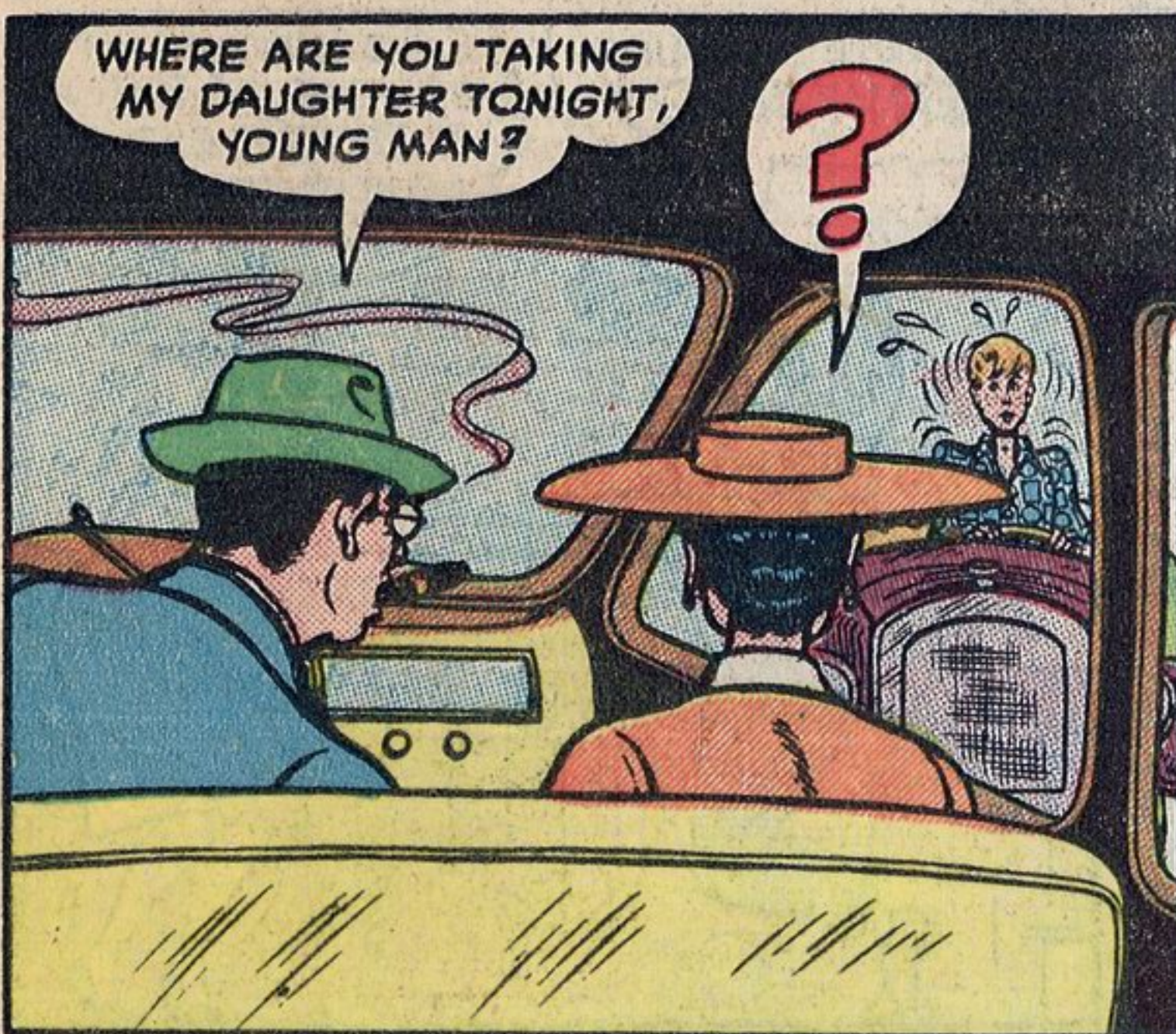
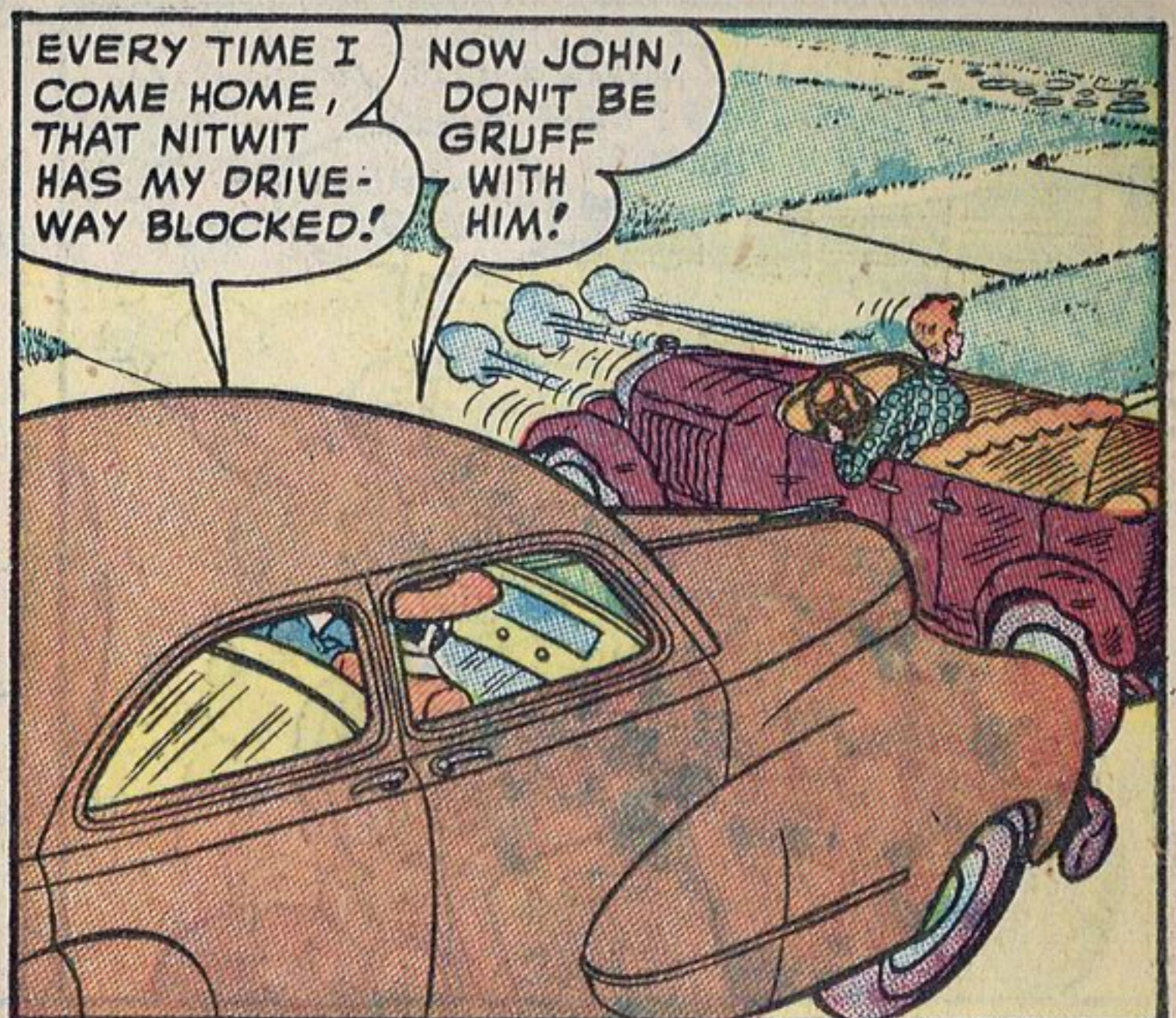
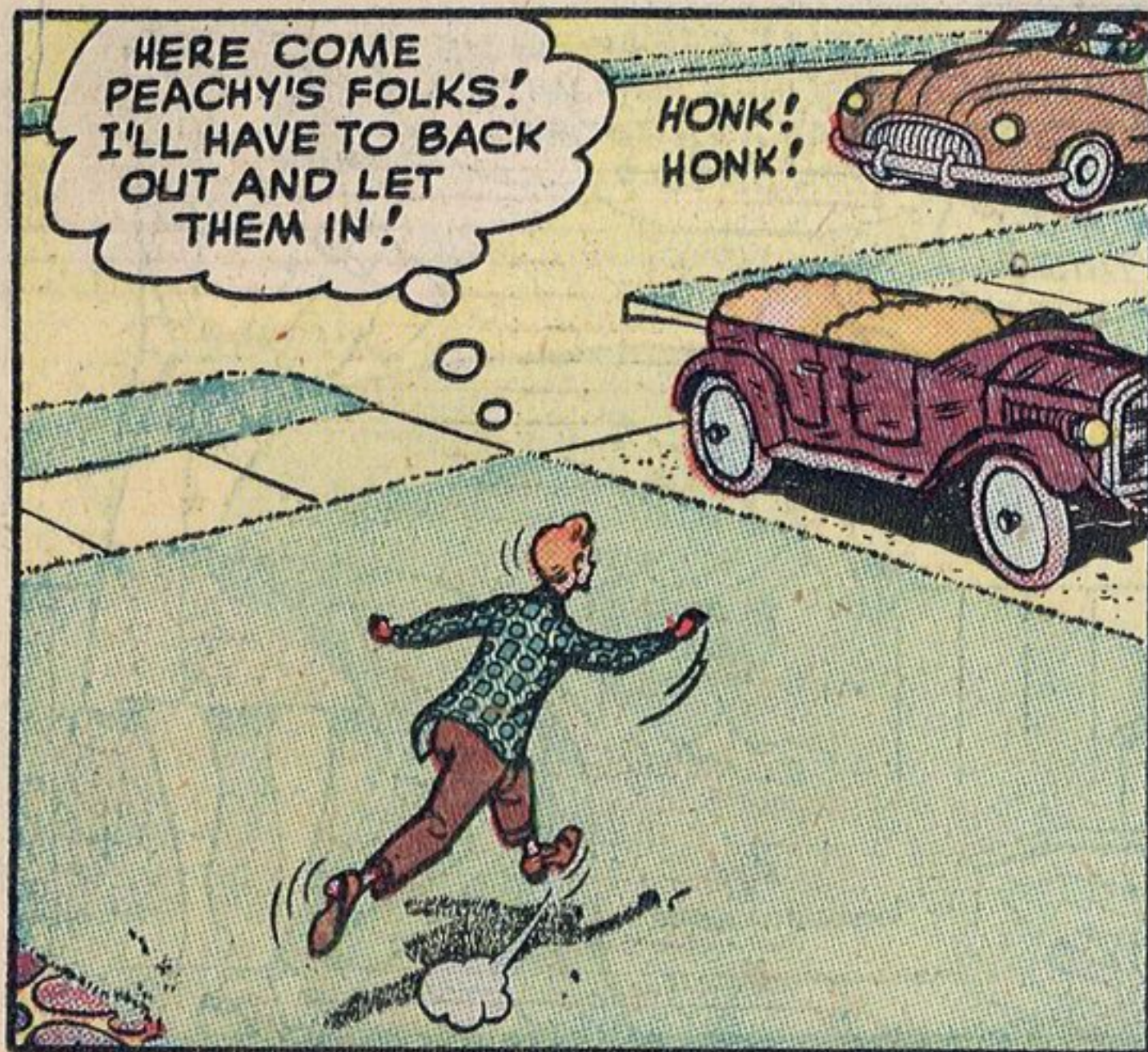
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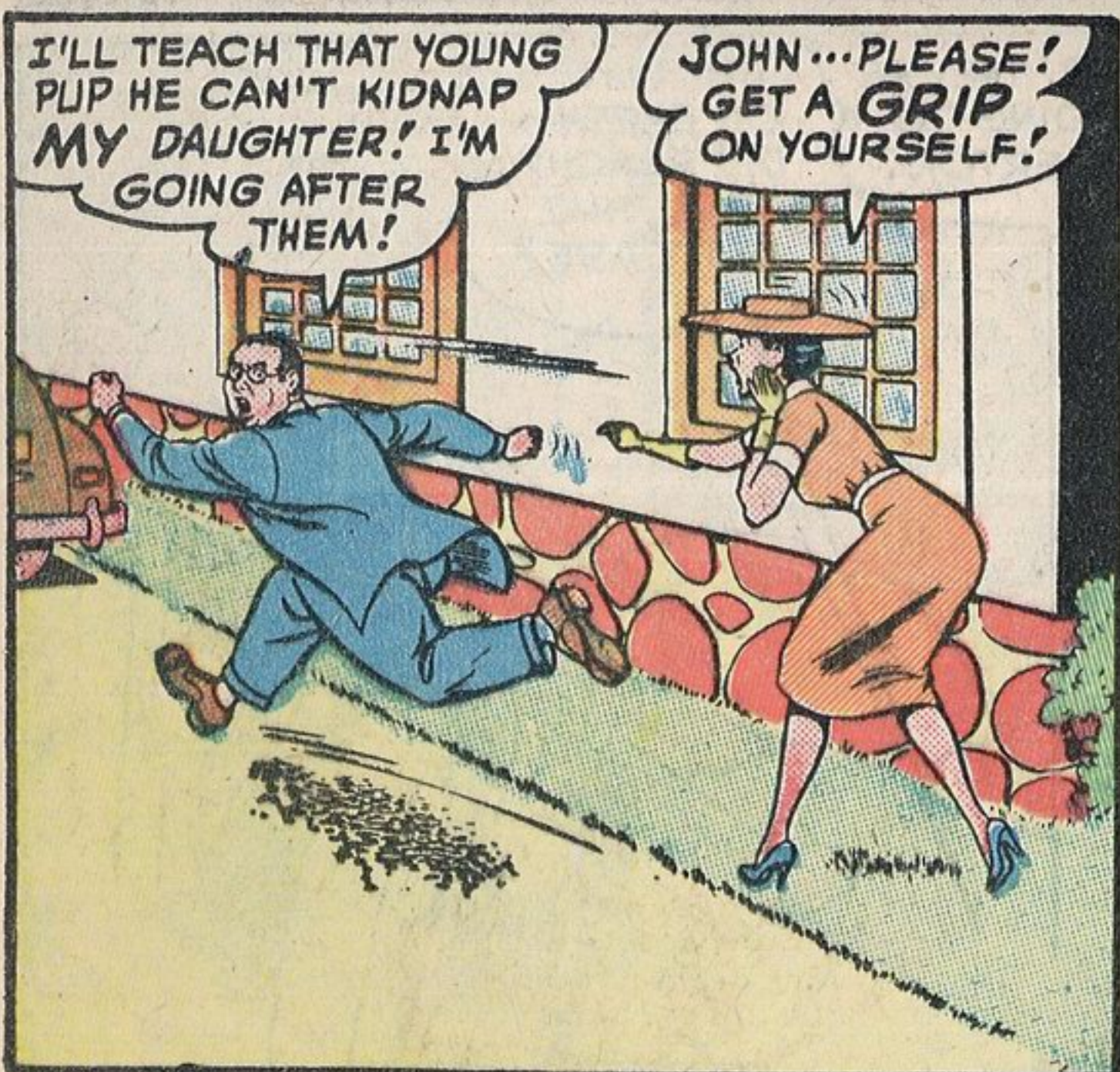
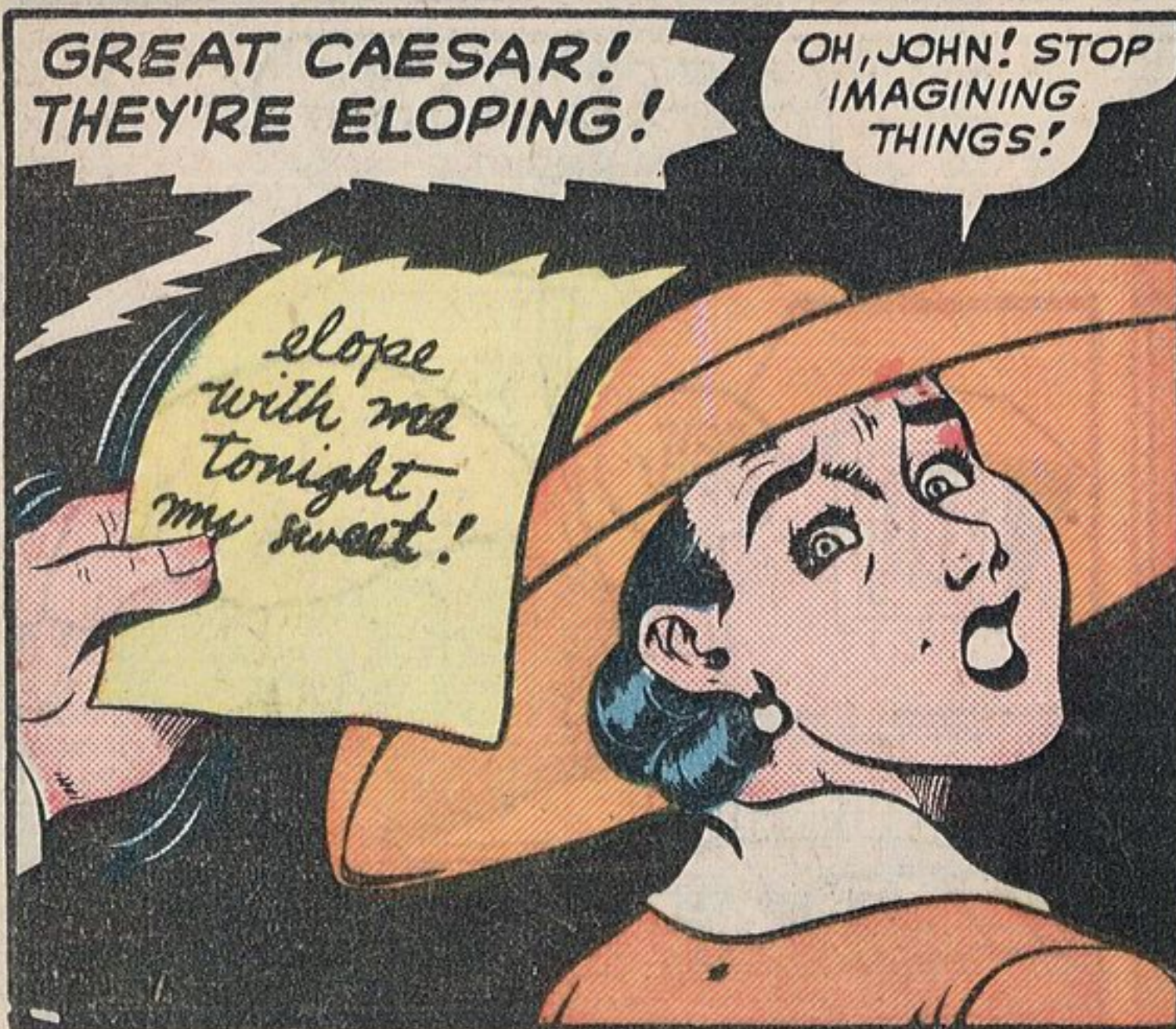
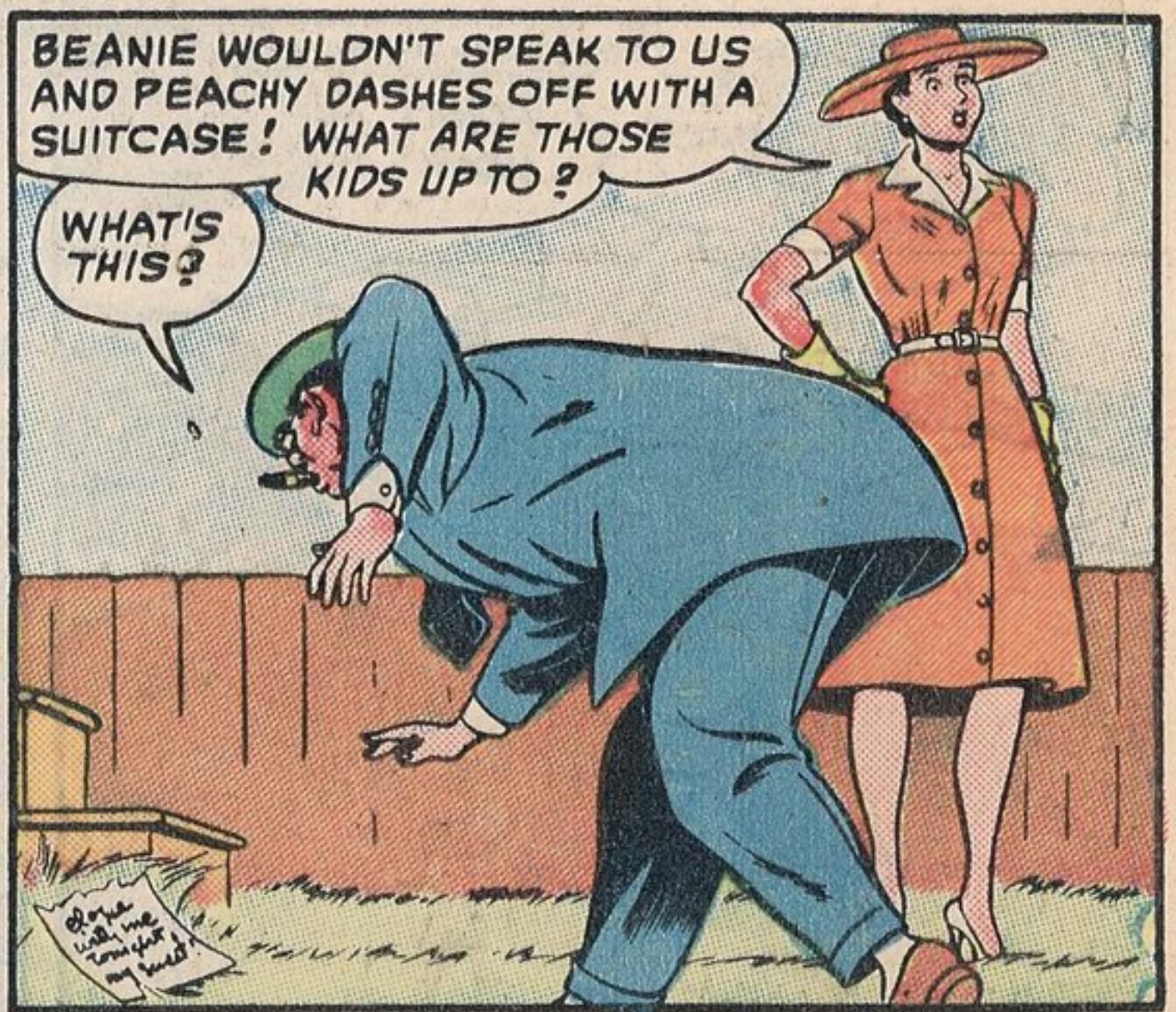
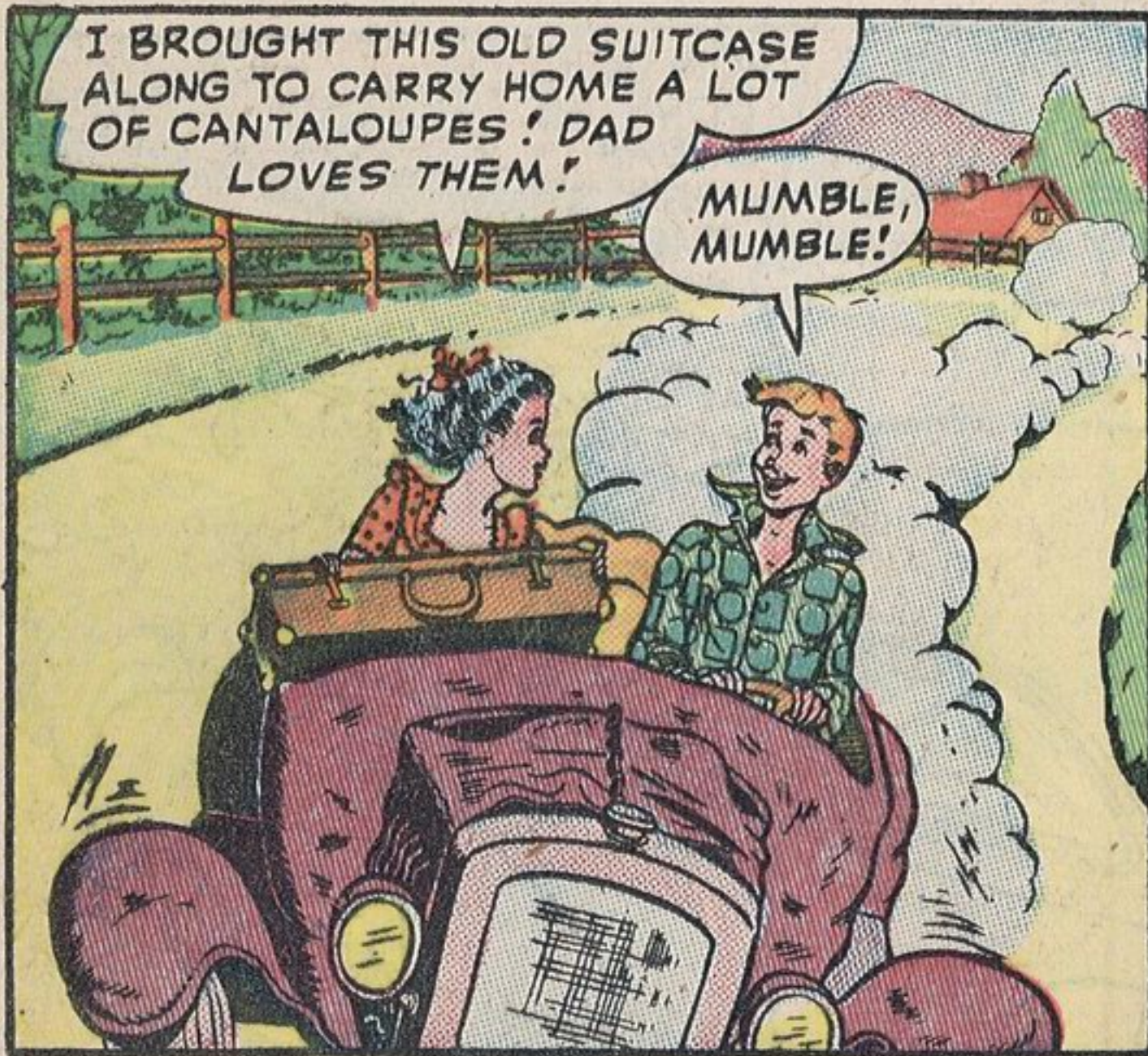
BEEG PROFIT, EH?

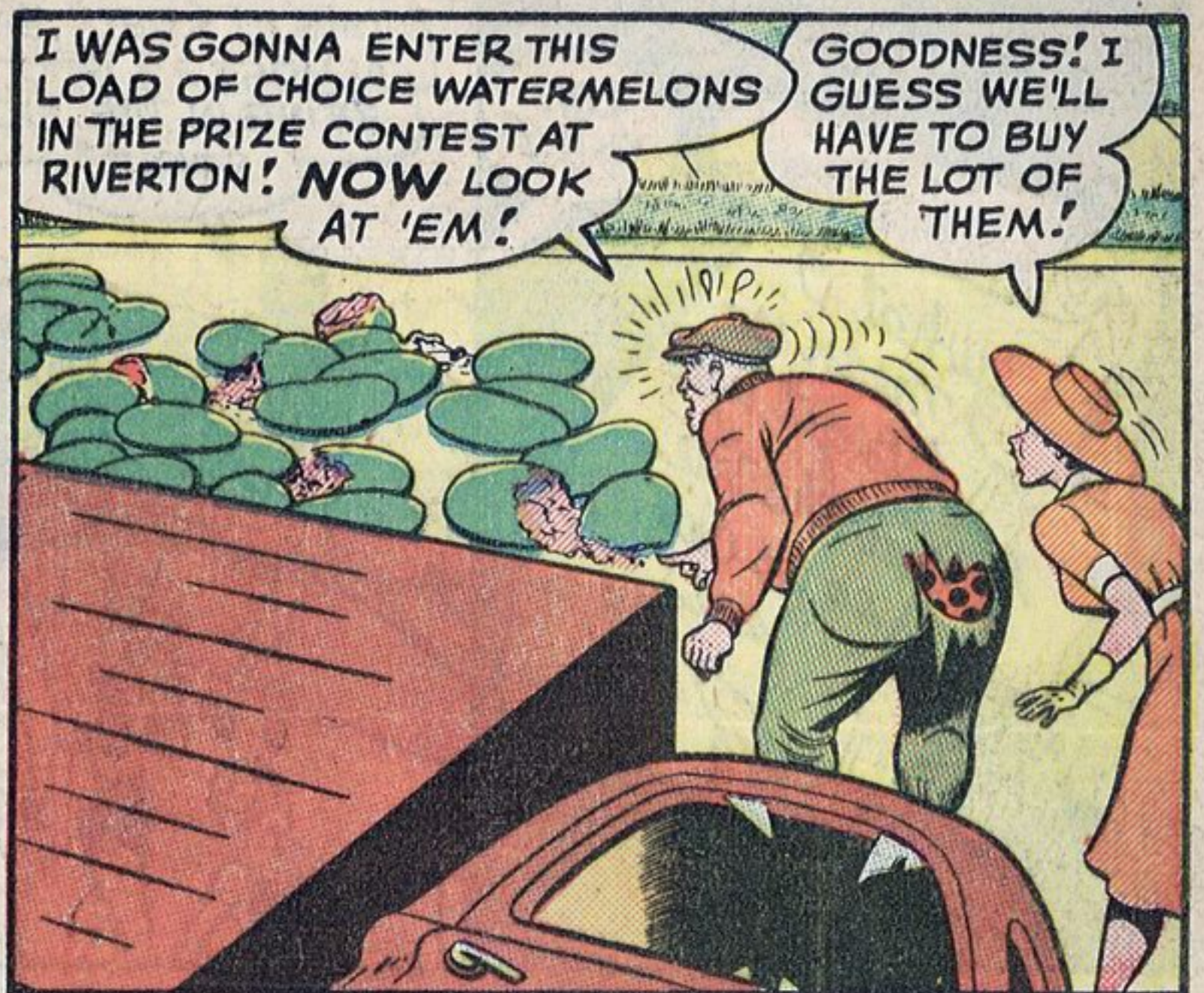
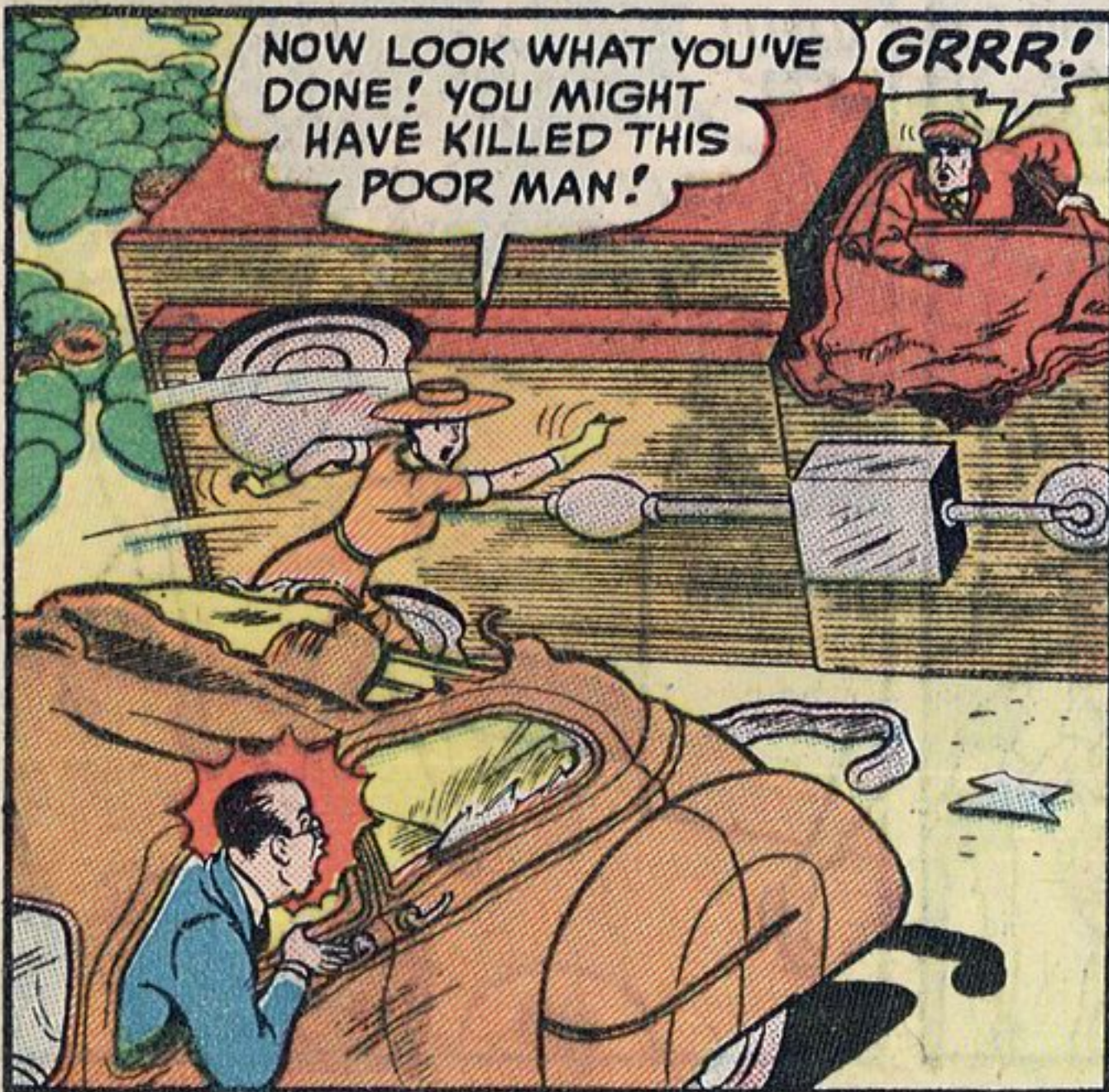
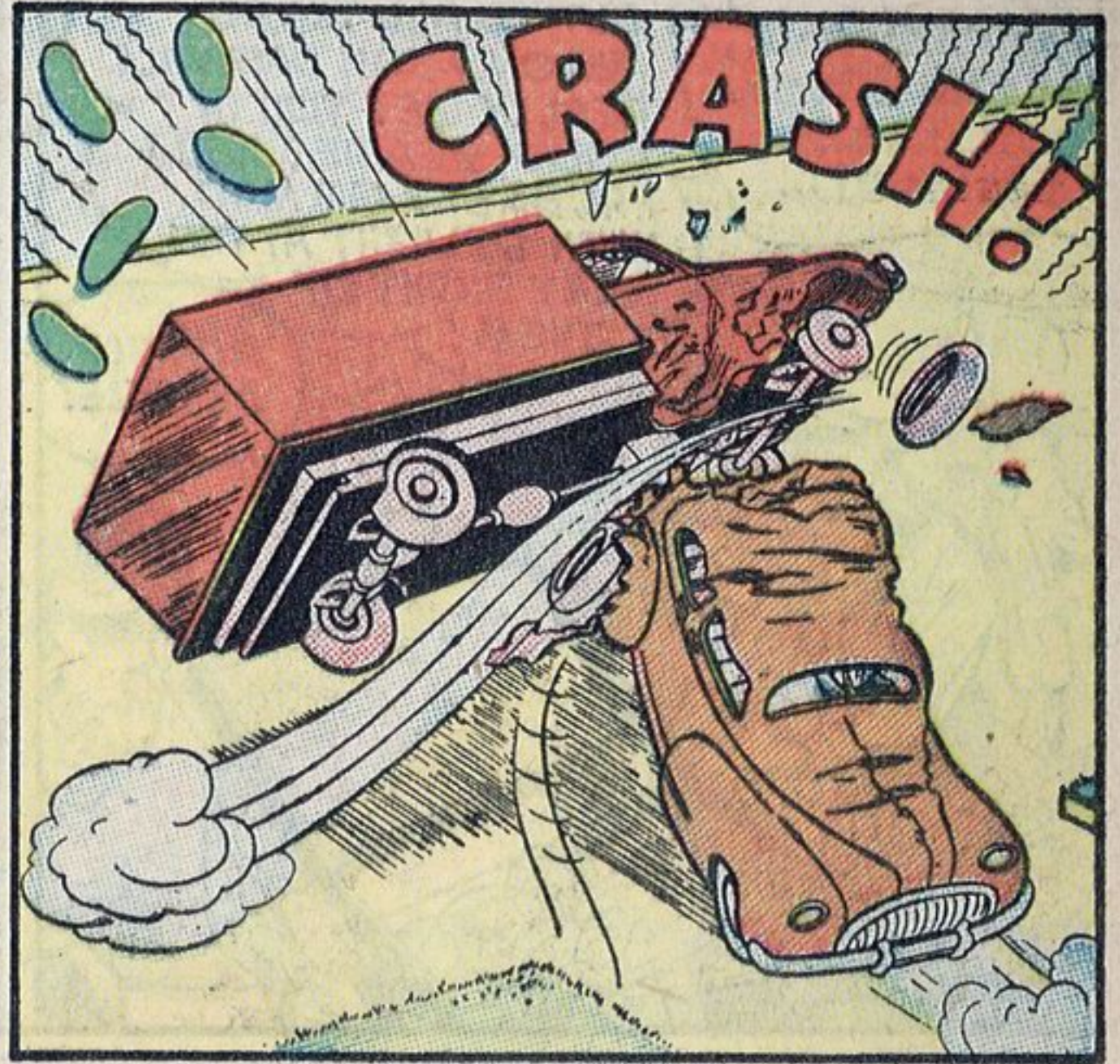
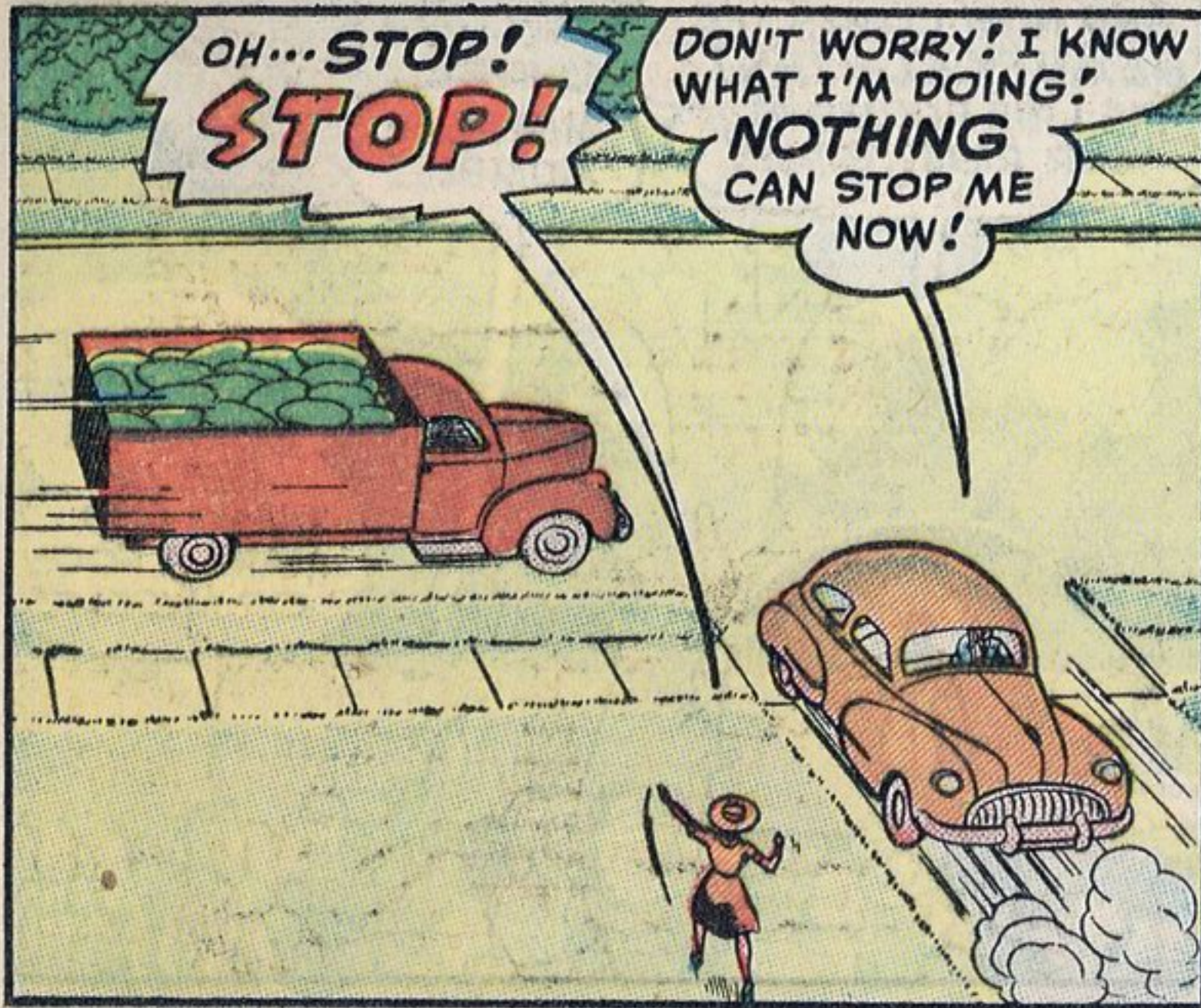
I RETIRE FROM SURPLUS BEEZNESS RIGHT NOW!

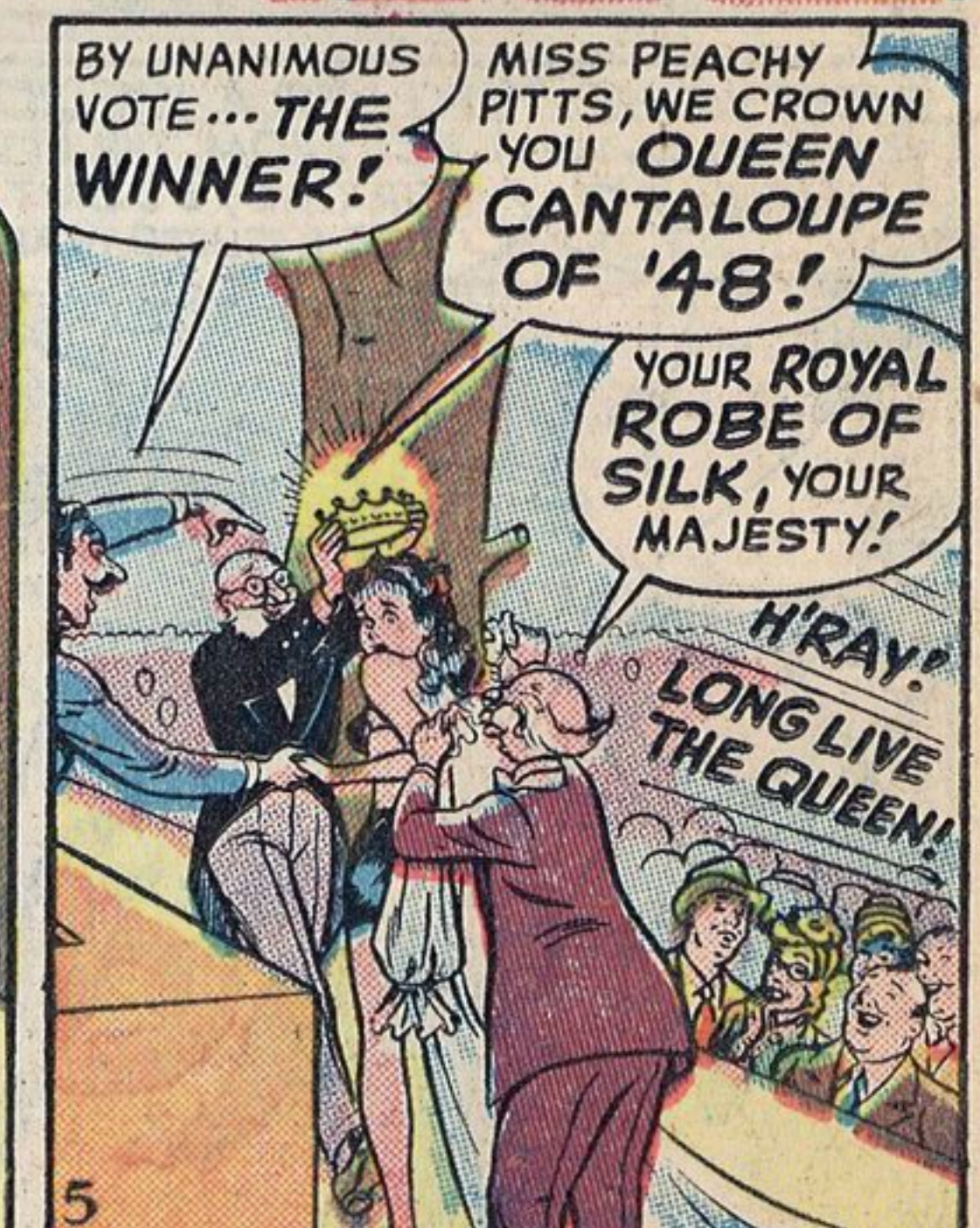
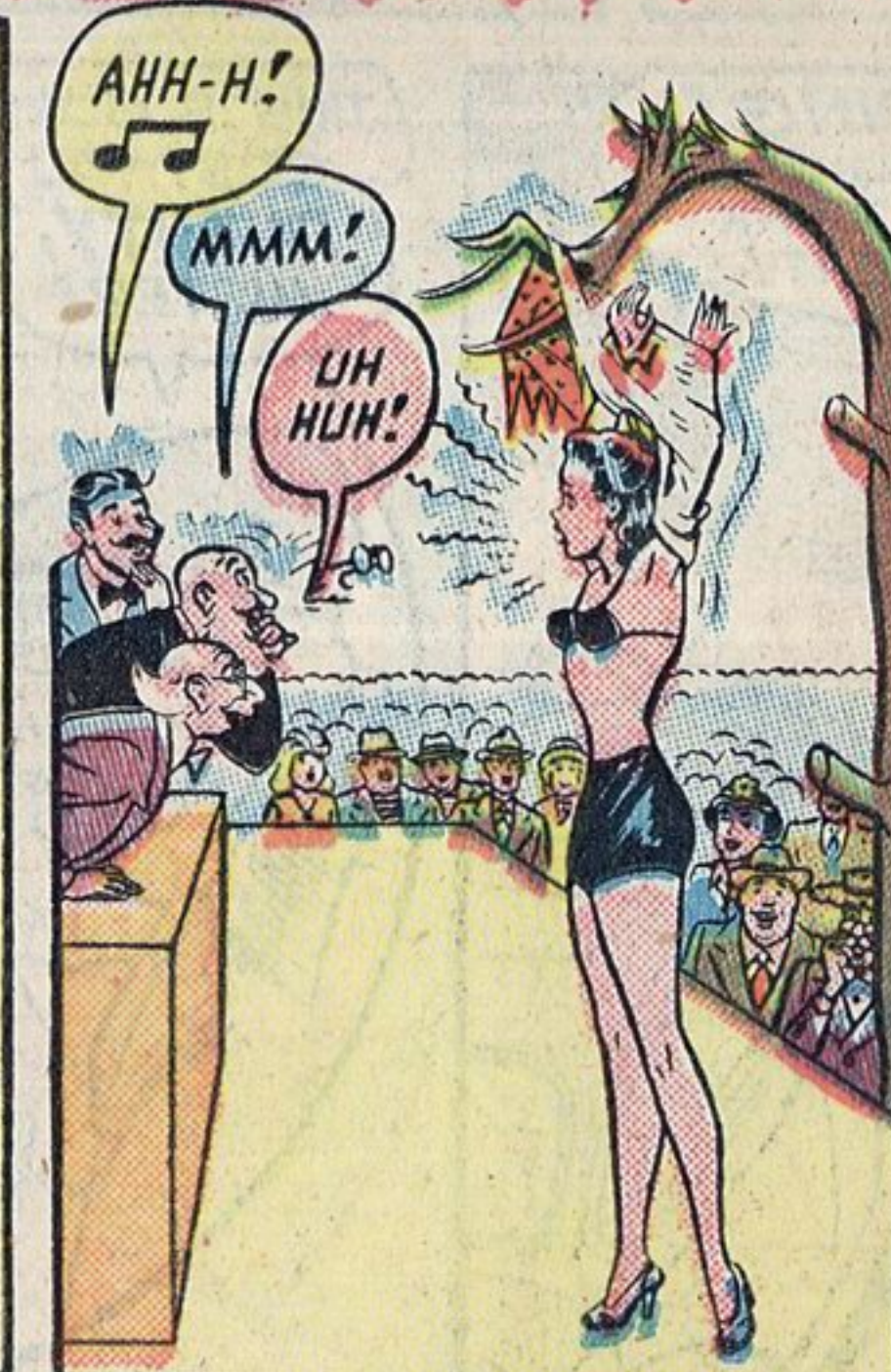
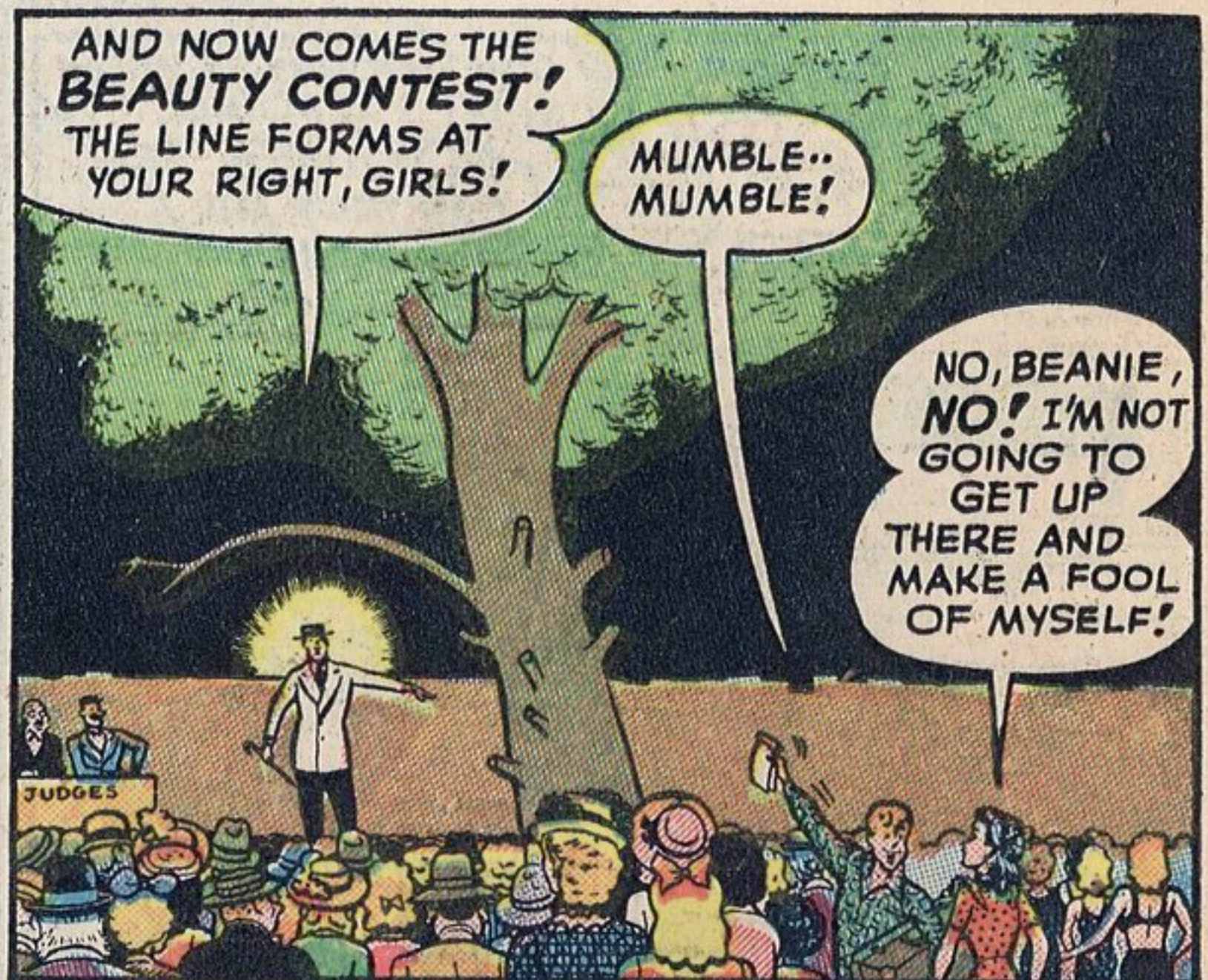
PEACHY



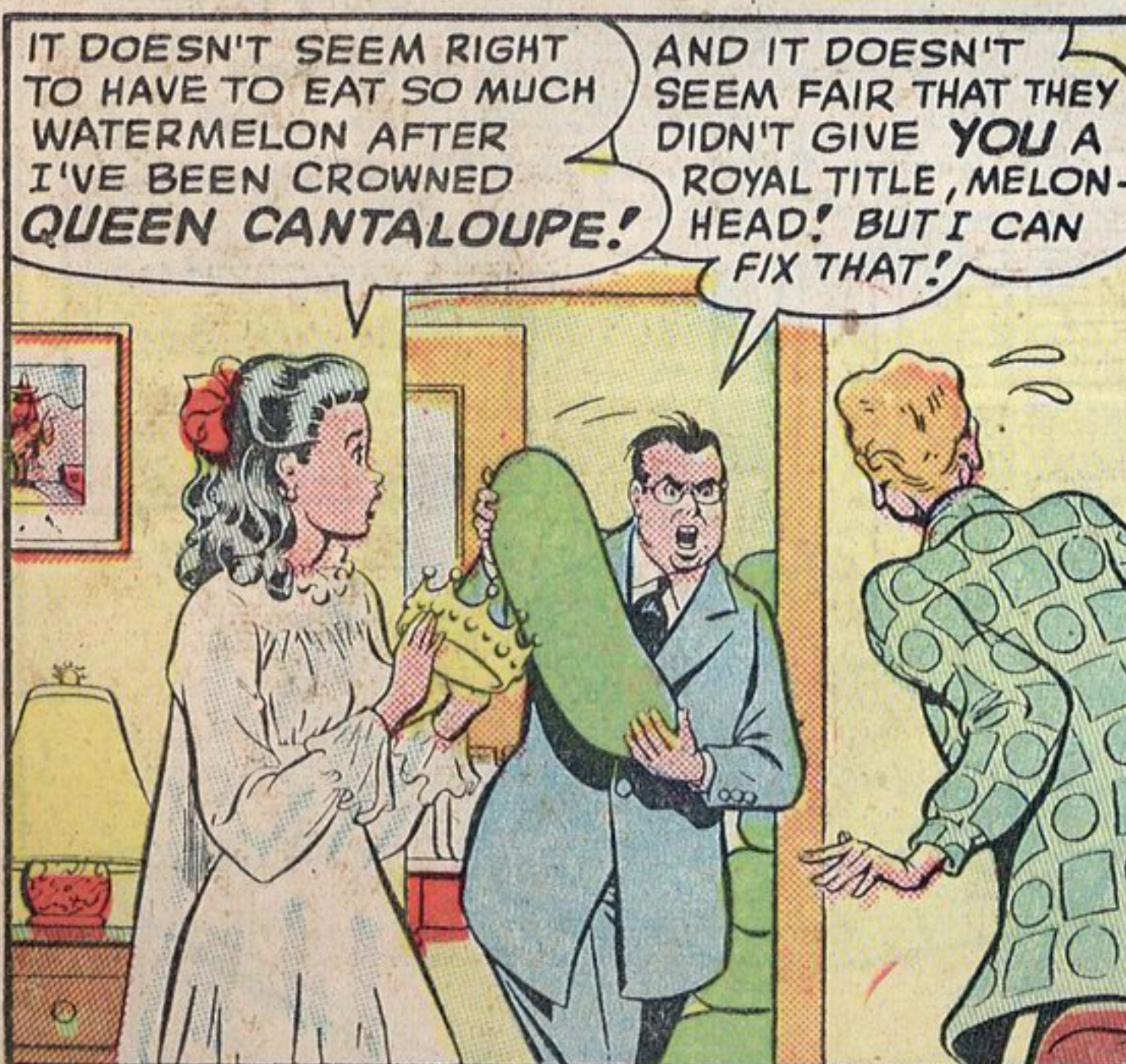
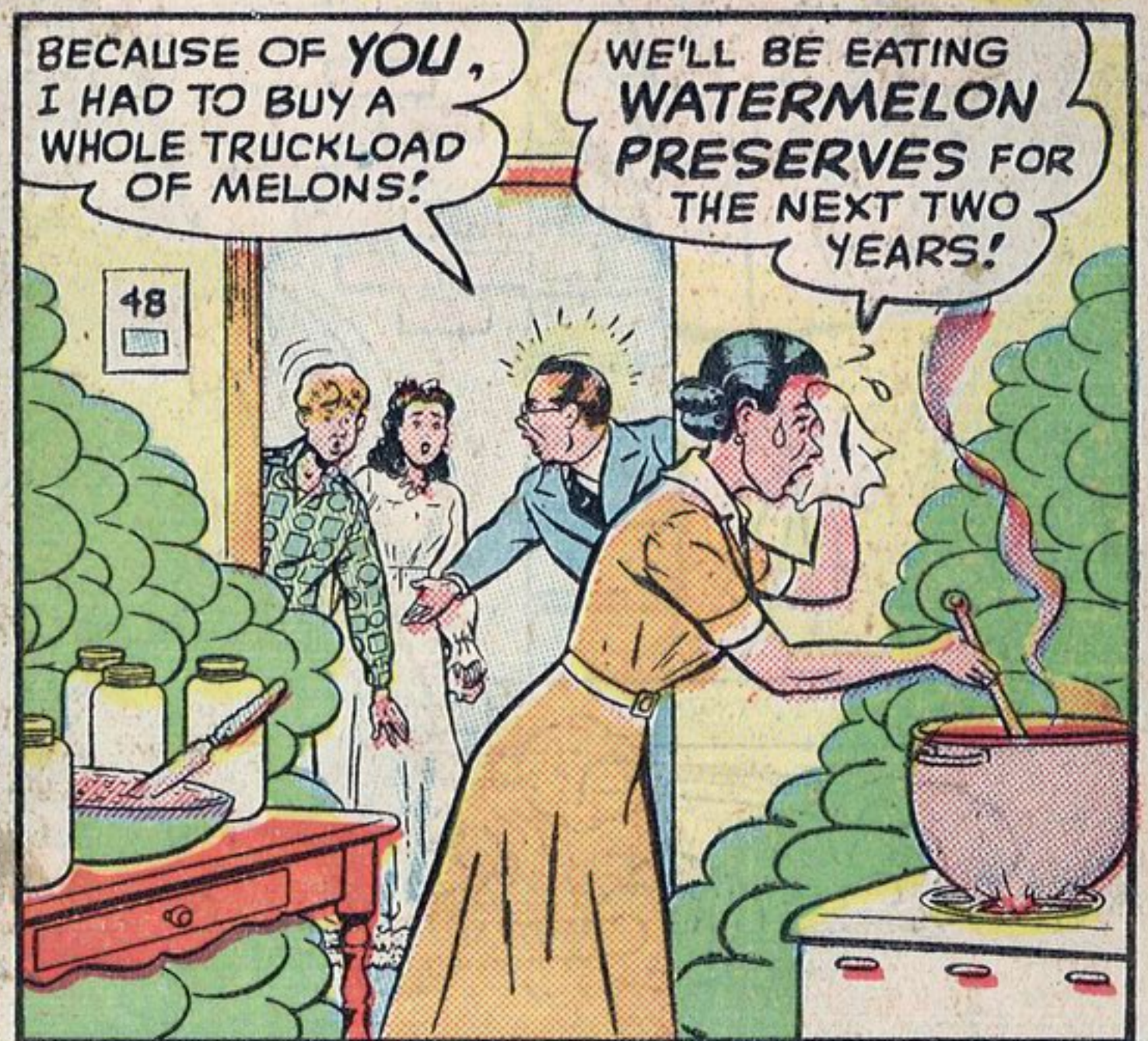
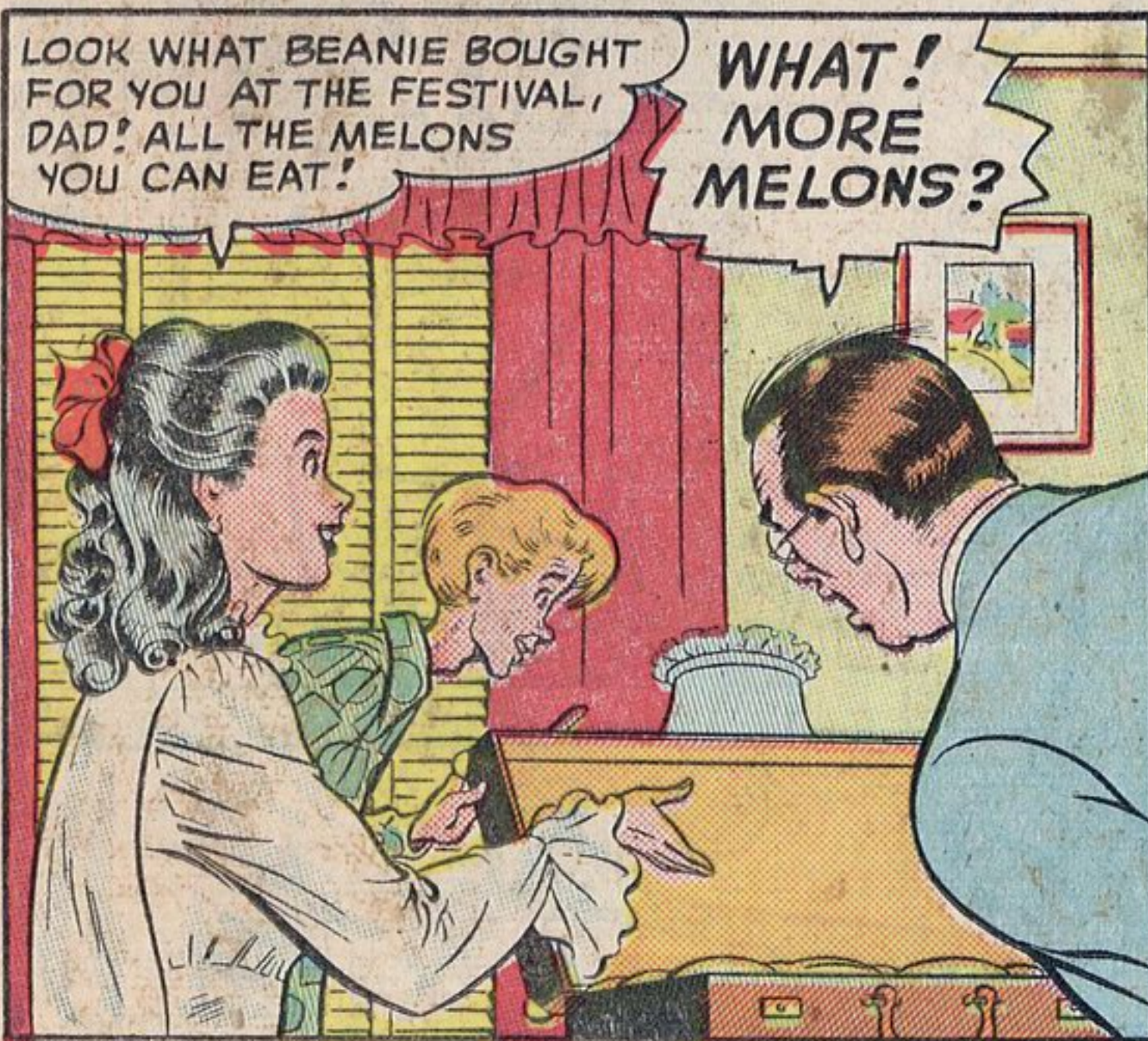








HIT COMICS



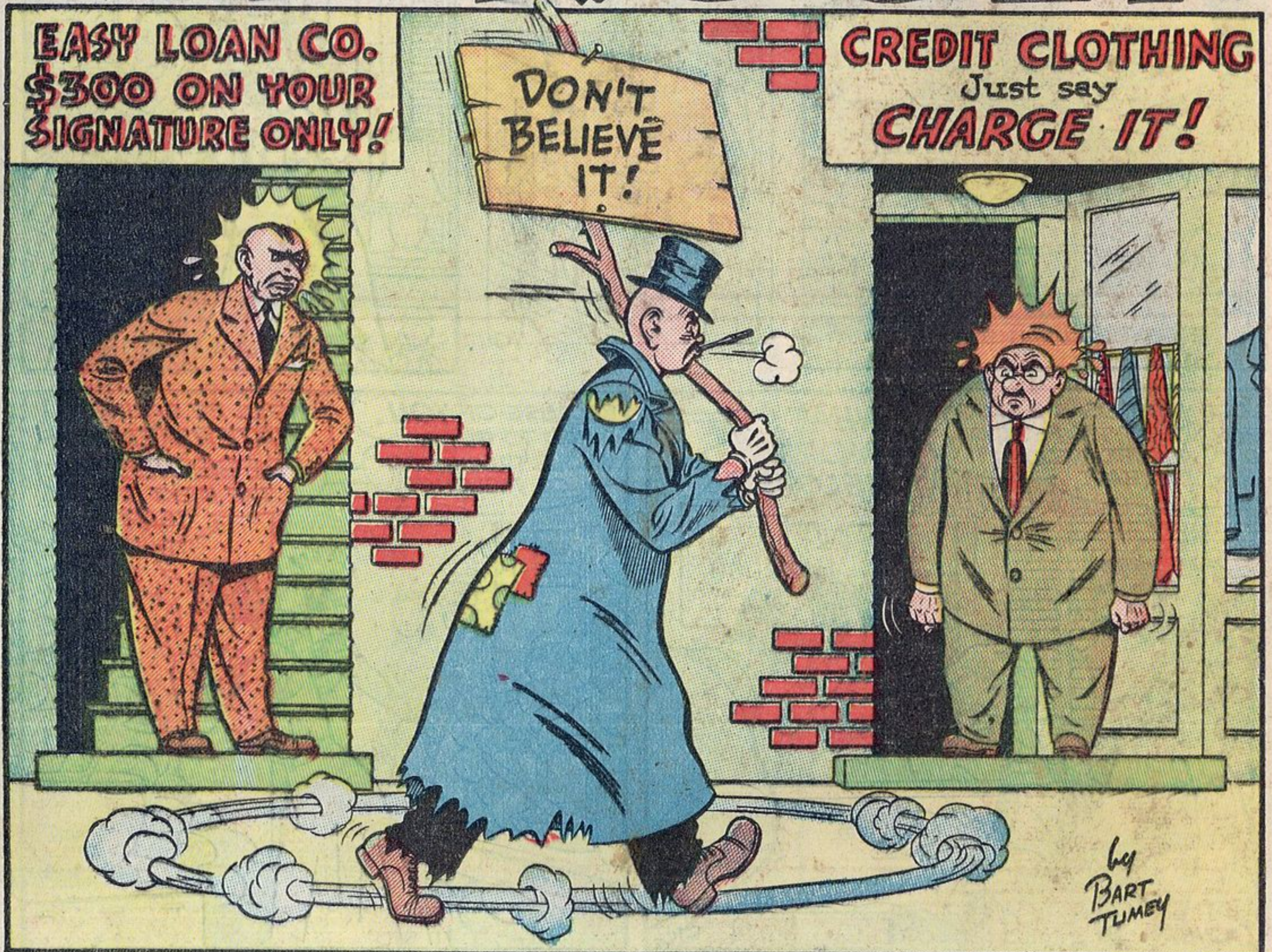
HIT COMICS

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EASY LOAN CO.
\$300 ON YOUR
SIGNATURE ONLY!

DON'T
BELIEVE
IT!

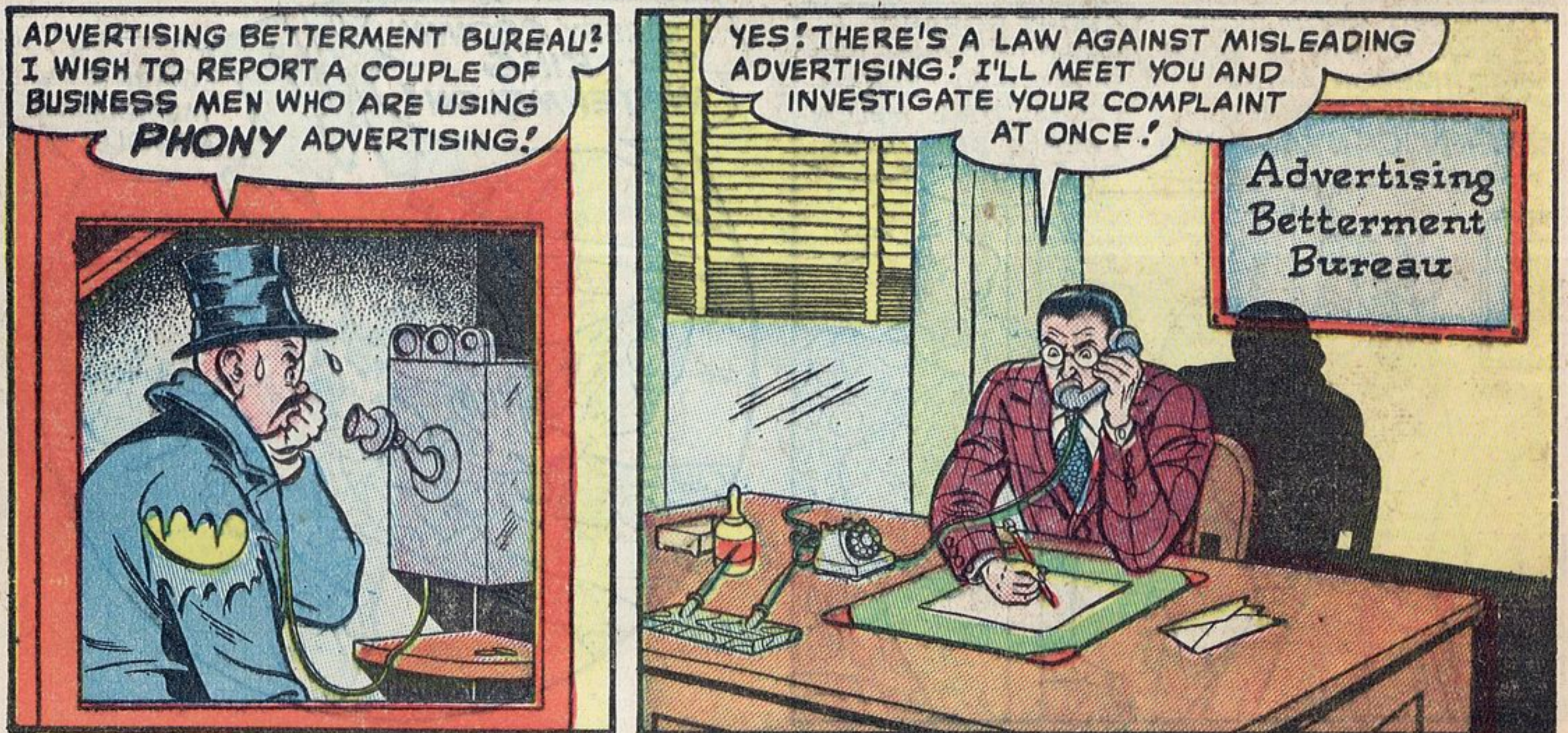
CREDIT CLOTHING
Just say
CHARGE IT!

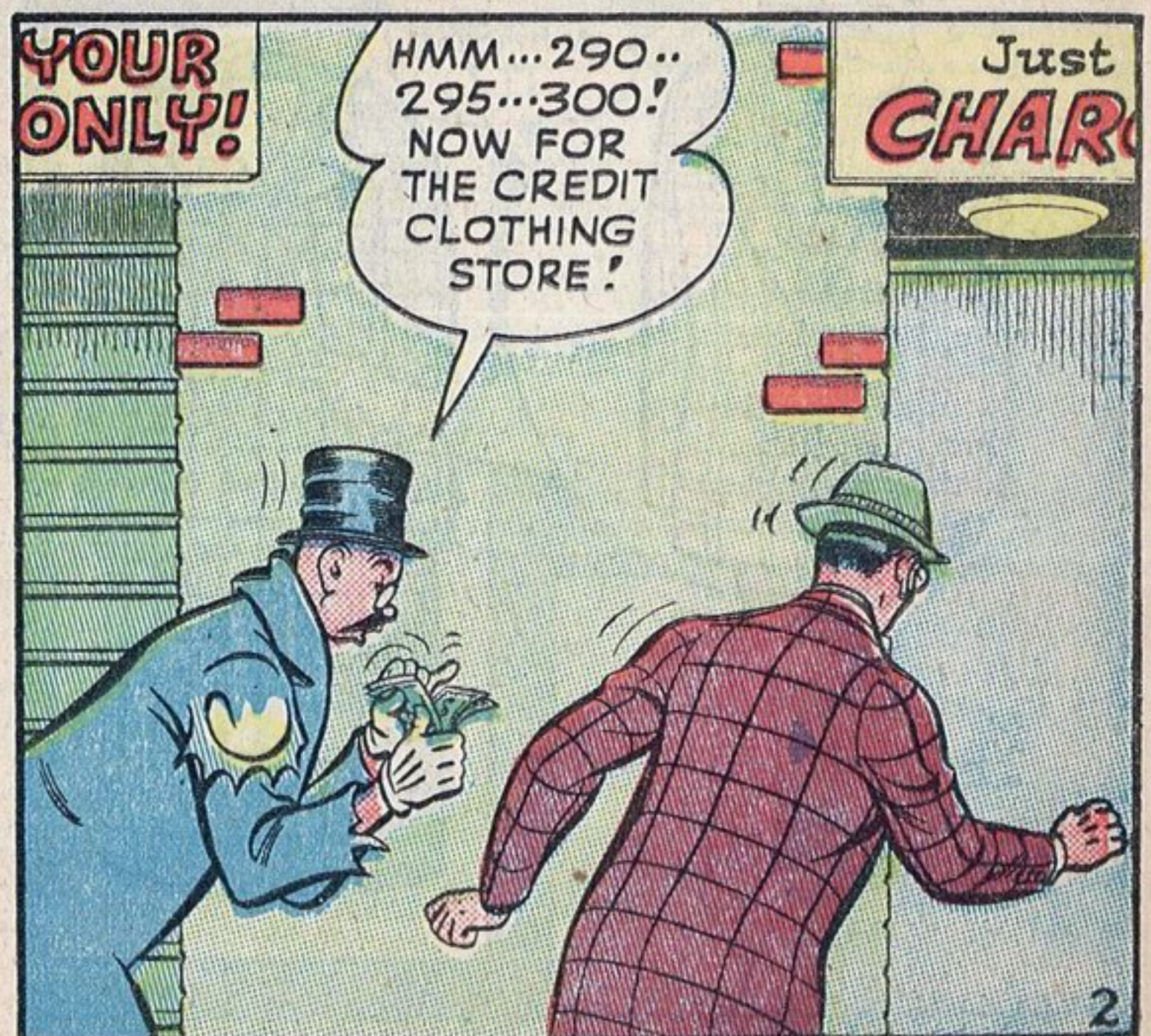


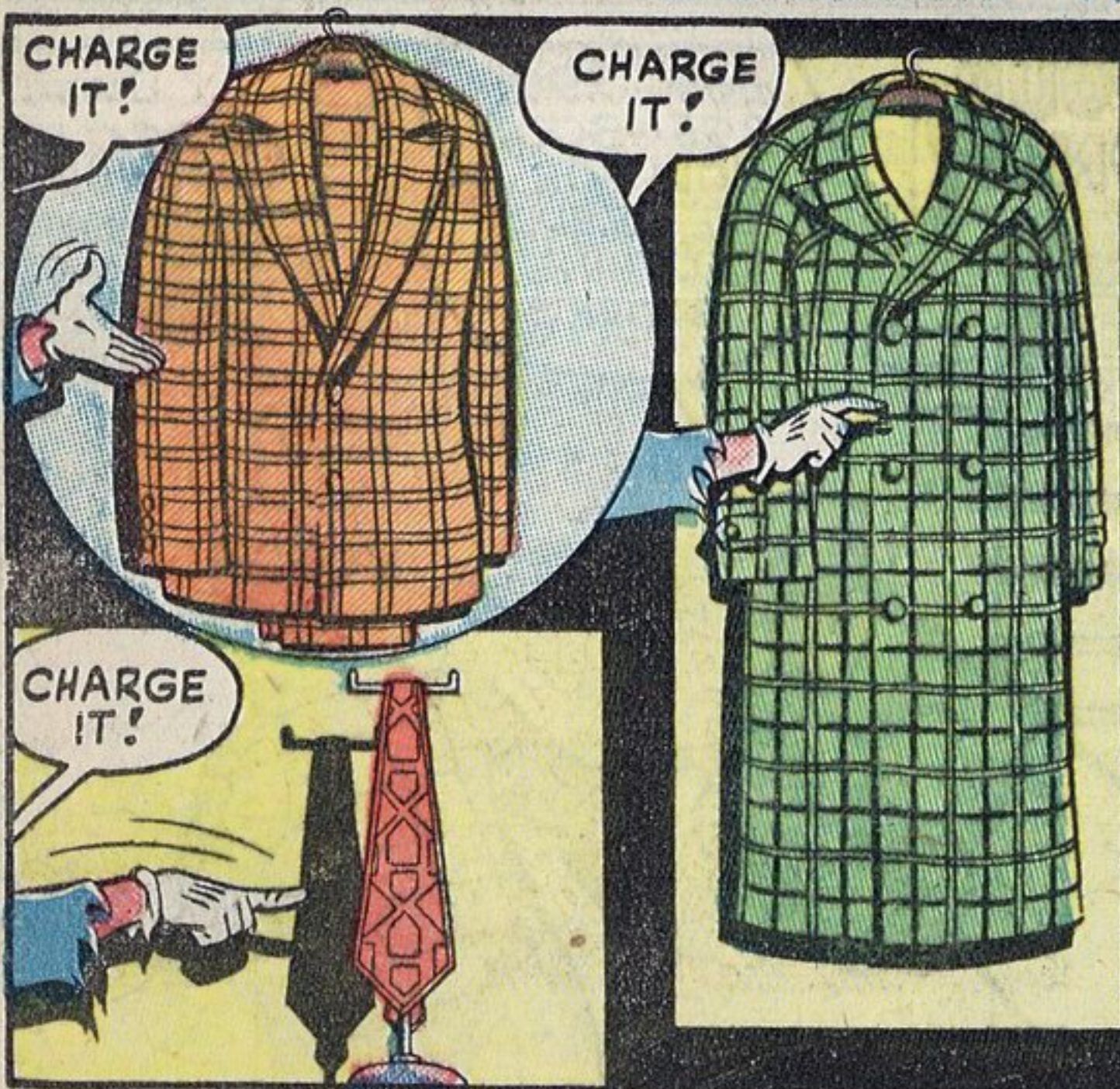
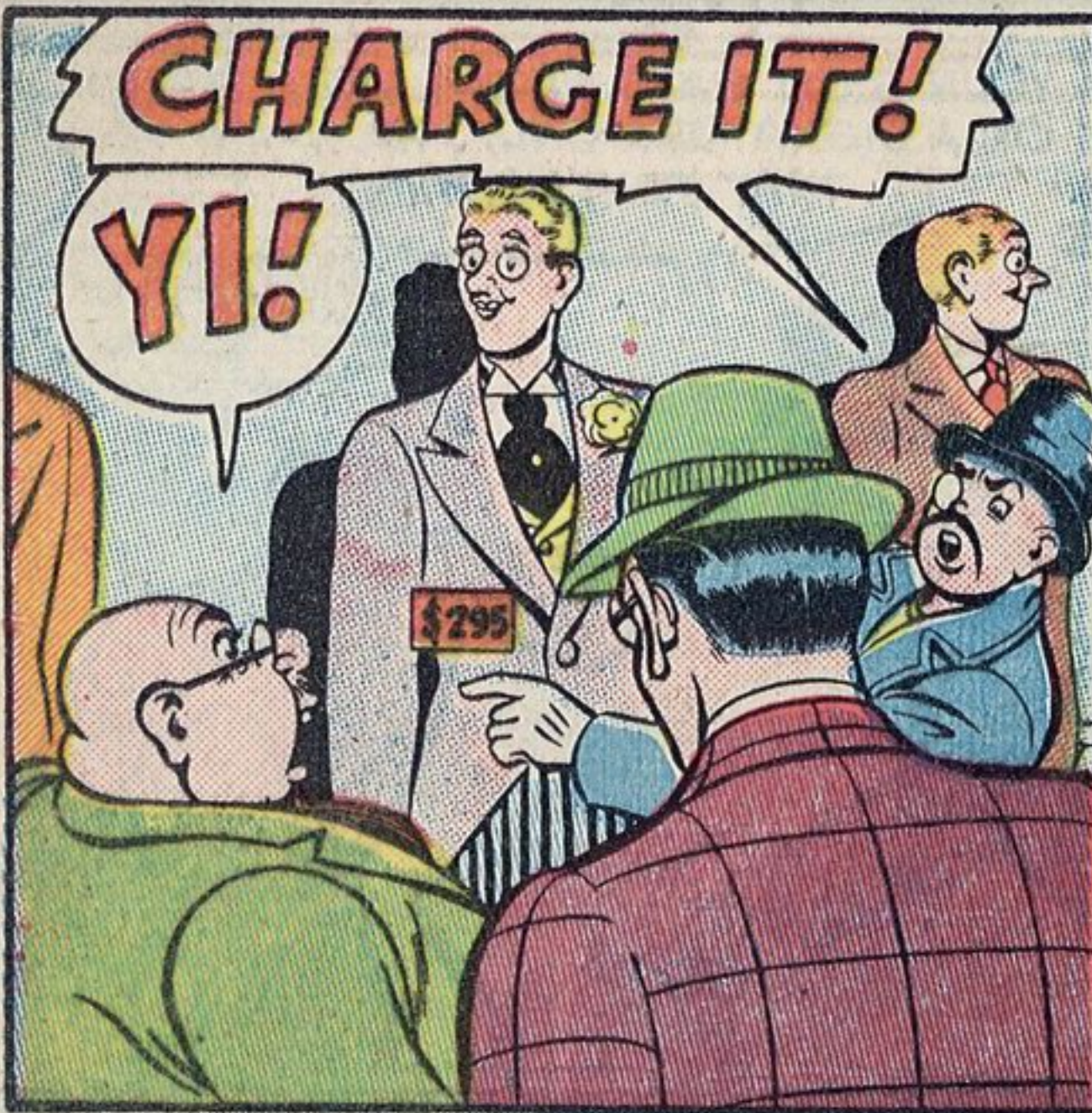
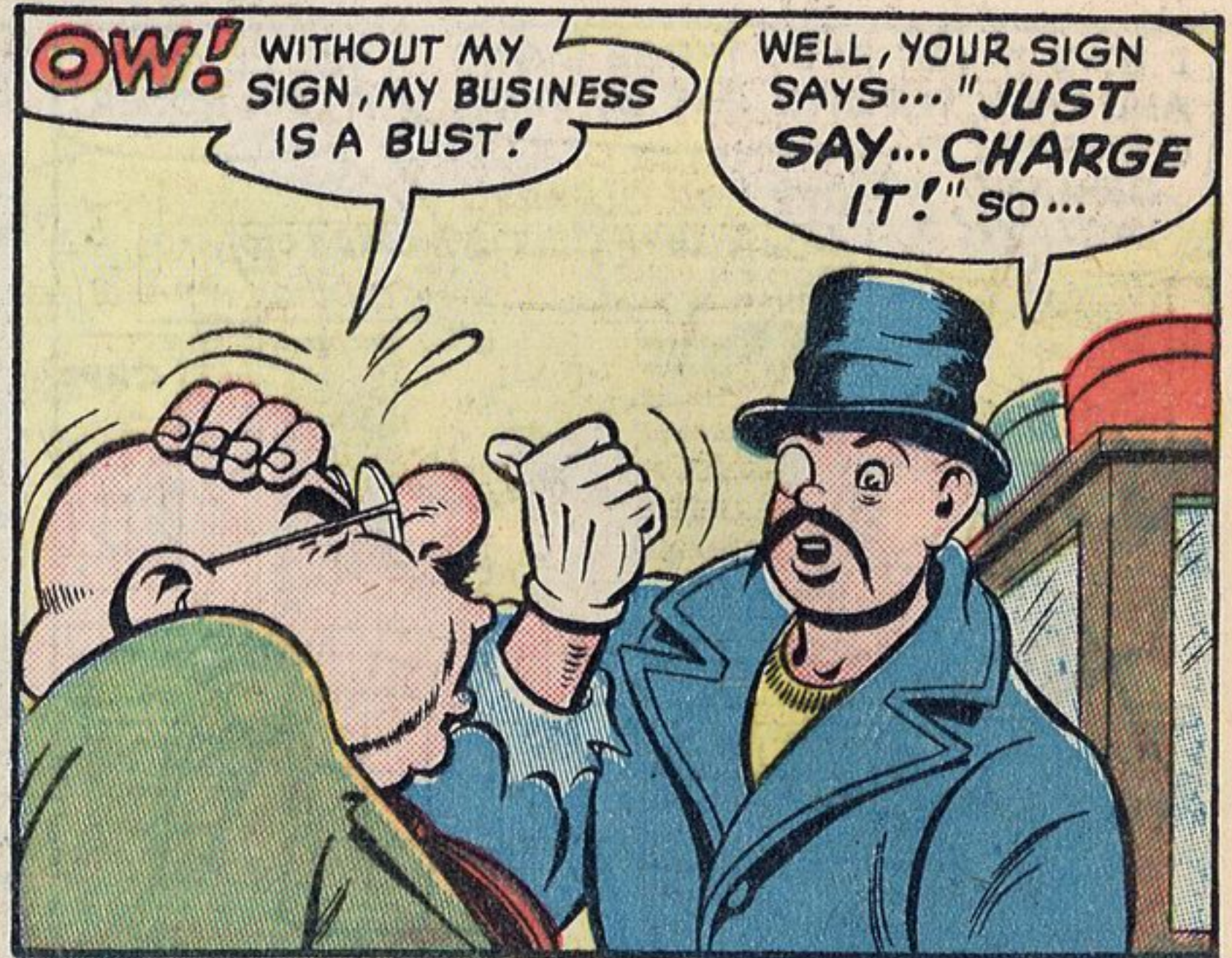
ADVERTISING BETTERMENT BUREAU?
I WISH TO REPORT A COUPLE OF
BUSINESS MEN WHO ARE USING
PHONY ADVERTISING!

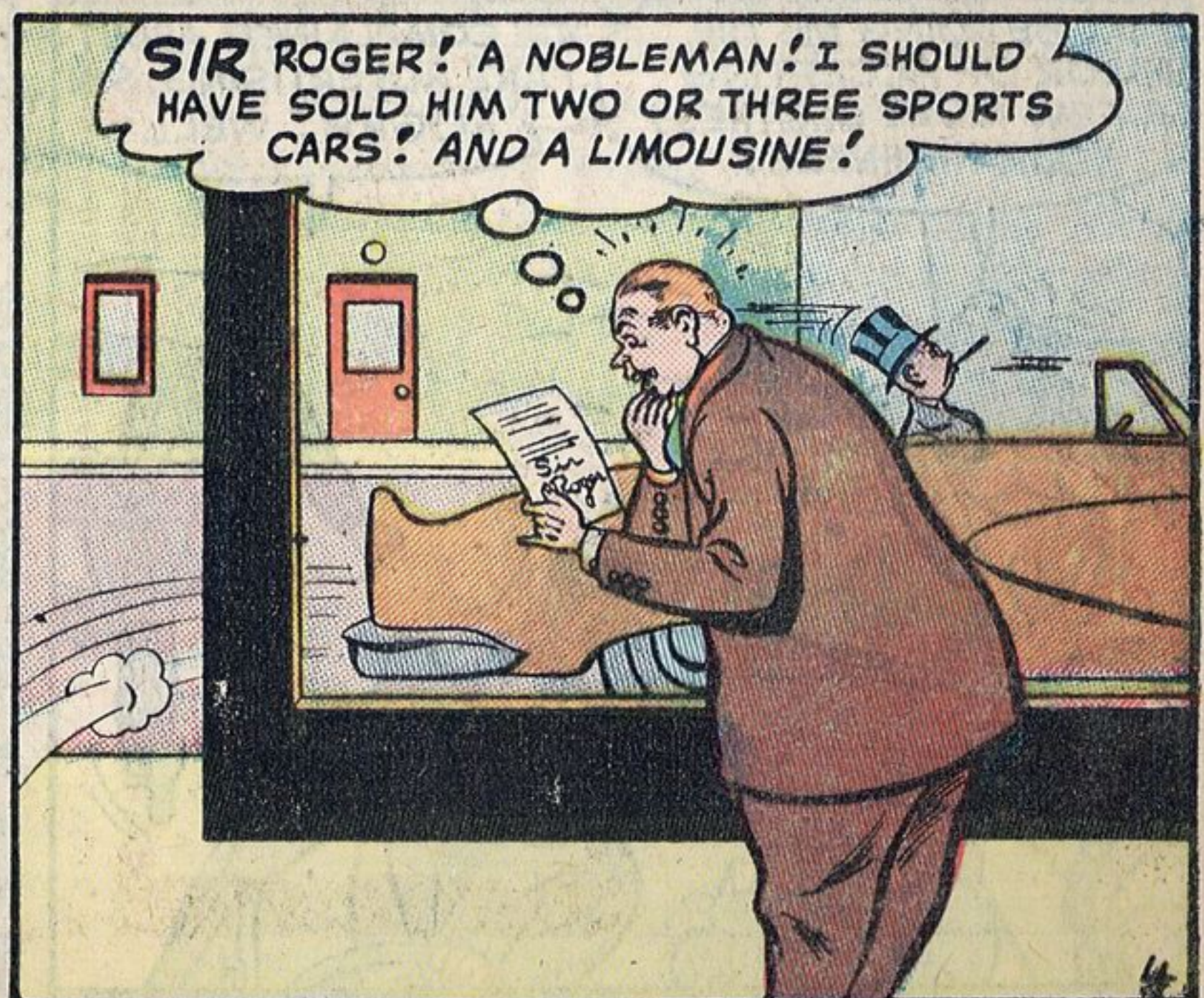
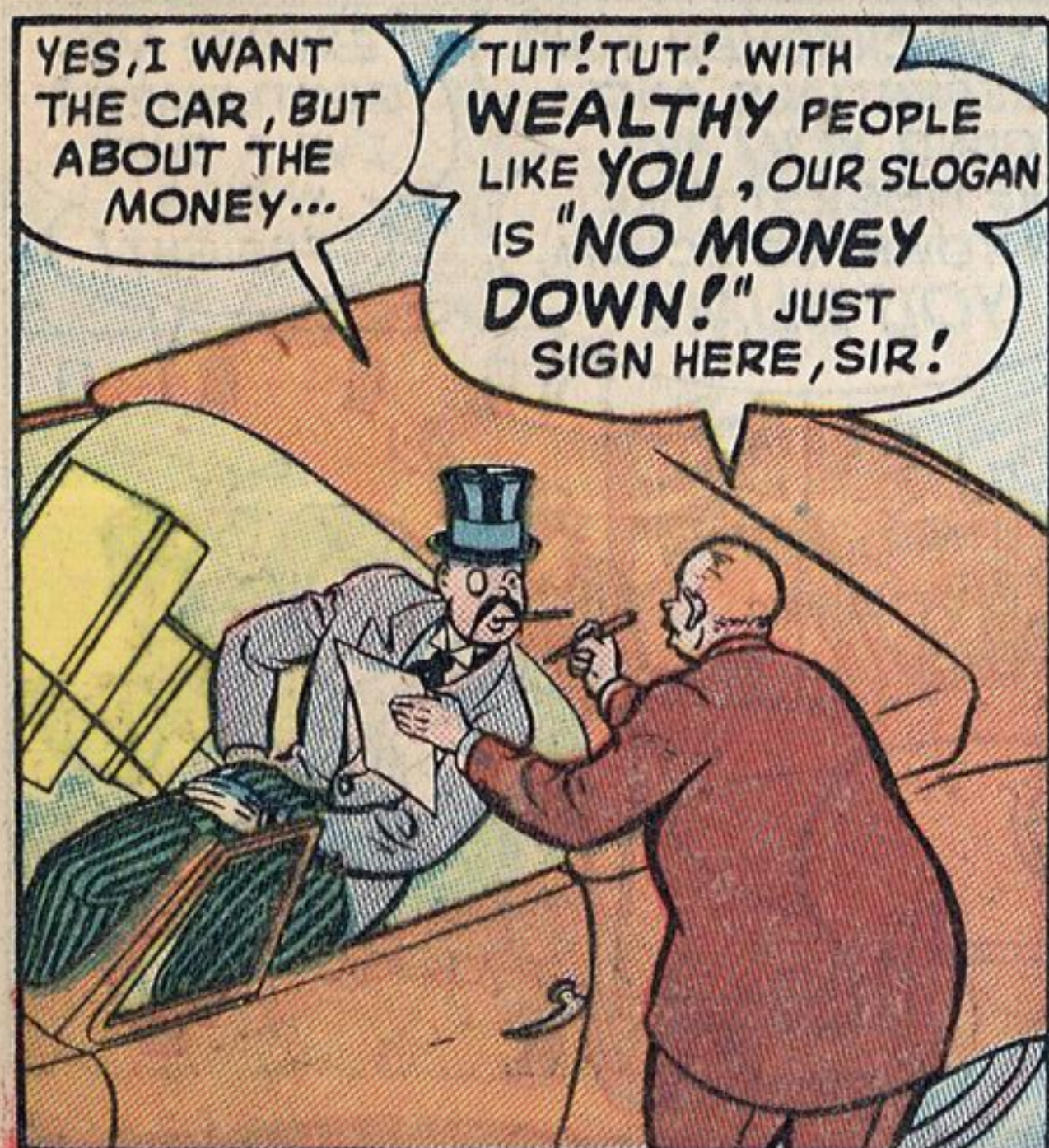
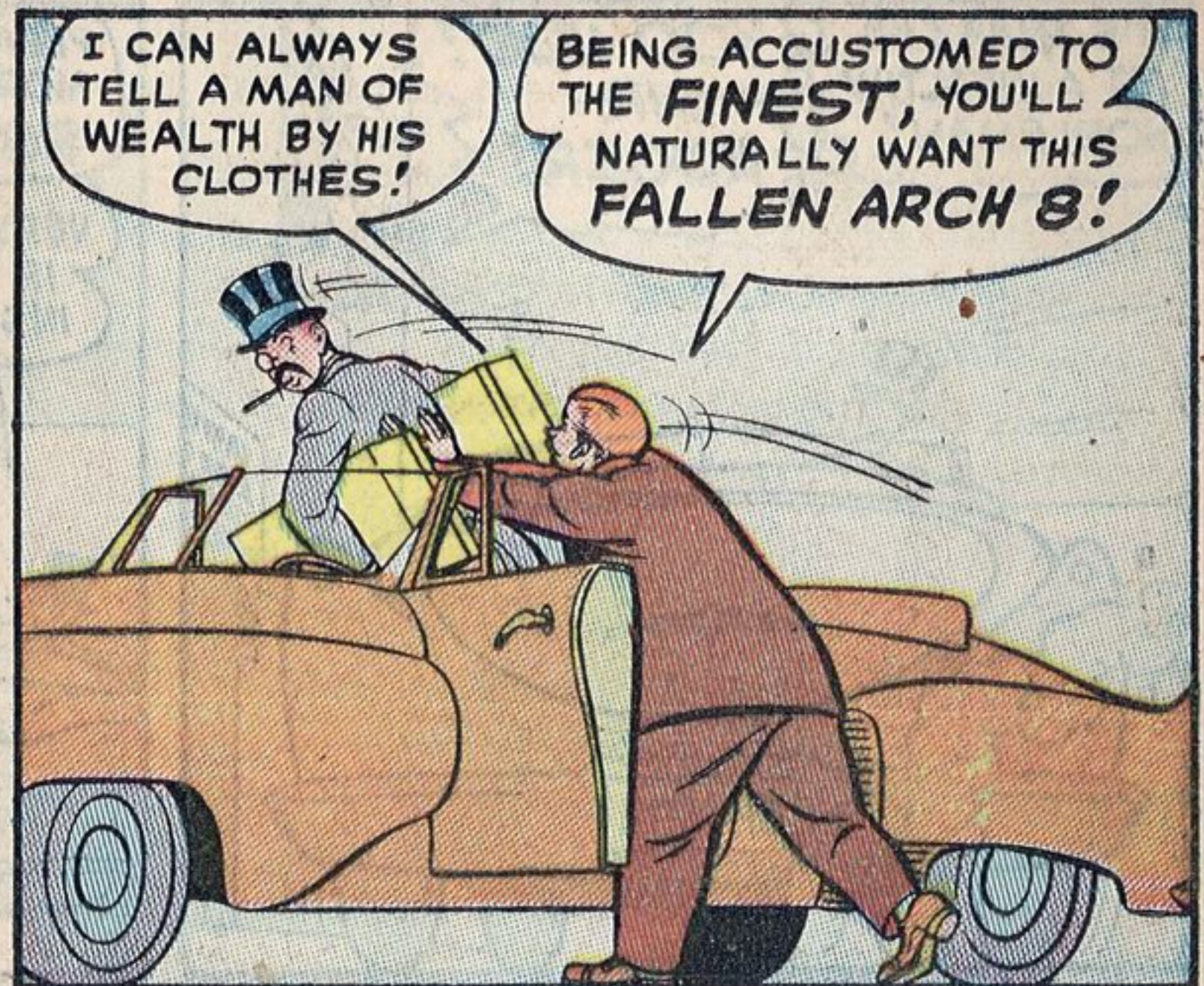
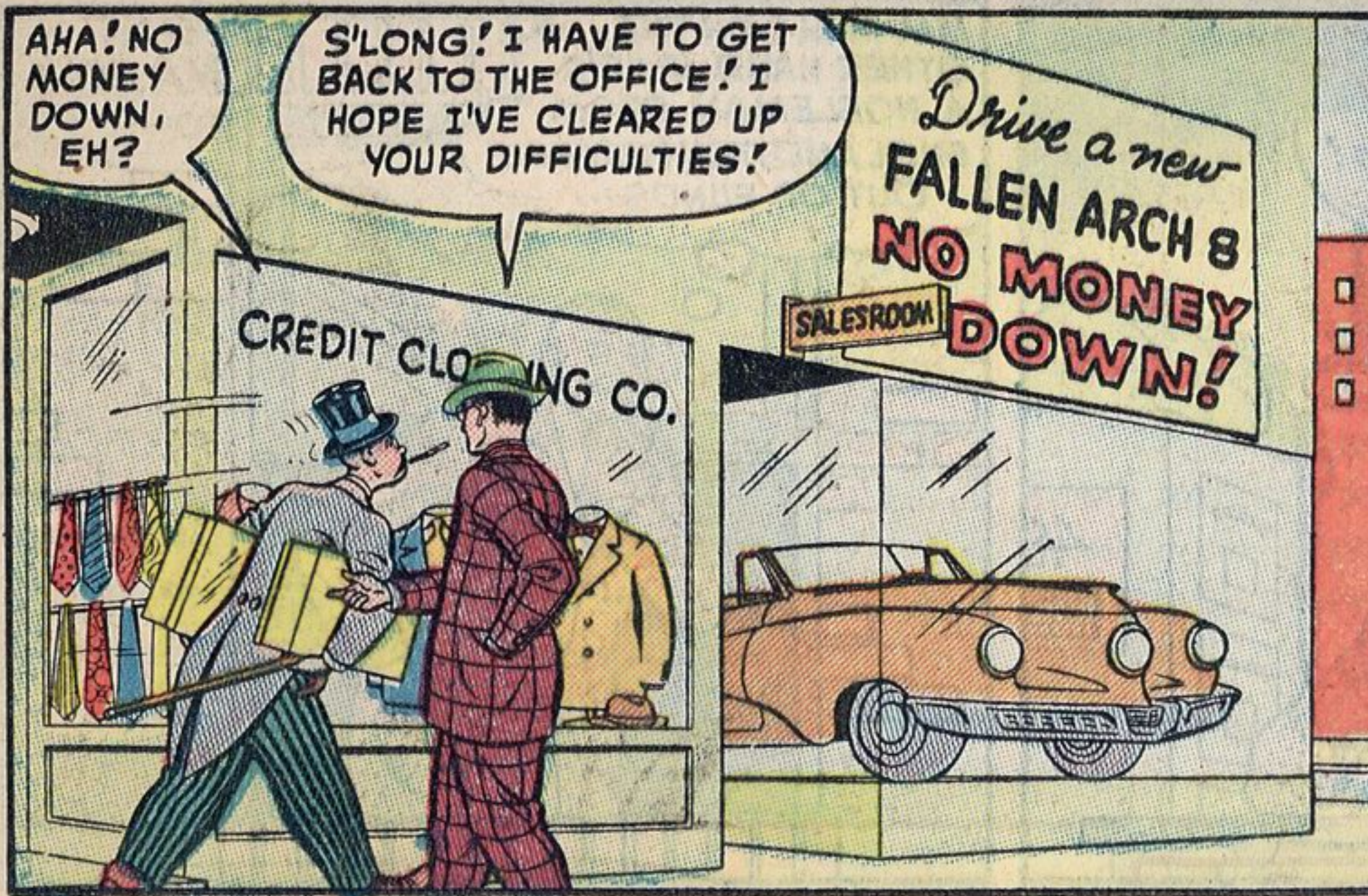
YES! THERE'S A LAW AGAINST MISLEADING
ADVERTISING! I'LL MEET YOU AND
INVESTIGATE YOUR COMPLAINT
AT ONCE!

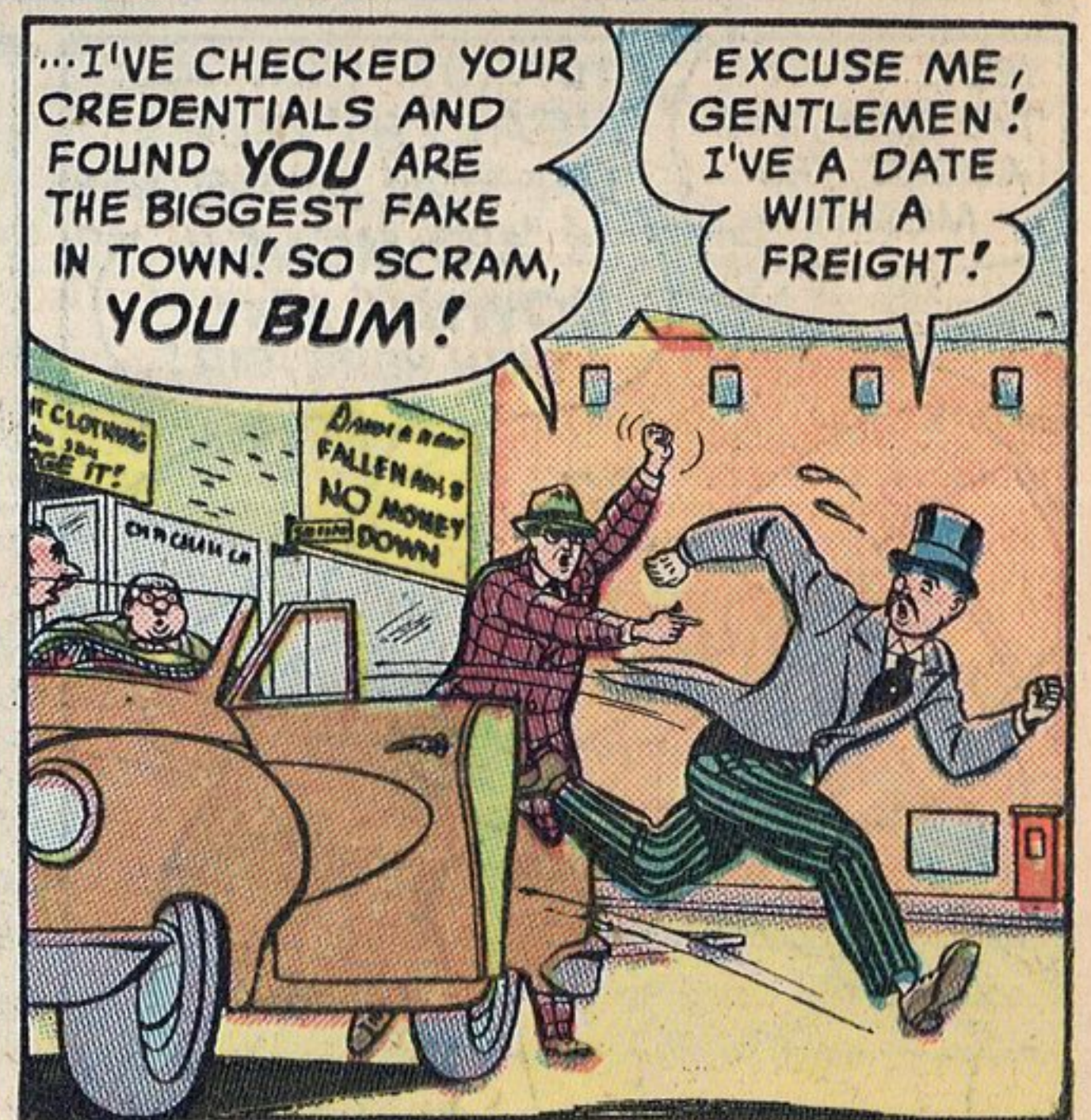
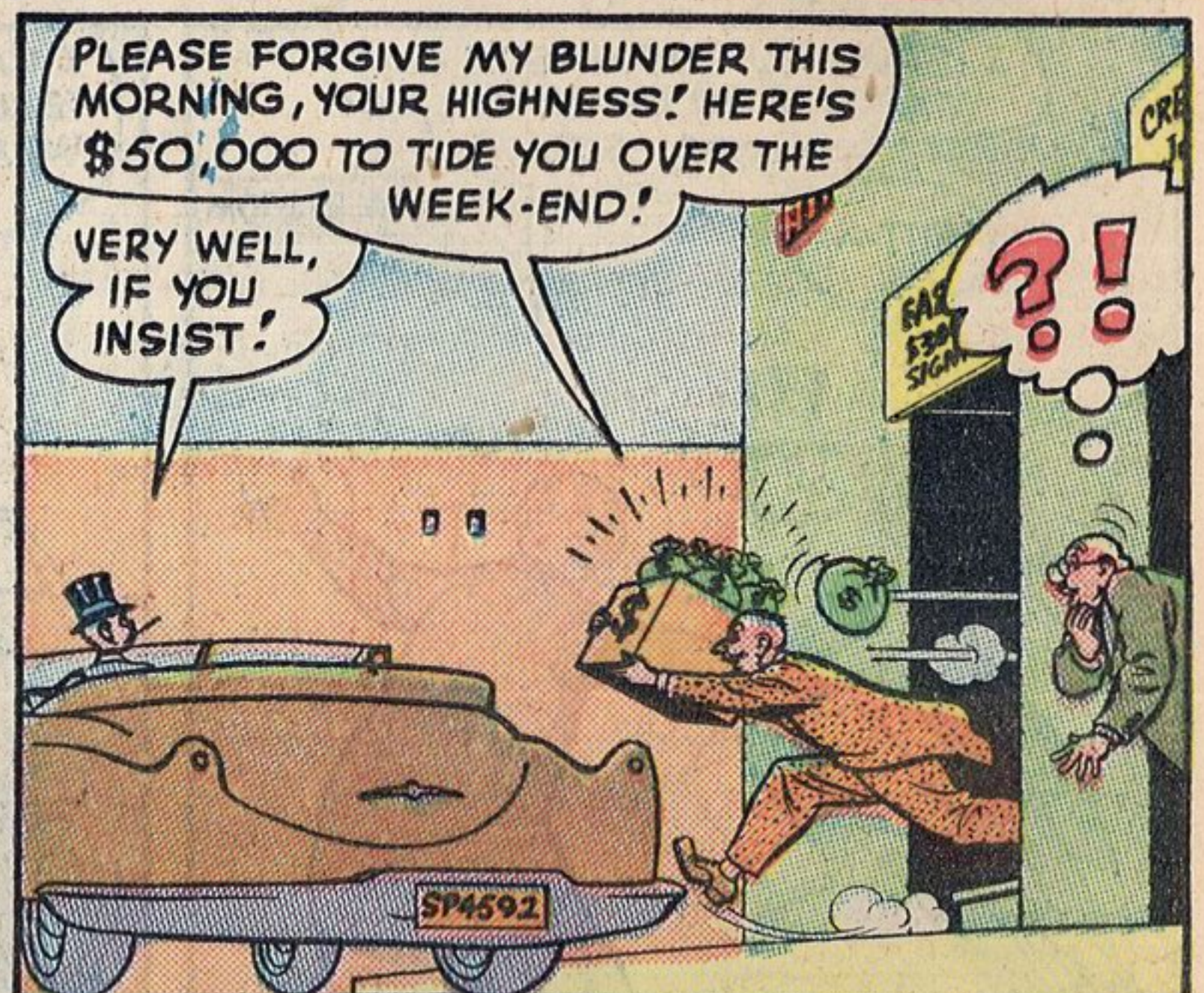
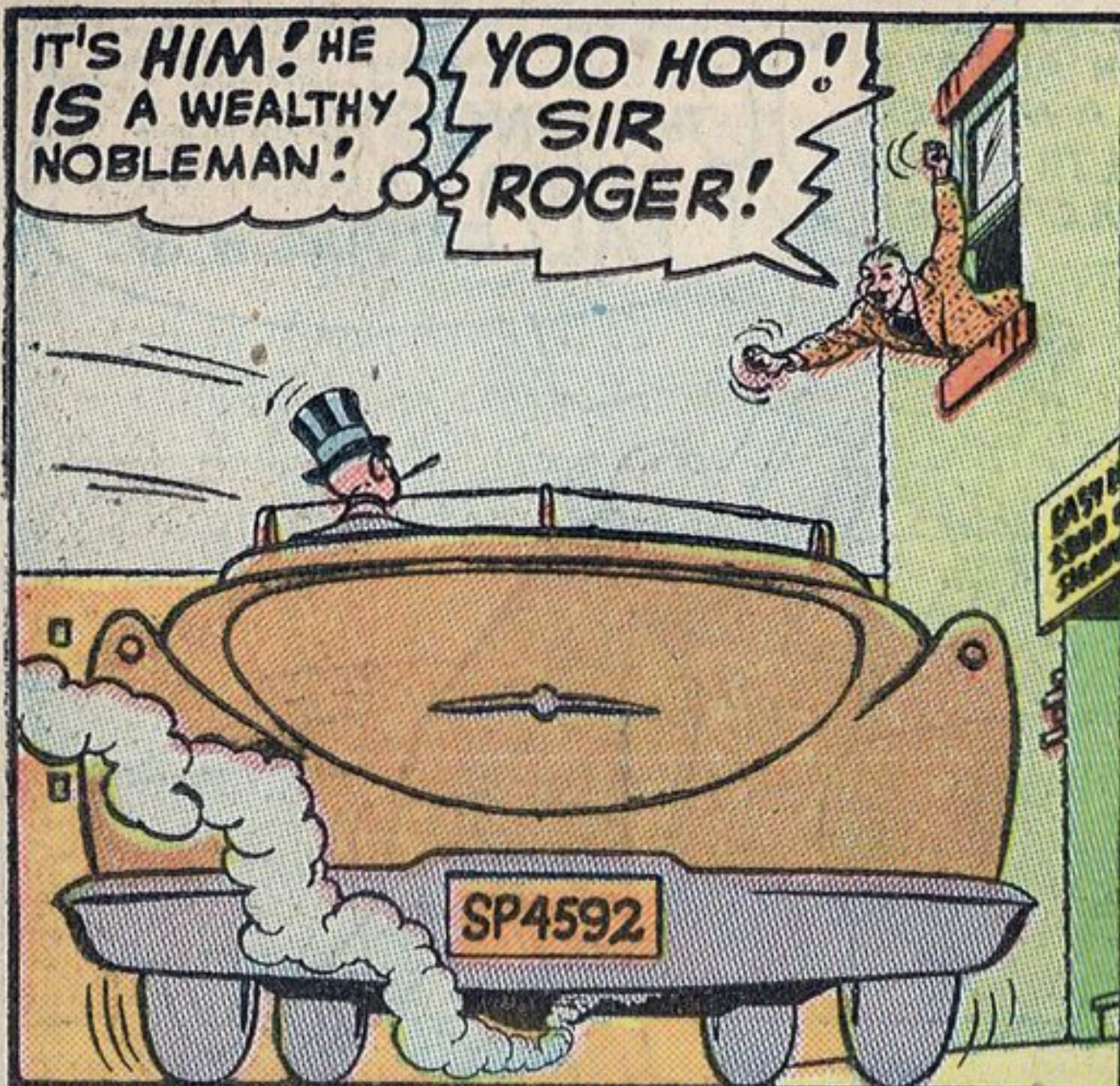
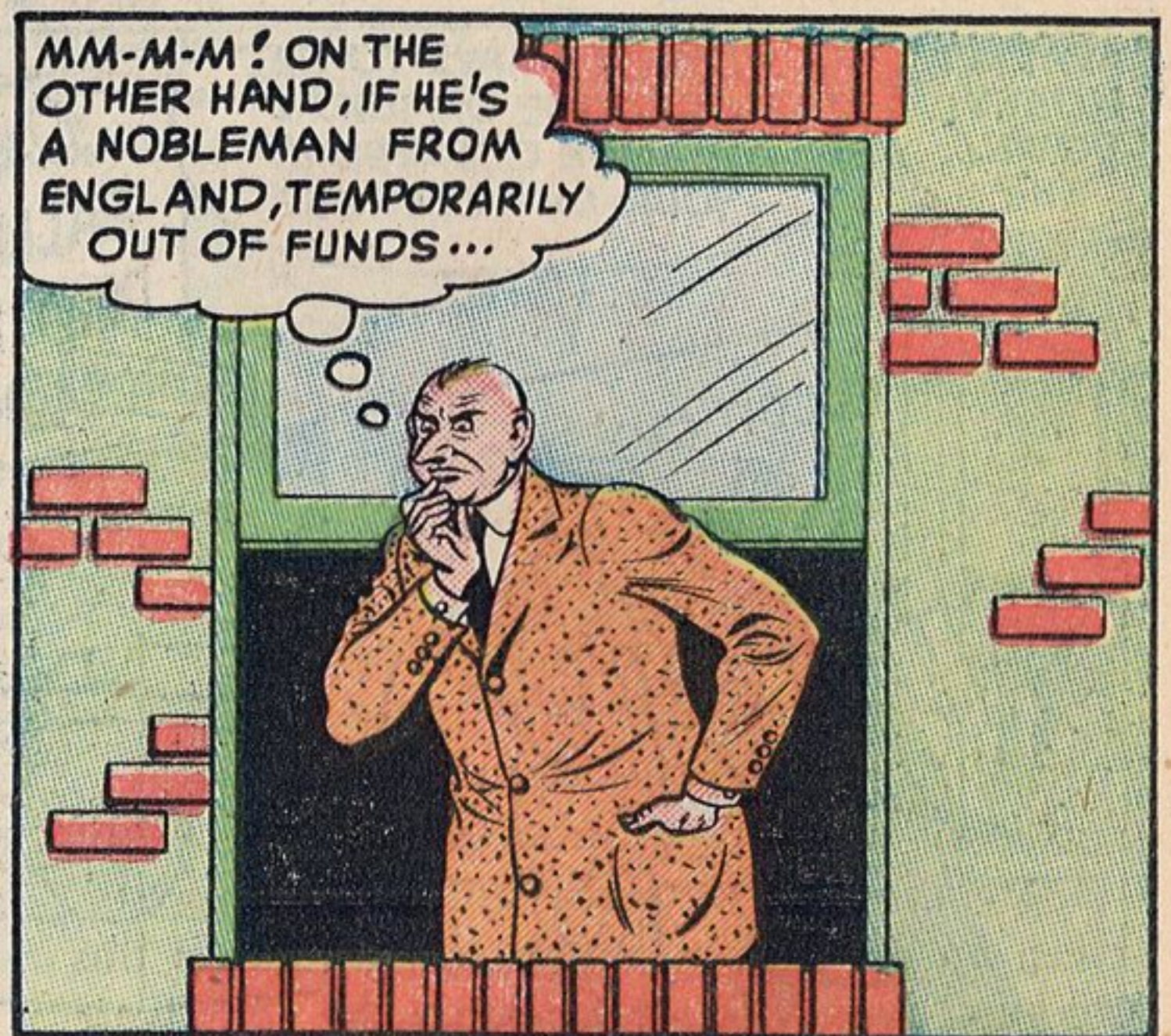
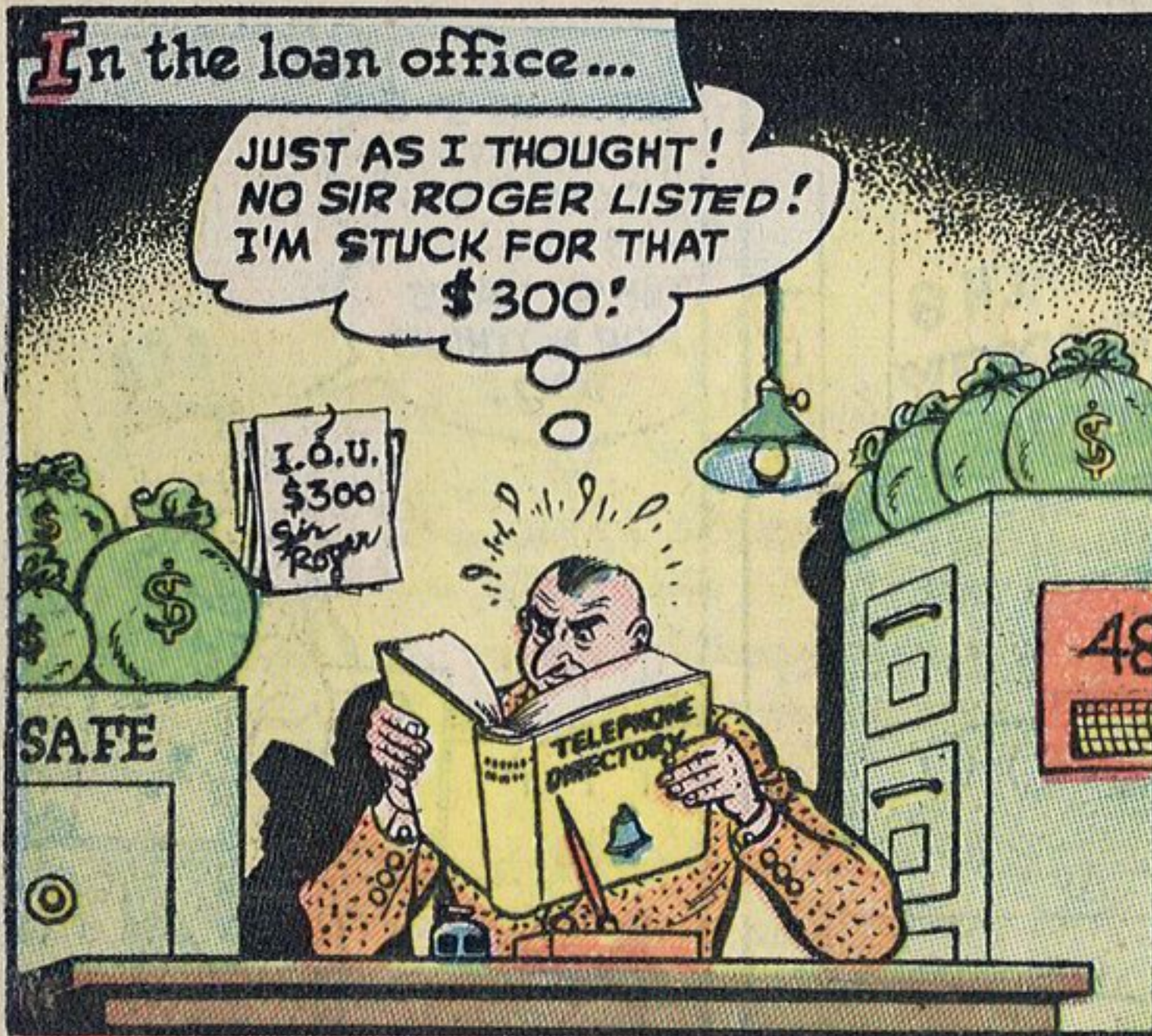
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WRATH GODS

JUAN AVILA was smiling as he guided his crude wooden plow, pulled by two oxen. The gods were favoring him, for surely this would be the best corn field in the world. His bare feet could feel the warmth of the earth—a special warmth, not from the sun alone but coming upward from the ground underneath. Even on cold spring nights the ground in this field felt warm. It must be that the gods were heating it, so that he could grow much corn to feed his family.

Suddenly his eyes widened and he stopped his plow. Ahead he saw a wisp of steam coming from a crack in the ground! The crack widened as he watched, and more steam poured forth. He looked around. From several other spots spurts of steam were rising. Surely, Juan thought, the gods were overdoing this heating business! An ominous rumble came from beneath the land at his feet, and the earth seemed to tremble. Forsaking his plow, Juan ran wildly toward his little house. Behind him in the corn field a great fissure had appeared, from which steam and dirt and stones shot high into the air.

Juan and his wife and children ran frantically toward the near-by village. They were met by panic-stricken villagers who had rushed out after feeling the earth tremors. Shaking with fear the crowd stood and watched the seething black column that rose thousands of feet high. They cowered as fresh explosions shook the earth, tossing glowing rocks and cinders into the air. A new volcano had been born—or, as Juan and the villagers expressed it, the gods had become exceedingly angry.

Relaxed in billows of soft cloud, Kid Eternity was drowsing in the warm spring sunshine. The gentle breeze that brushed his cheek seemed to bring the scent of newly-blossomed fruit trees. In the throes of spring fever, he was content for once to let Mr. Keeper direct their course; and Mr. Keeper had selected for their afternoon siesta, one of the most undisturbed spots in the world.

"Away from the ocean," Mr. Keeper had said firmly, "so we won't see any ships in distress or planes forced down. Away from the cities, so we won't have to stop any crime waves."

So now they floated tranquilly over this primitive spot in southwestern Mexico. Even if they drifted over a wide area, there would be no one below them but a handful of peaceful Mexican peasants. For once he could finish his nap in peace, thought Mr. Keeper.

Kid Eternity sat up, wide awake. Following a thunderous explosion, an air blast had violently rocked his cloud. He felt hot air rush upward, and smelt sulphurous fumes. He bent to look over the cloud edge, then ducked back instinctively as a red hot chunk of rock came hurtling upwards.

"Mr. Keeper!" he called. "Look below!"

Another explosion was heard, and as Mr. Keeper's cloud rocked violently he gave up trying to pretend that nothing was happening. "What now?" he inquired, in a resigned tone of voice.

Together he and Kid Eternity looked down at the weird sight. They could see the great hole in the earth from which red hot rocks and cinders were leaping like flames, a thousand feet into the air. They could trace the path of the rocks as they fell back to earth again, already building a rising cone around the crater. Molten lava was bubbling inside and pushing its way out from the hidden depths of the earth, and in a matter of minutes it had covered many feet of land. The air was dense with smoke and ash that made breathing difficult.

"An impressive sight," Mr. Keeper admitted, "but now we'd best be getting away to a more comfortable spot."

"Wait!" called the Kid. "Look over there!"

He pointed by the village, so obscured by

HIT COMICS

the cloud of smoke that it had been unnoticed before. In the open square, all the inhabitants had gathered. They knelt, huddled together, facing toward the awful sight of the new volcano.

"Why don't they get going?" the Kid asked. From where he and Mr. Keeper watched, it was plain to see that the village would soon be engulfed by the lava flow; but the villagers showed no signs of leaving.

"I'm going down to see what's keeping them," Kid Eternity said. "Come along."

The Kid swooped earthward, swerving to avoid the hot gases, while Mr. Keeper followed, muttering hopes about returning soon to their nice, quiet cloud. Invisible, the two stood near the people, listening to their conversation; but they quickly discovered that the mixture of Indian and Spanish spoken was unintelligible to them. The peons wept and shivered as they watched the terrifying spectacle. The lava flow was now visible from the village, inching forward squarely toward it, boiling and smoking as it came. But still the people made no preparations to depart.

"Something has to be done!" Kid Eternity exclaimed. He thought for a moment, and then utilized his strange power to call people from out of the past.

"Eternity!" he cried, at that instant becoming visible. And suddenly beside him appeared a strange figure, powerful of limb and bronze of skin, carrying the great hammer of a blacksmith.

"Who calls Vulcan, blacksmith of the Gods?"

"It is I, Kid Eternity," answered the kid. "Volcanos are named for you, Vulcan, and the ancients called them the chimneys of your forge. Can you stop this eruption, which is threatening to wipe out this little village?"

"Alas," Vulcan said, "I'd like to help you, Kid . . . but even my power cannot stop the eruption of a volcano. The people must leave, get out of its path."

"But they won't leave," the Kid explained. "I'll have to think of something else fast . . .

the lava is nearly upon them. Thanks for coming, Vulcan, and now you may return to . . . Eternity!"

Vulcan disappeared again, and the Kid thought hard. Whom could he call from the past to help these people? Then his face lighted. "Eternity," he said once more. There was a puff of smoke, and another figure appeared beside him. Keen-eyed, hawk-nosed, the man was dressed in the plated armor of the Conquistadors.

"Cortes!" exclaimed the Kid. "Quick! Can you speak to these poor people, discover why they remain in danger and persuade them to leave?"

Cortes the Conquerer looked at the kneeling people and at the threatening wall of lava. "They hated me once," he mused, "because I conquered their land for Spain. Perhaps now I may help them instead of threatening them."

The kneeling people had been too engrossed in their fear to observe Kid Eternity and his activities. But now as the imposing armored figure of Cortes stepped forward, they looked up. As he raised his hand, their cries quieted and they listened while he spoke rapidly in their dialect. One of them came forward when Cortes beckoned, and answered his questions. Then Cortes spoke again, in a ringing voice of command.

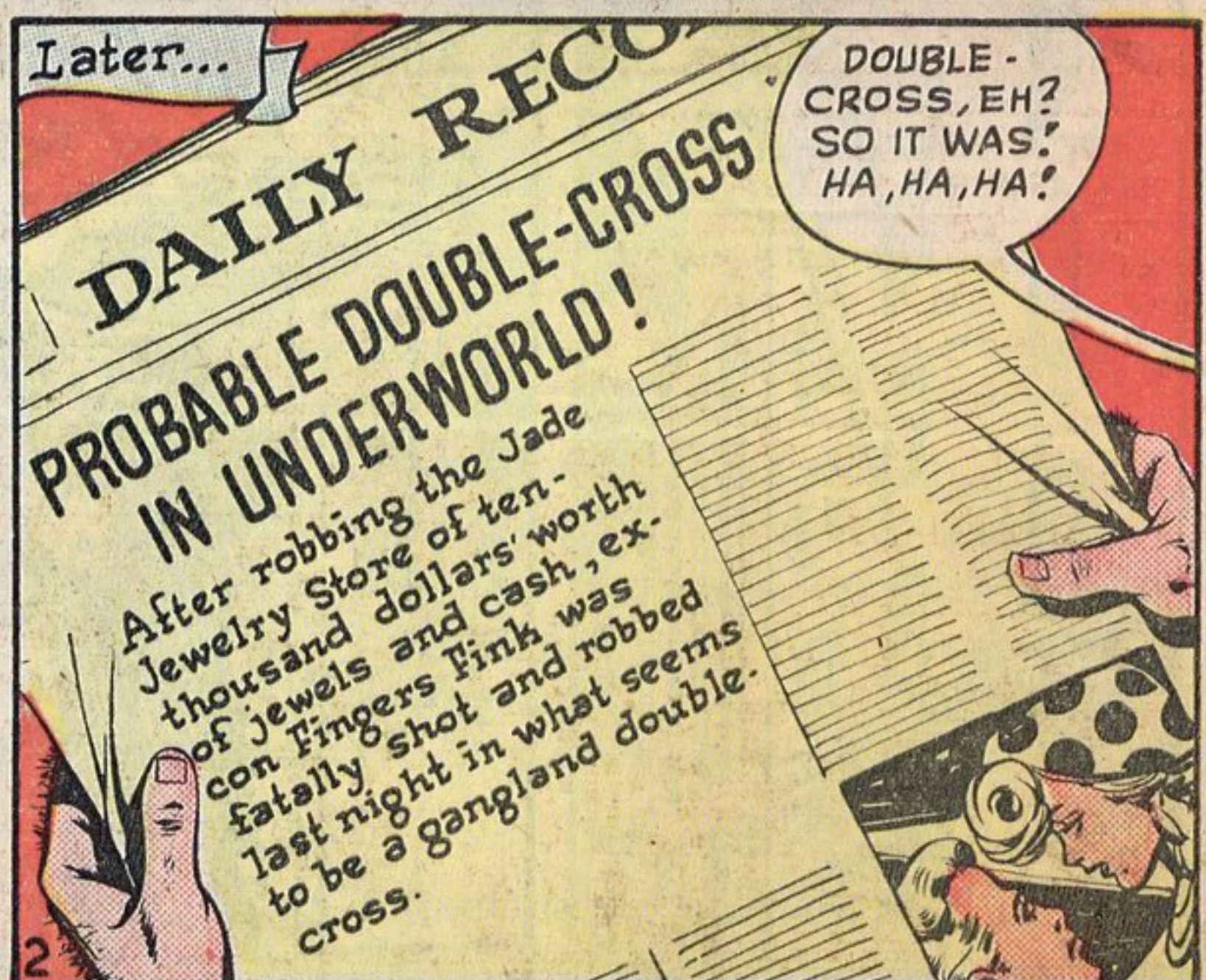
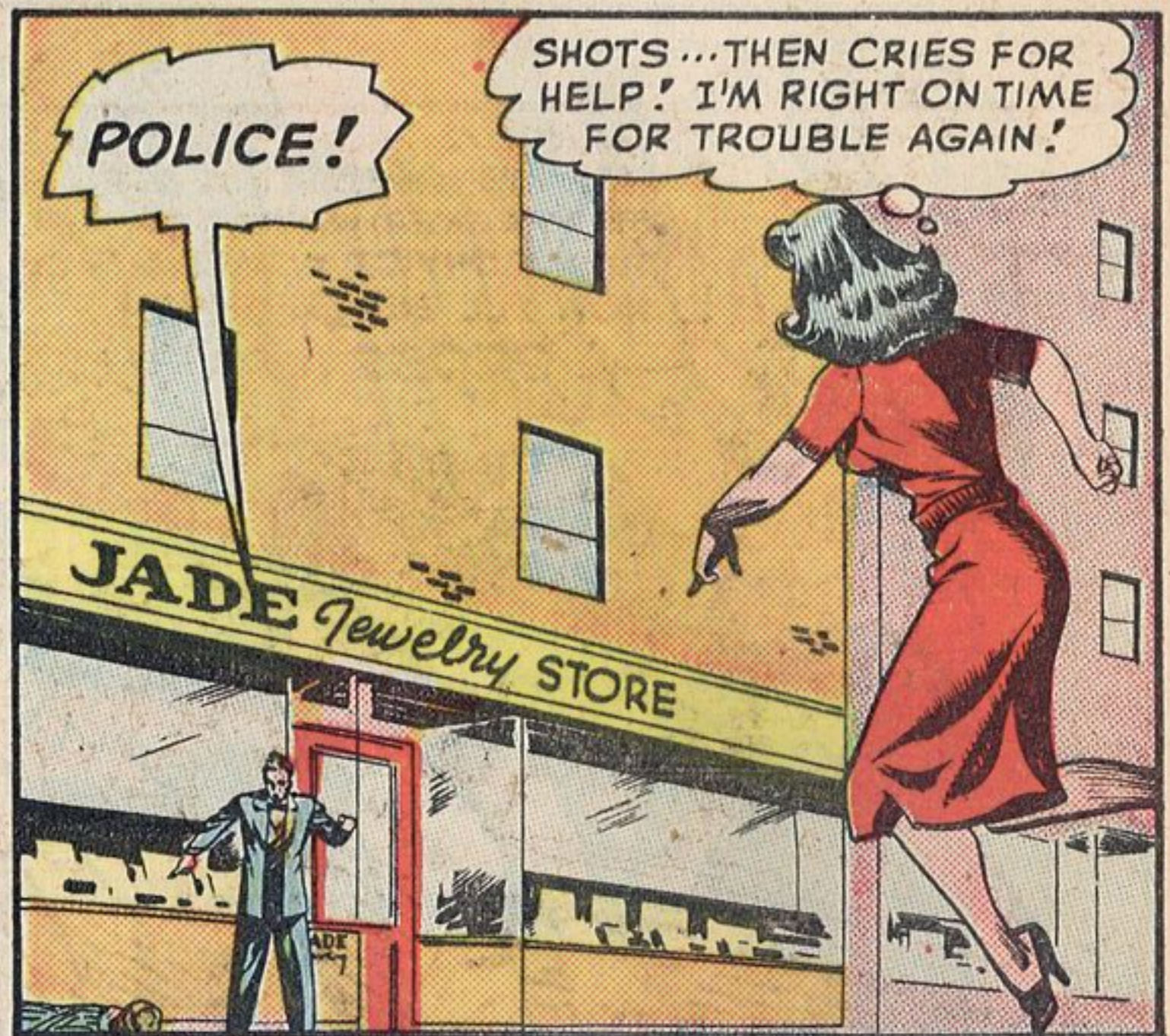
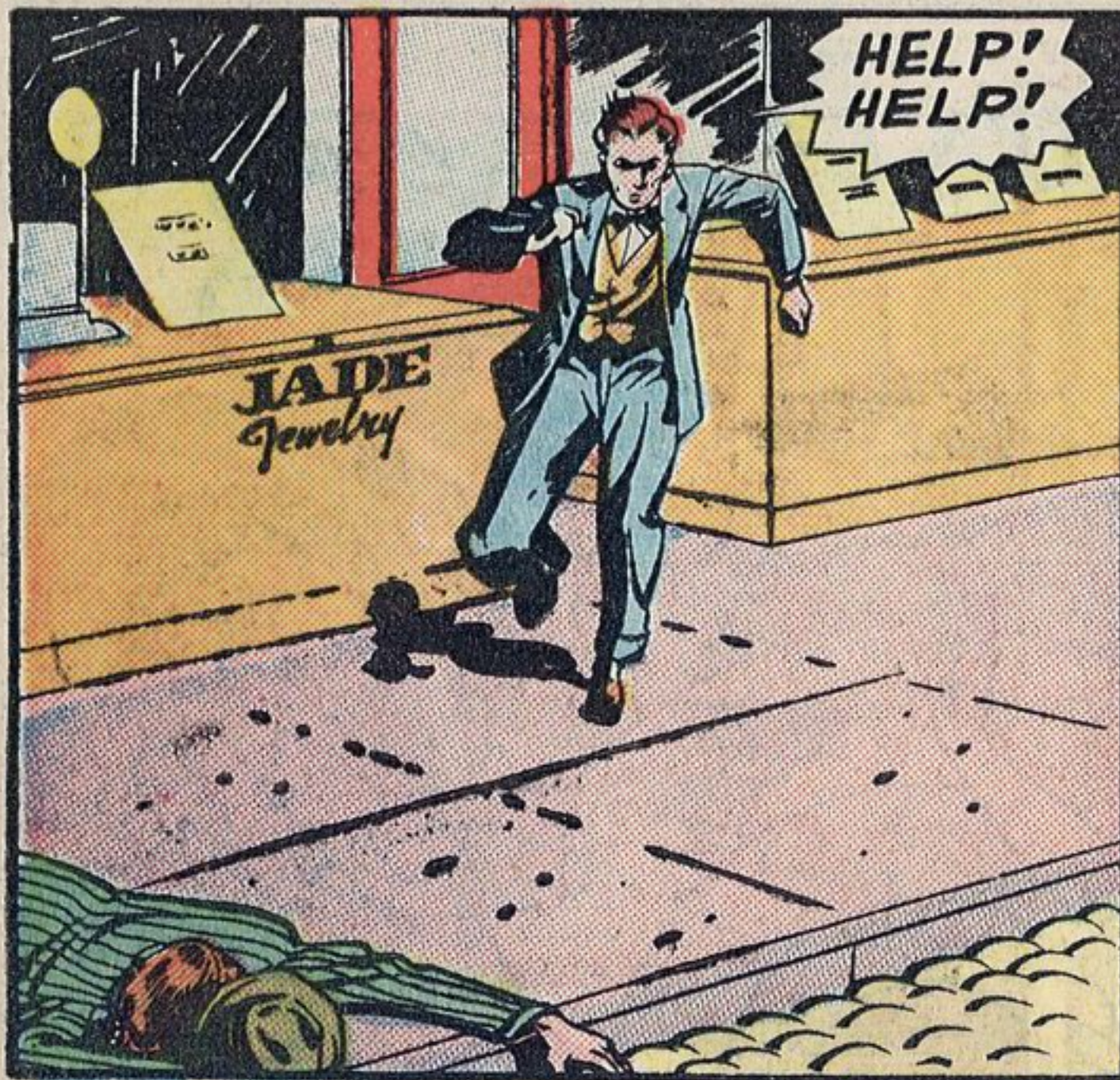
As he finished, a sigh arose from the people. Climbing hastily to their feet, casting one last look at their little village, they started away on the path to safety just as the wall of lava moved crushingly against the first of the houses.

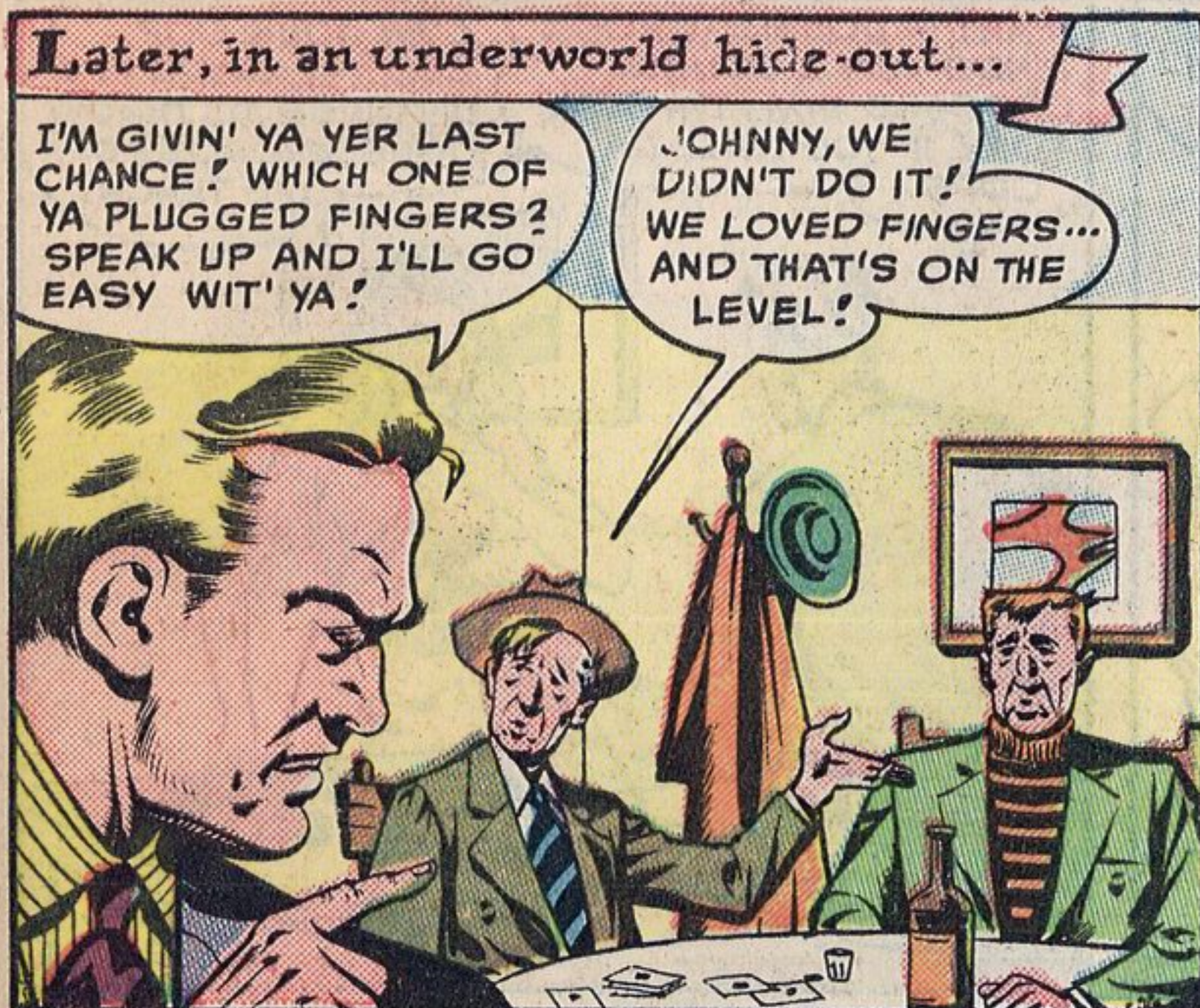
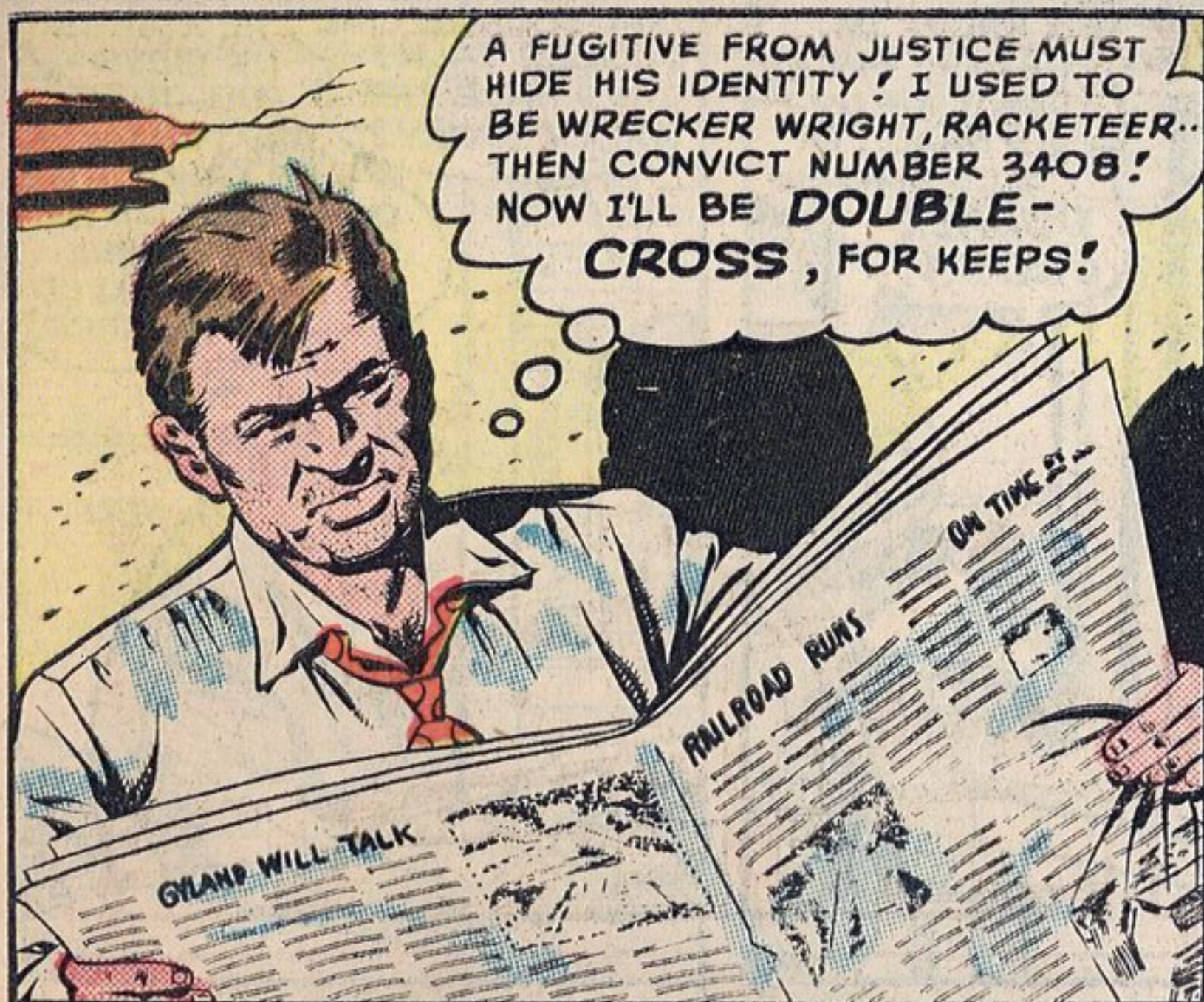
"They were afraid of their gods," Cortes explained to the Kid and Mr. Keeper. "They thought the volcanic eruption was an expression of the gods' wrath and that they had been chosen as sacrifices and must stay here to be buried. I convinced them that I was a messenger from the gods, and when I ordered them to leave they were only too happy to do so!"

"They'll lose their possessions, but they'll save their lives!" said the Kid. "And as for the three of us, we'd better be leaving, too. For us, it's back to . . . Eternity!"

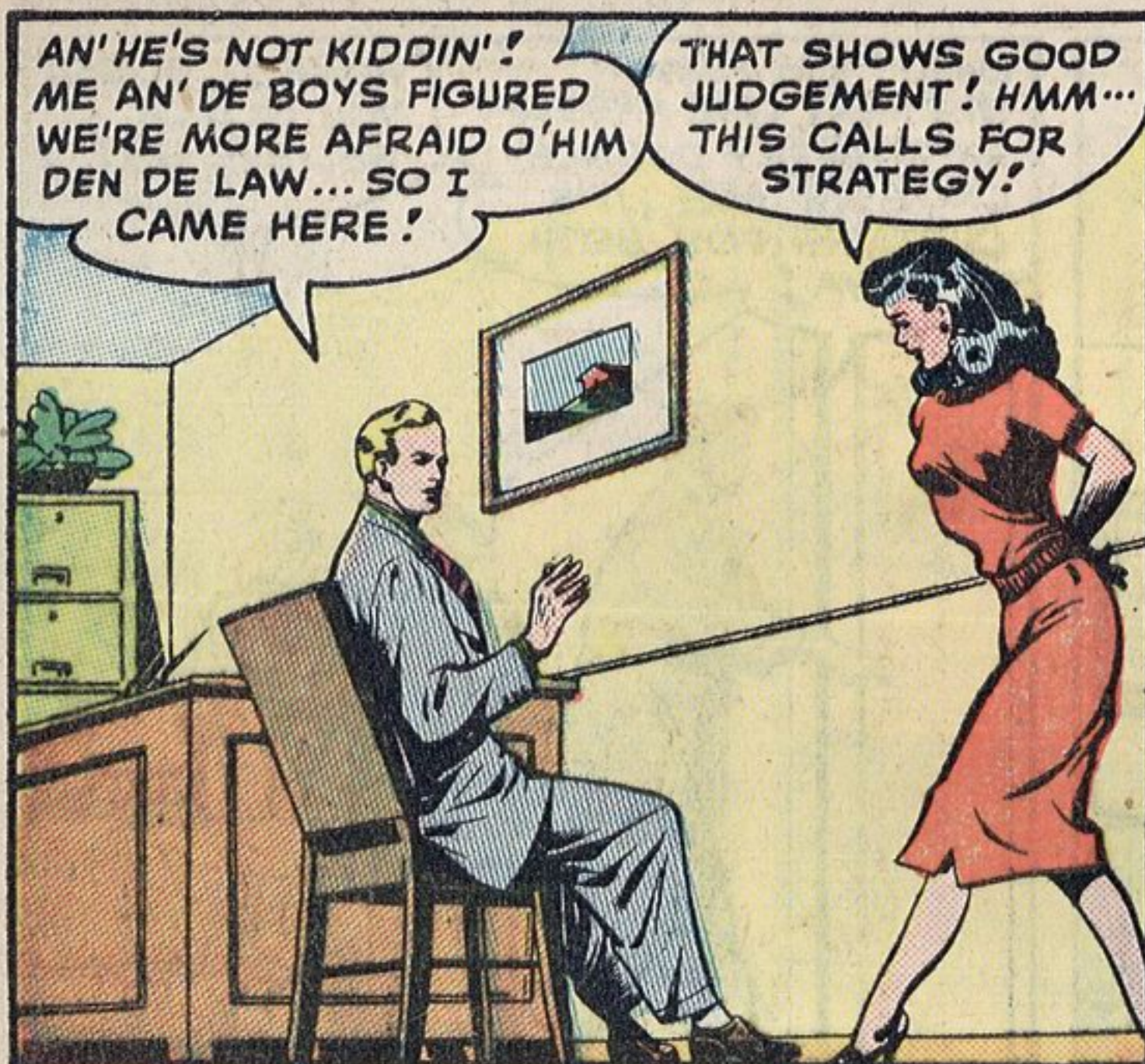
Betty Bates

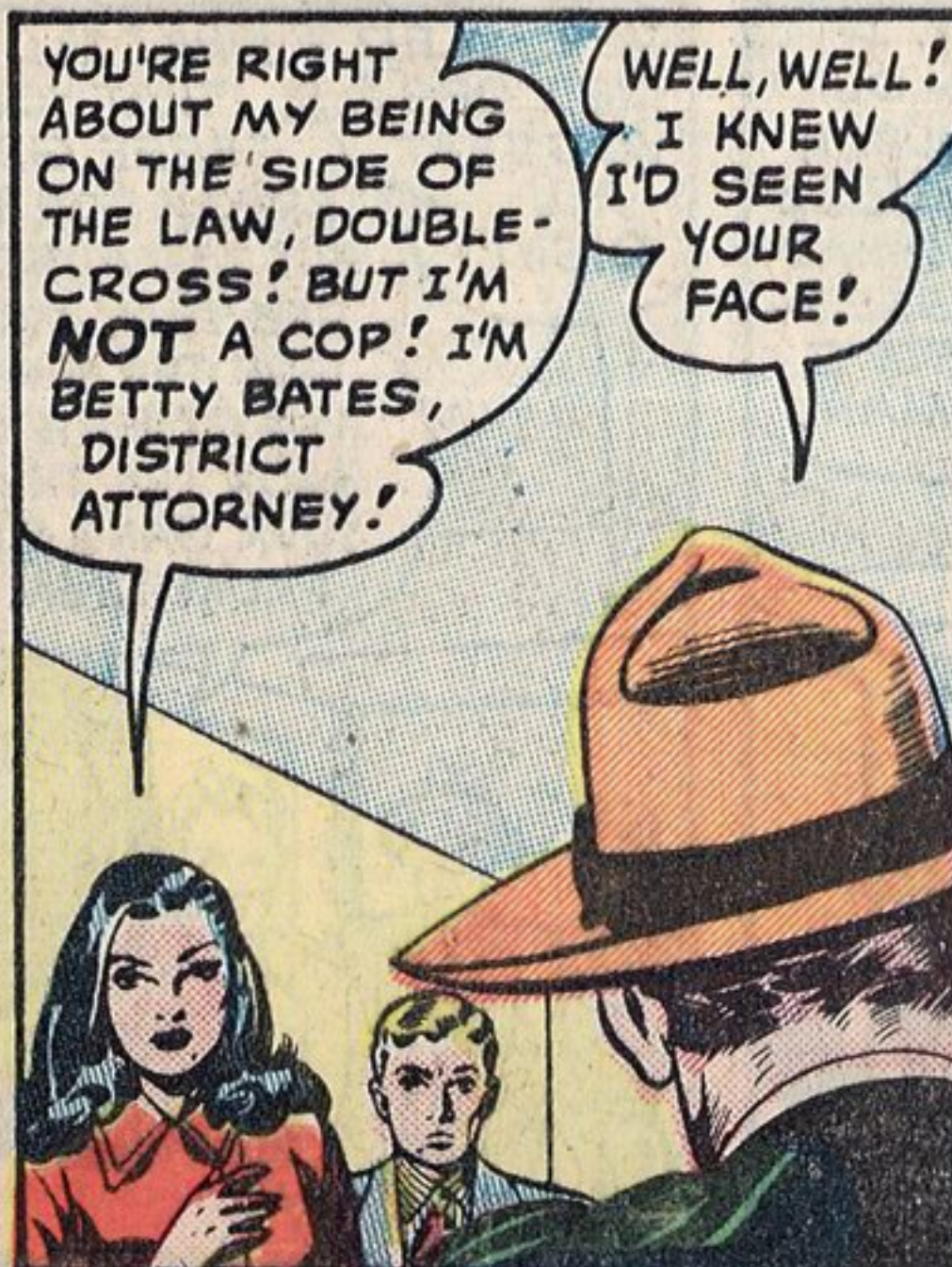
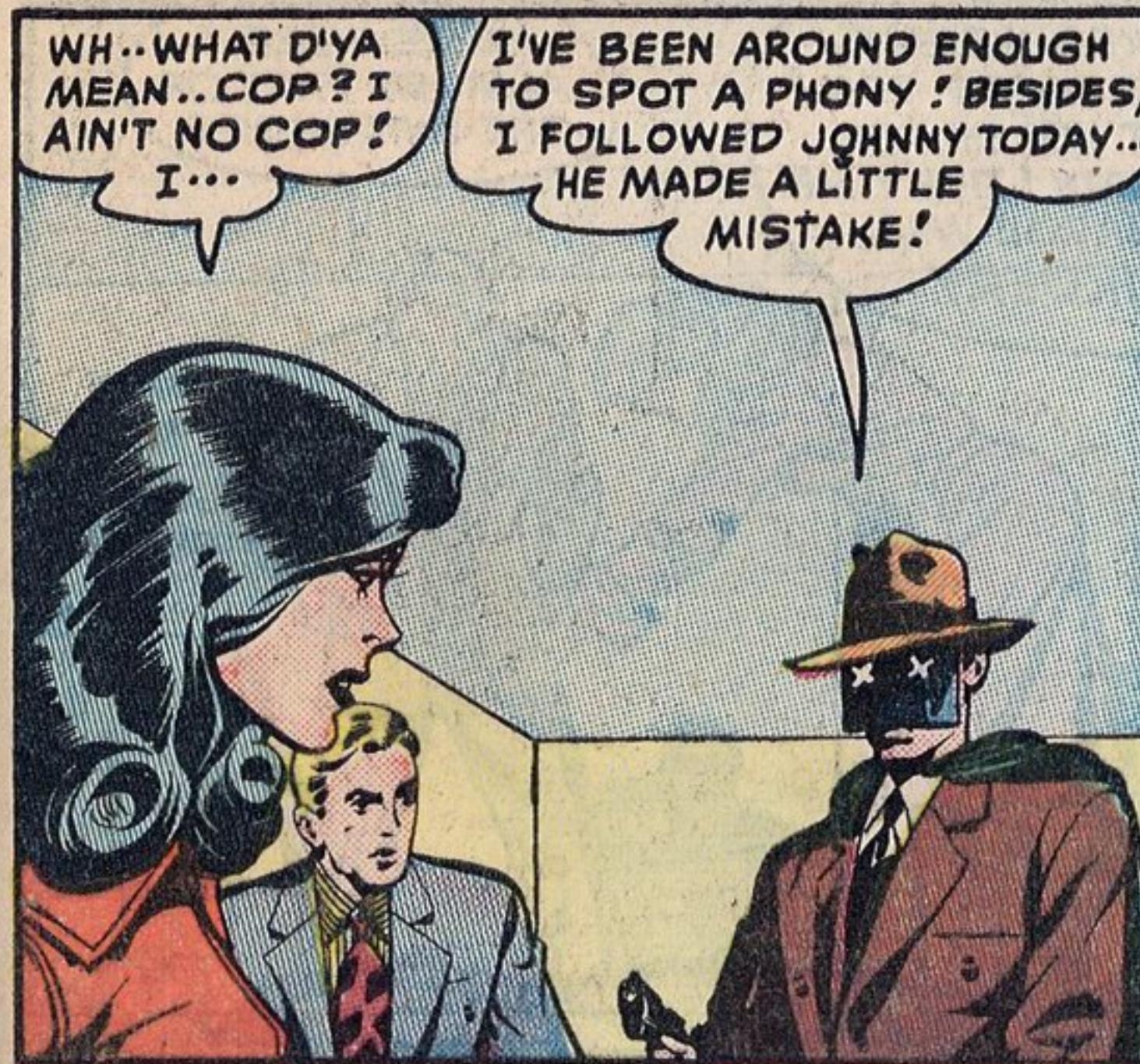


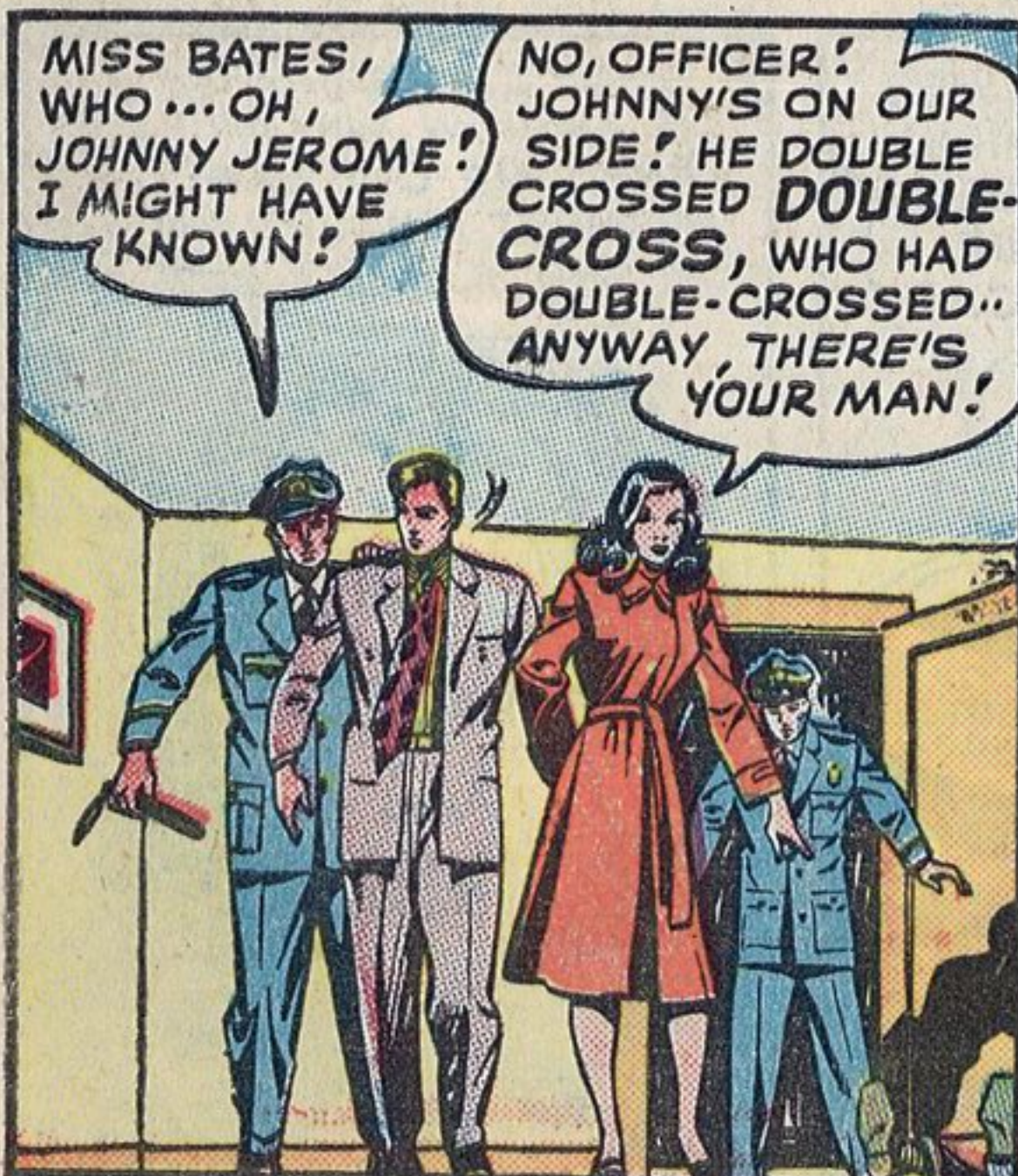
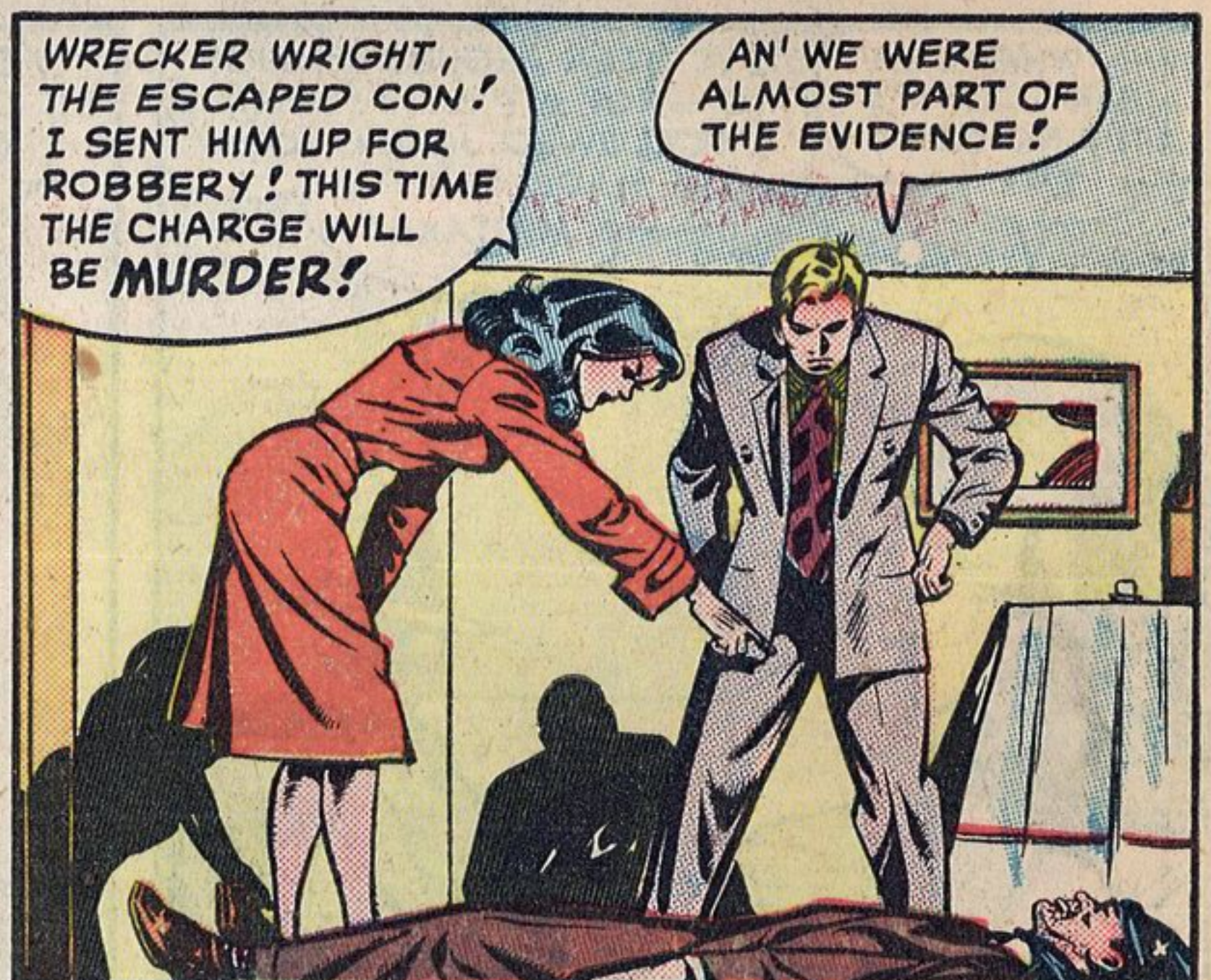




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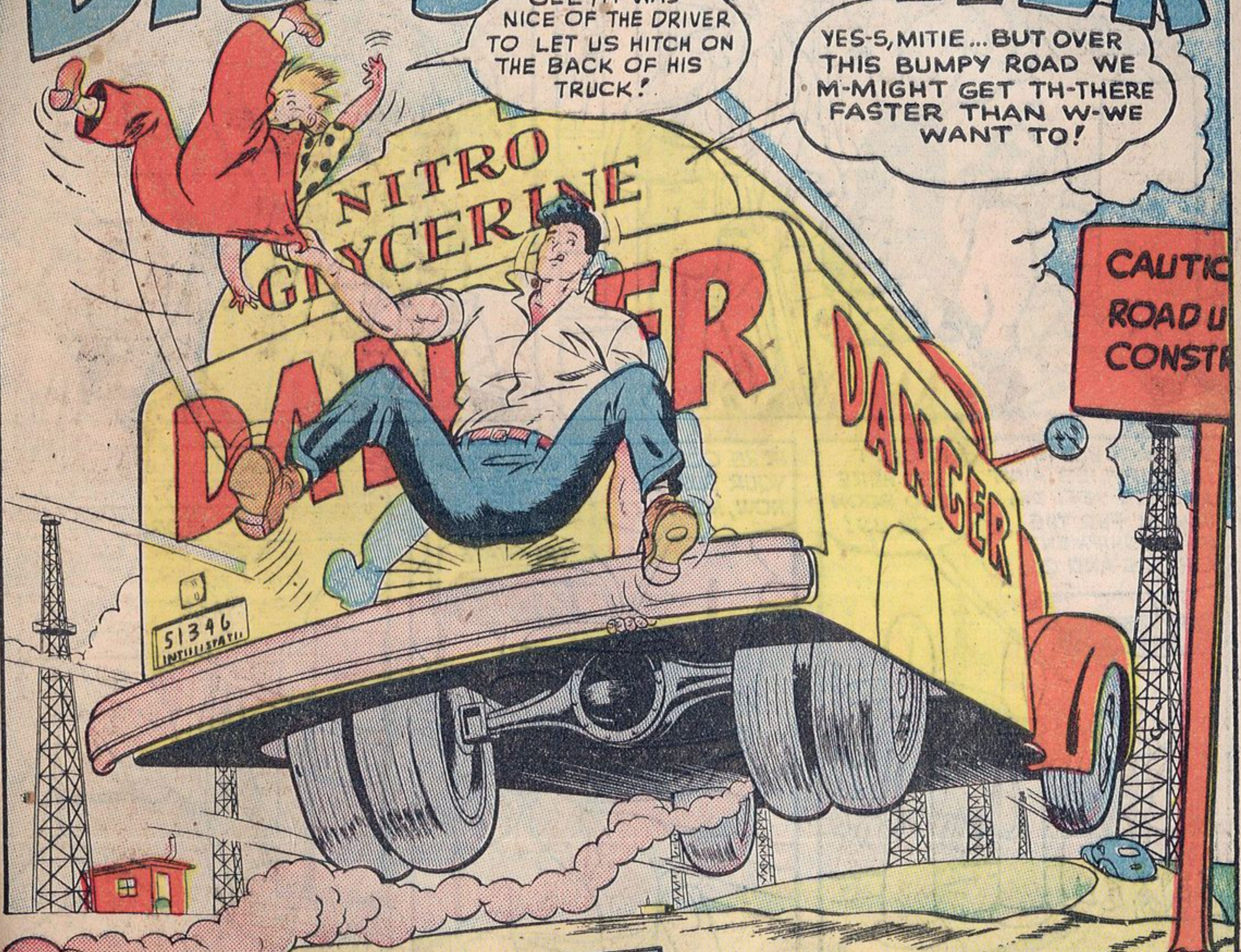




BIG BROTHER

GEE, IT WAS NICE OF THE DRIVER TO LET US HITCH ON THE BACK OF HIS TRUCK!

YES-S, MITIE... BUT OVER THIS BUMPY ROAD WE M-MIGHT GET TH-THERE FASTER THAN W-WE WANT TO!

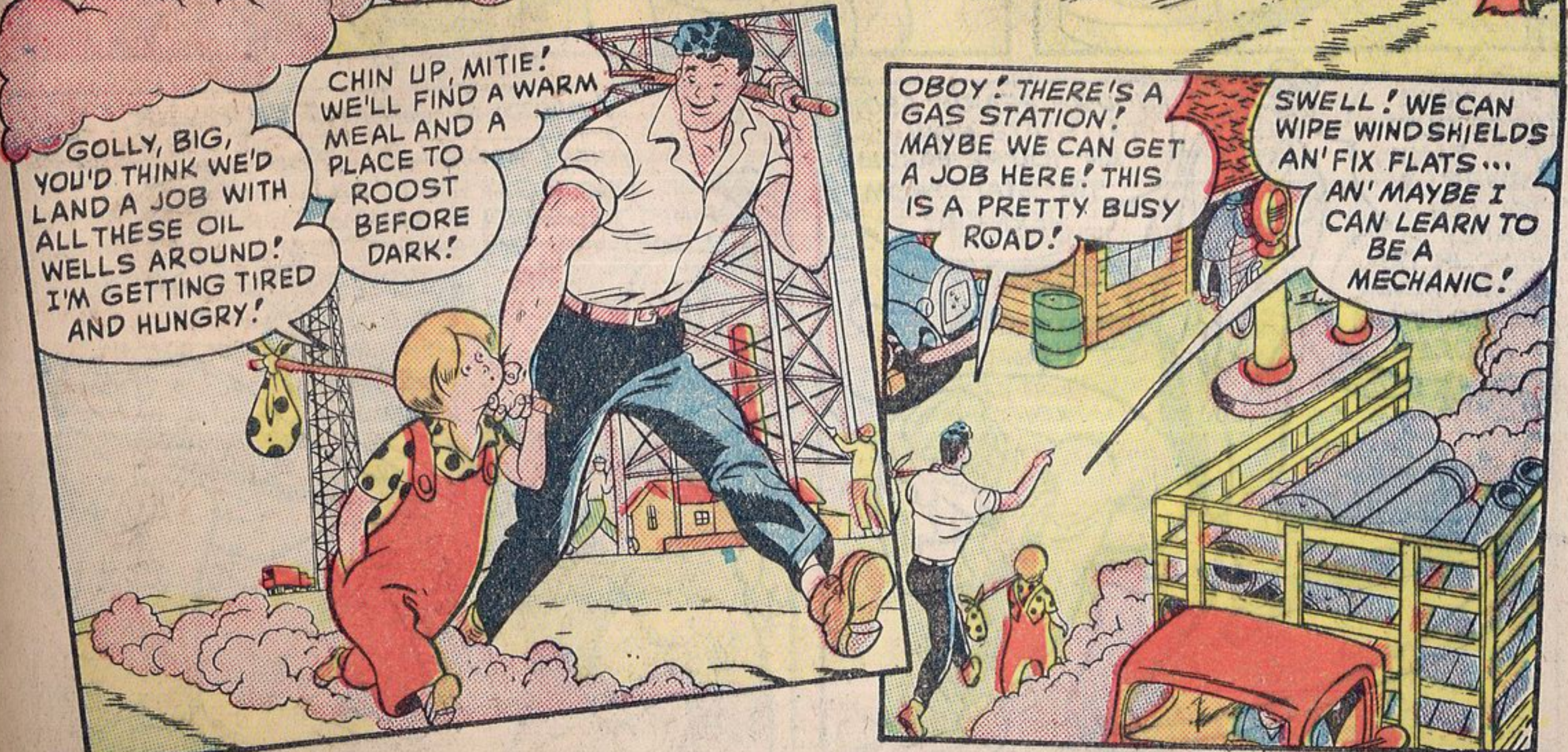


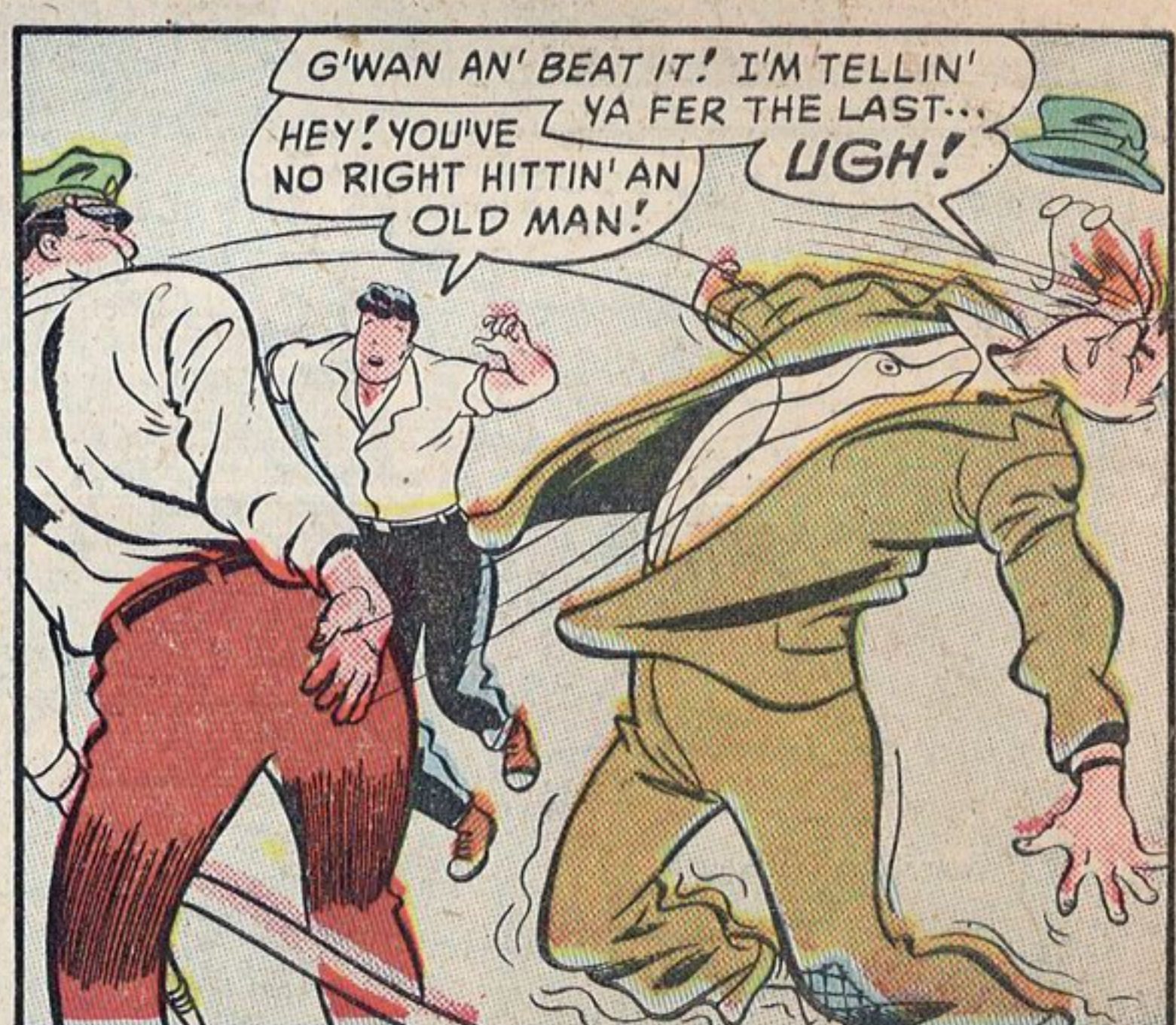
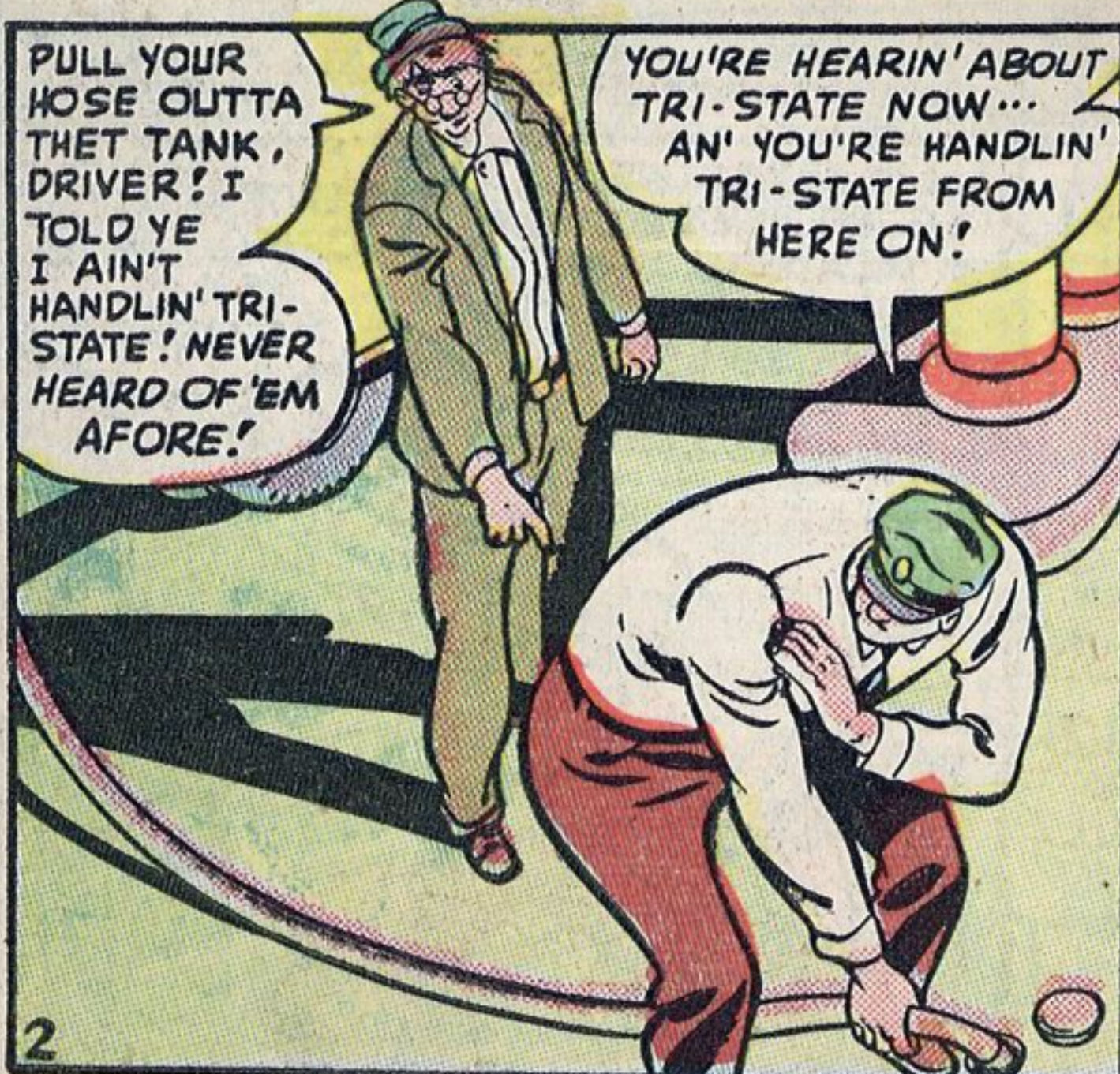
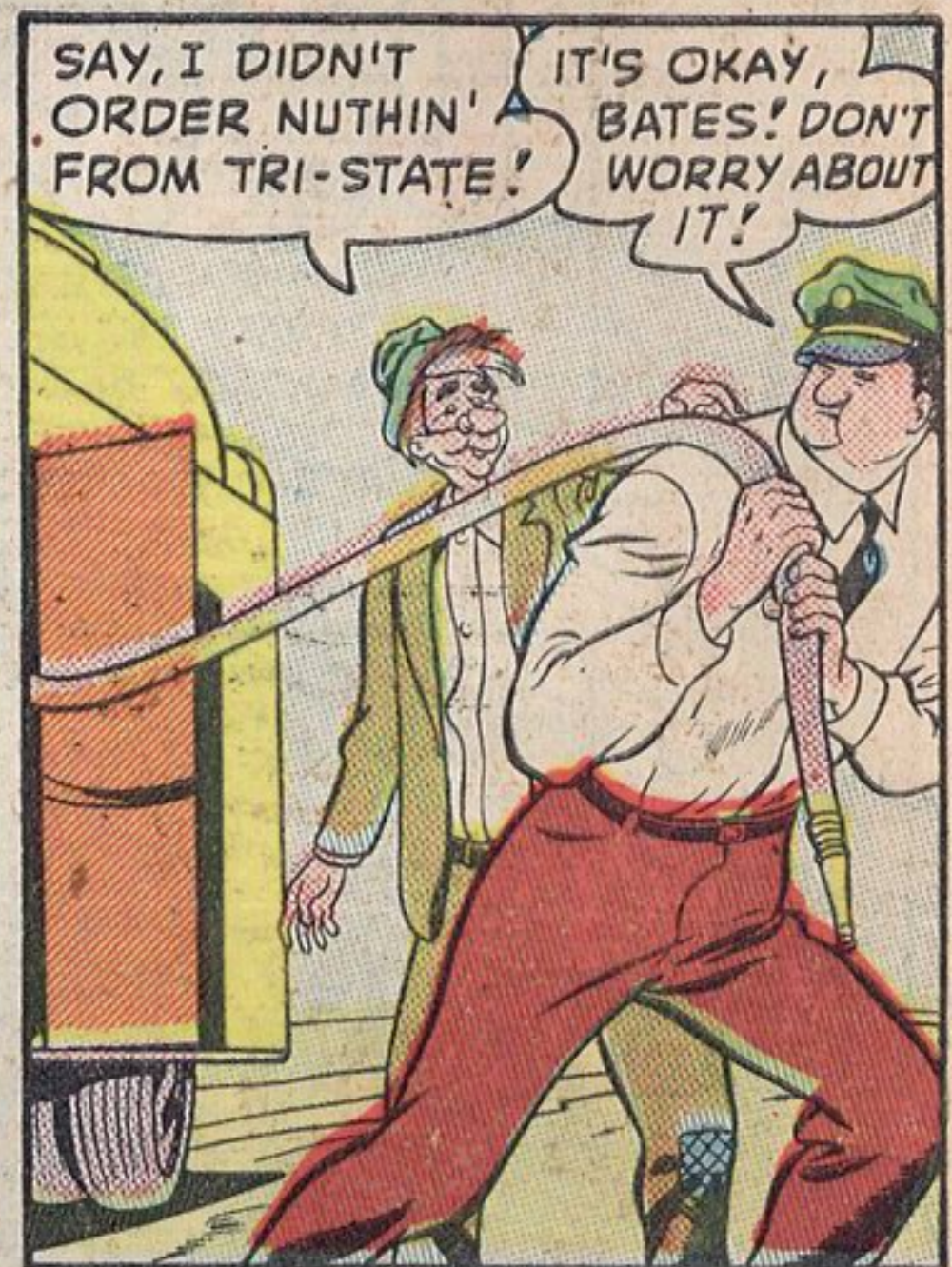
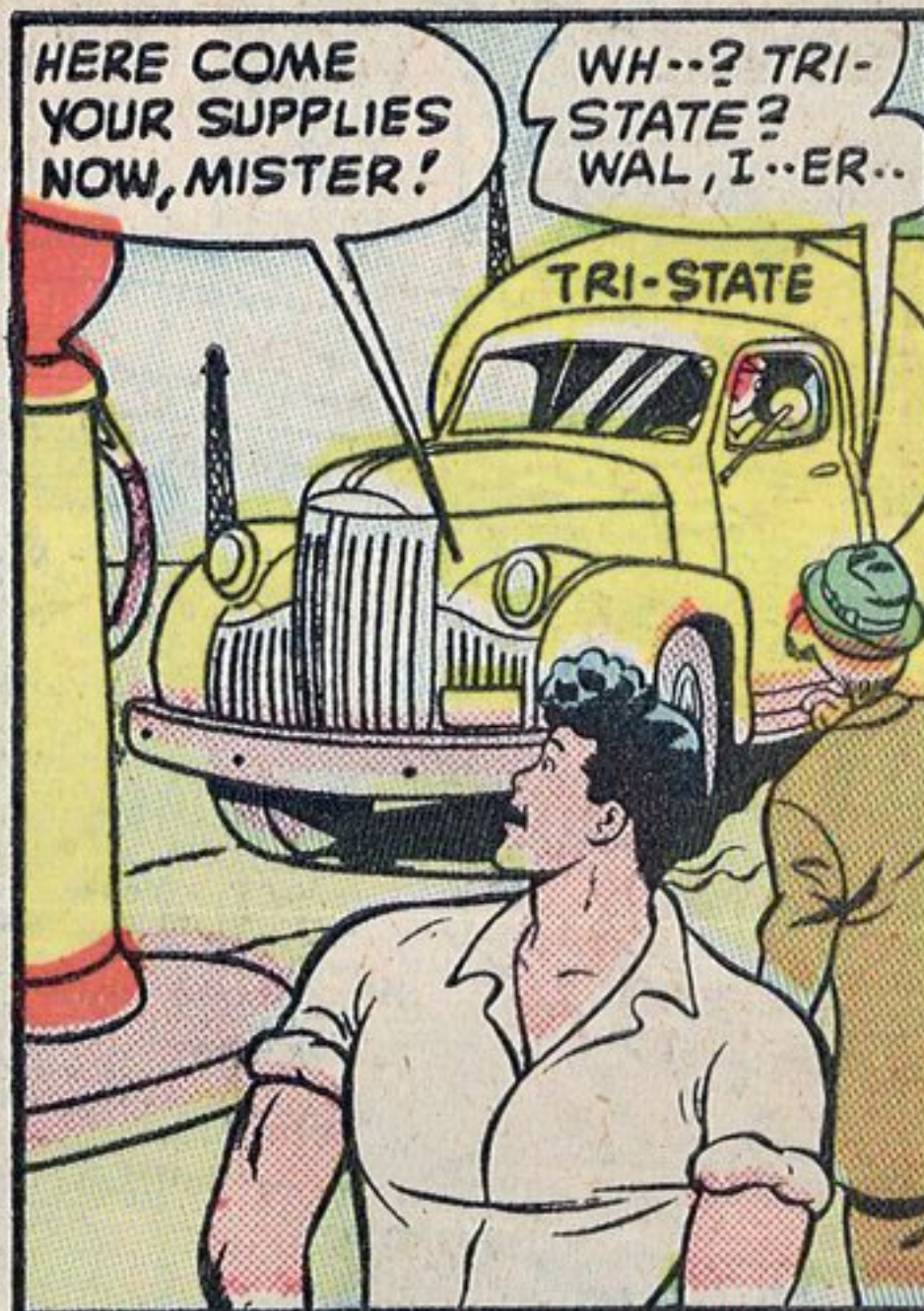
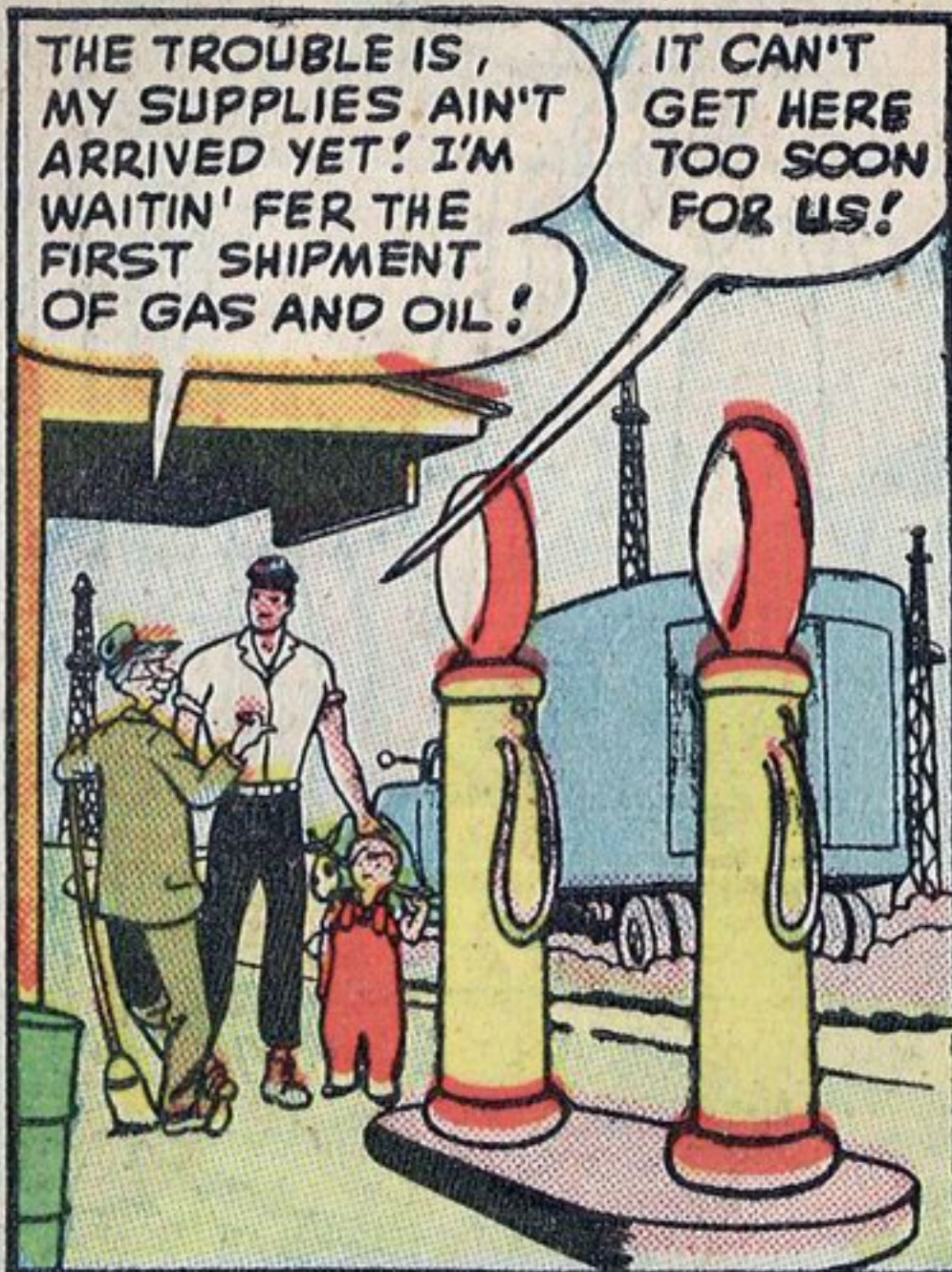
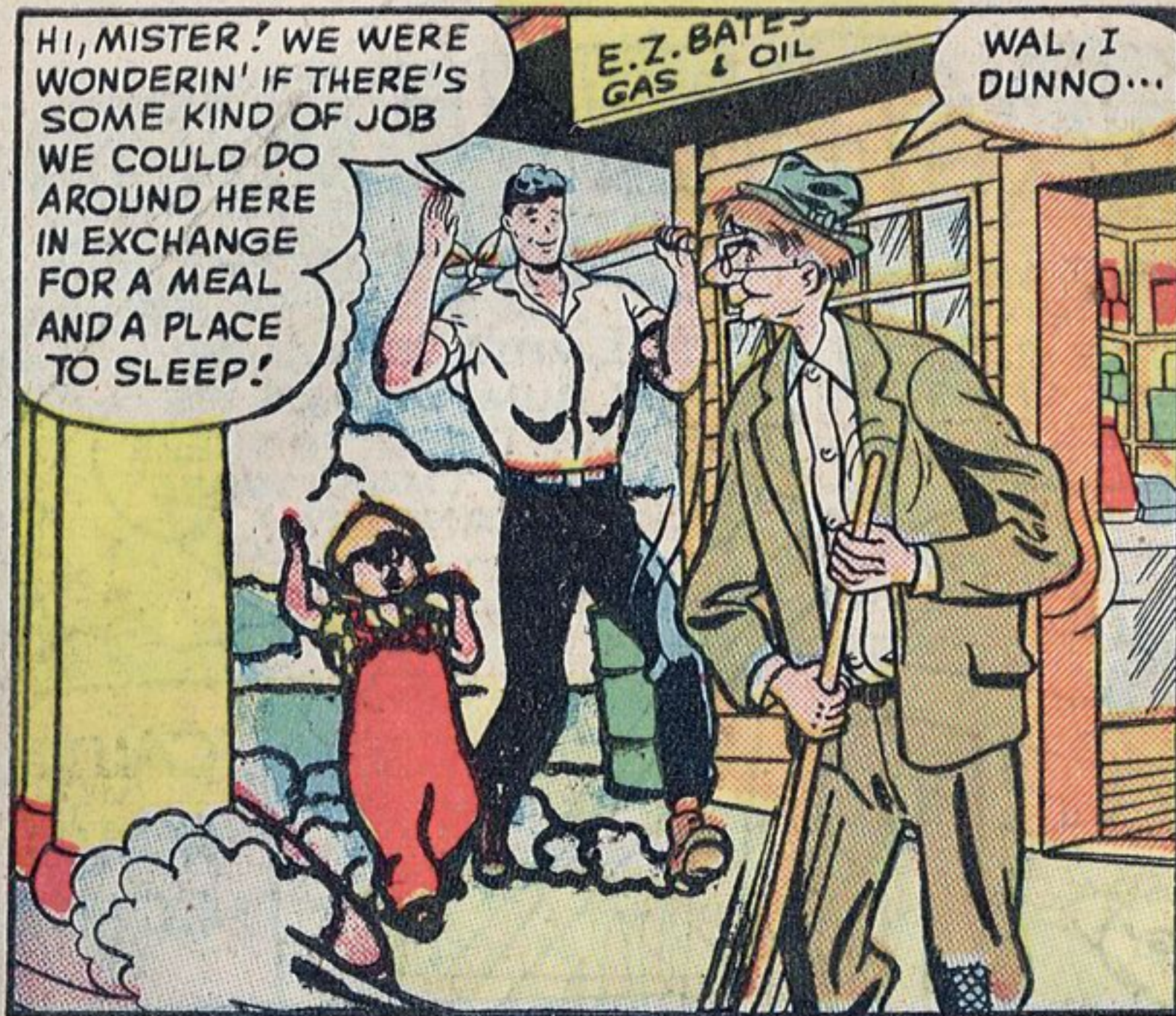
GOLLY, BIG, YOU'D THINK WE'D LAND A JOB WITH ALL THESE OIL WELLS AROUND! I'M GETTING TIRED AND HUNGRY!

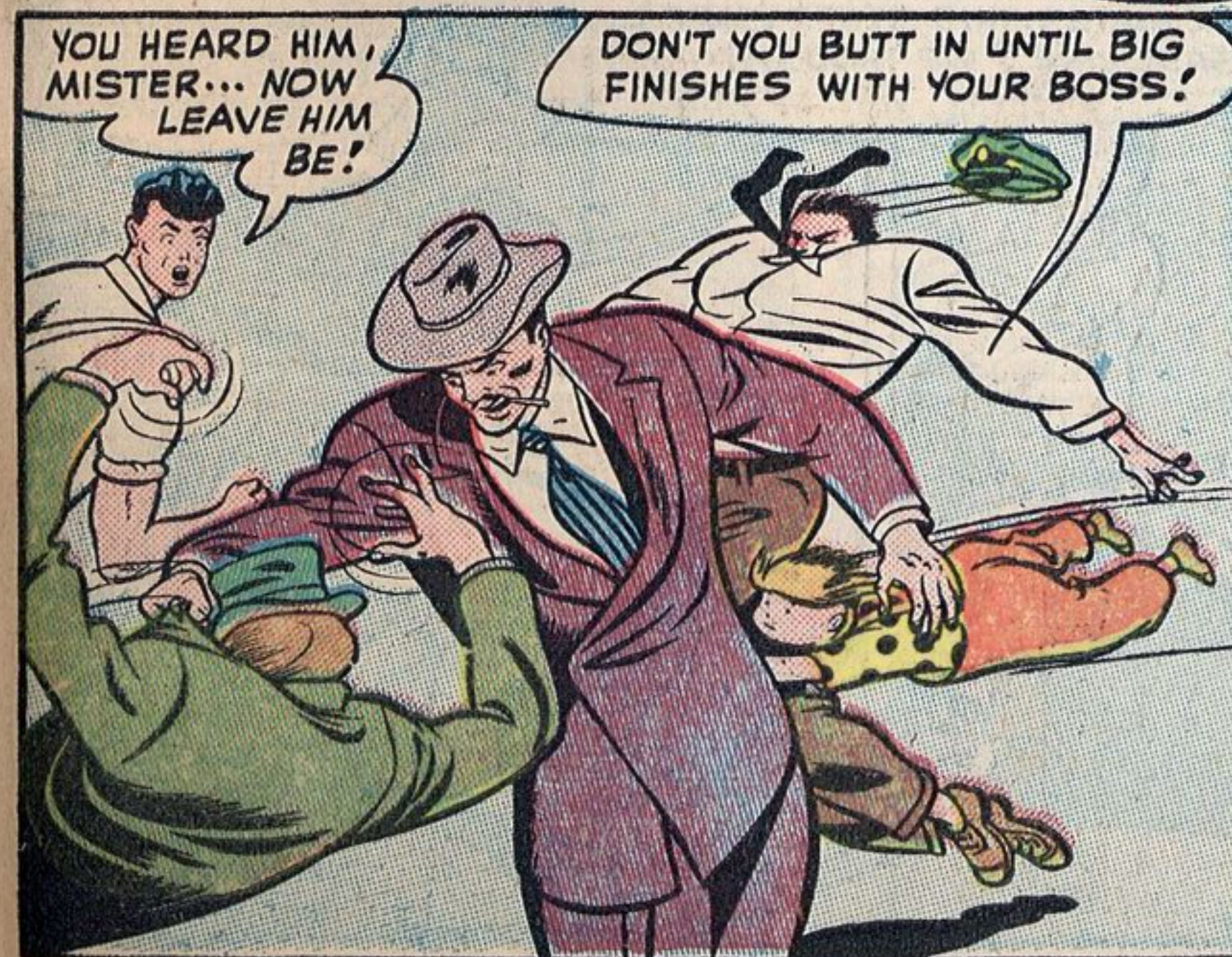
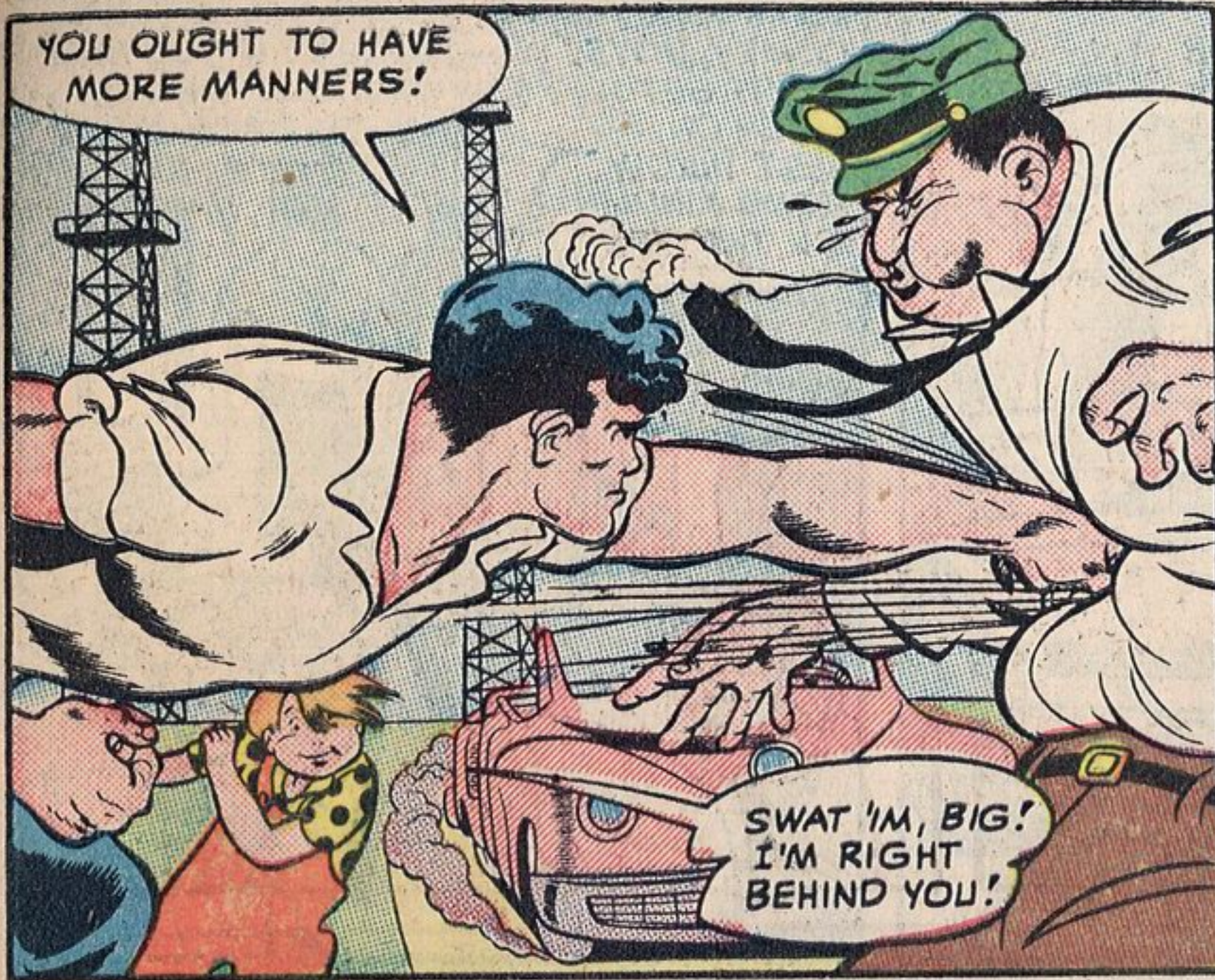
CHIN UP, MITIE! WE'LL FIND A WARM MEAL AND A PLACE TO ROOST BEFORE DARK!

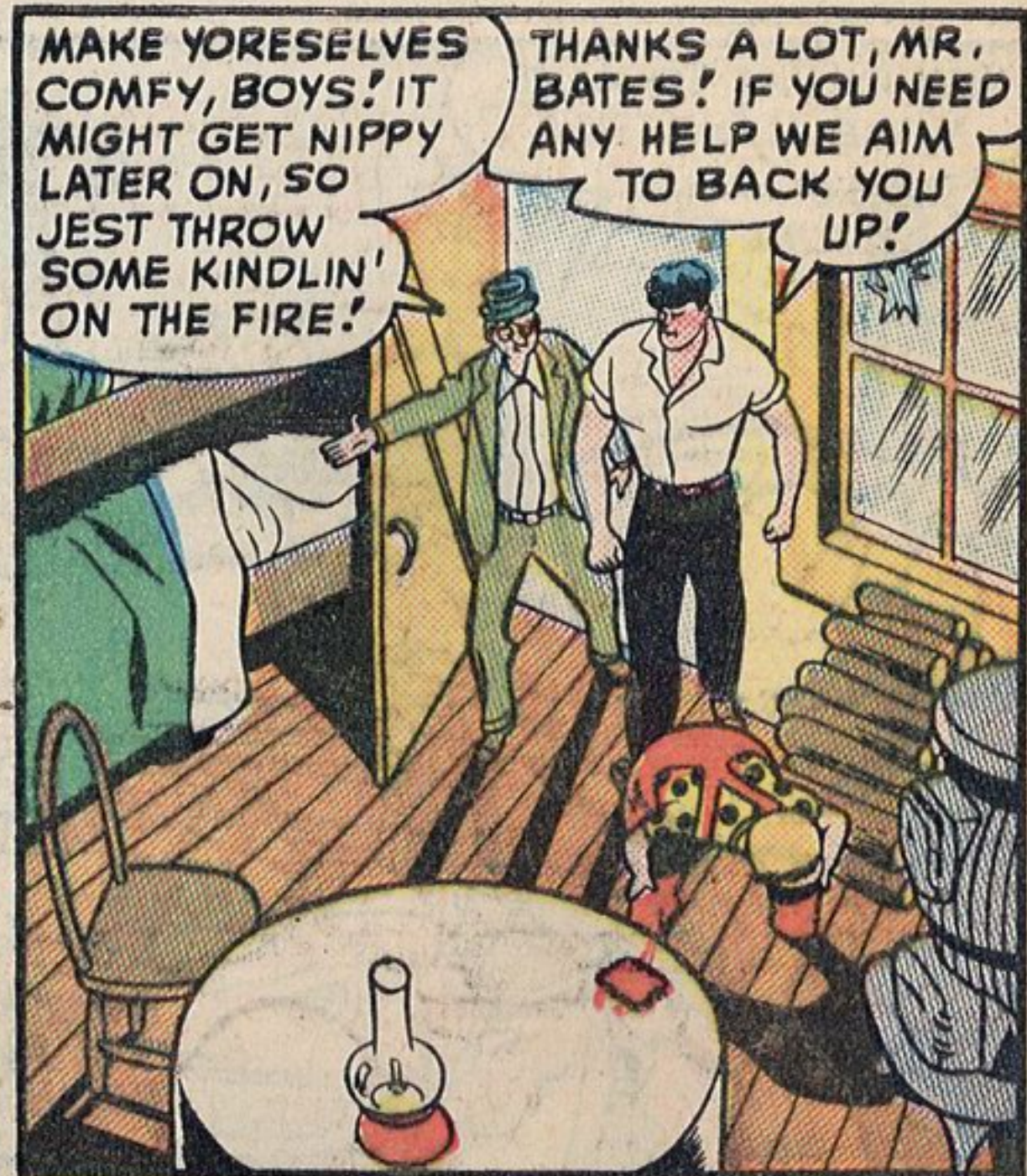
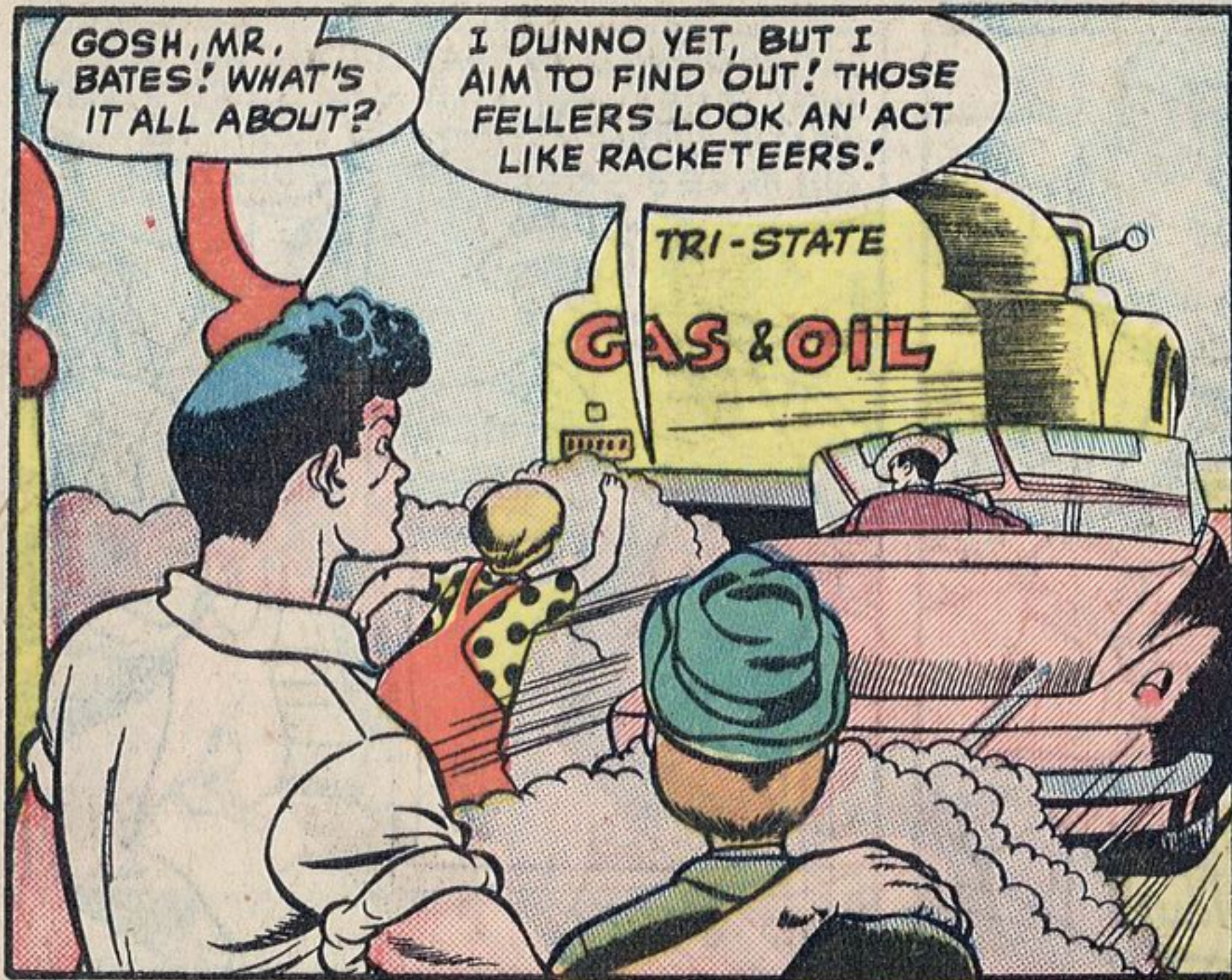
OBOY! THERE'S A GAS STATION! MAYBE WE CAN GET A JOB HERE! THIS IS A PRETTY BUSY ROAD!

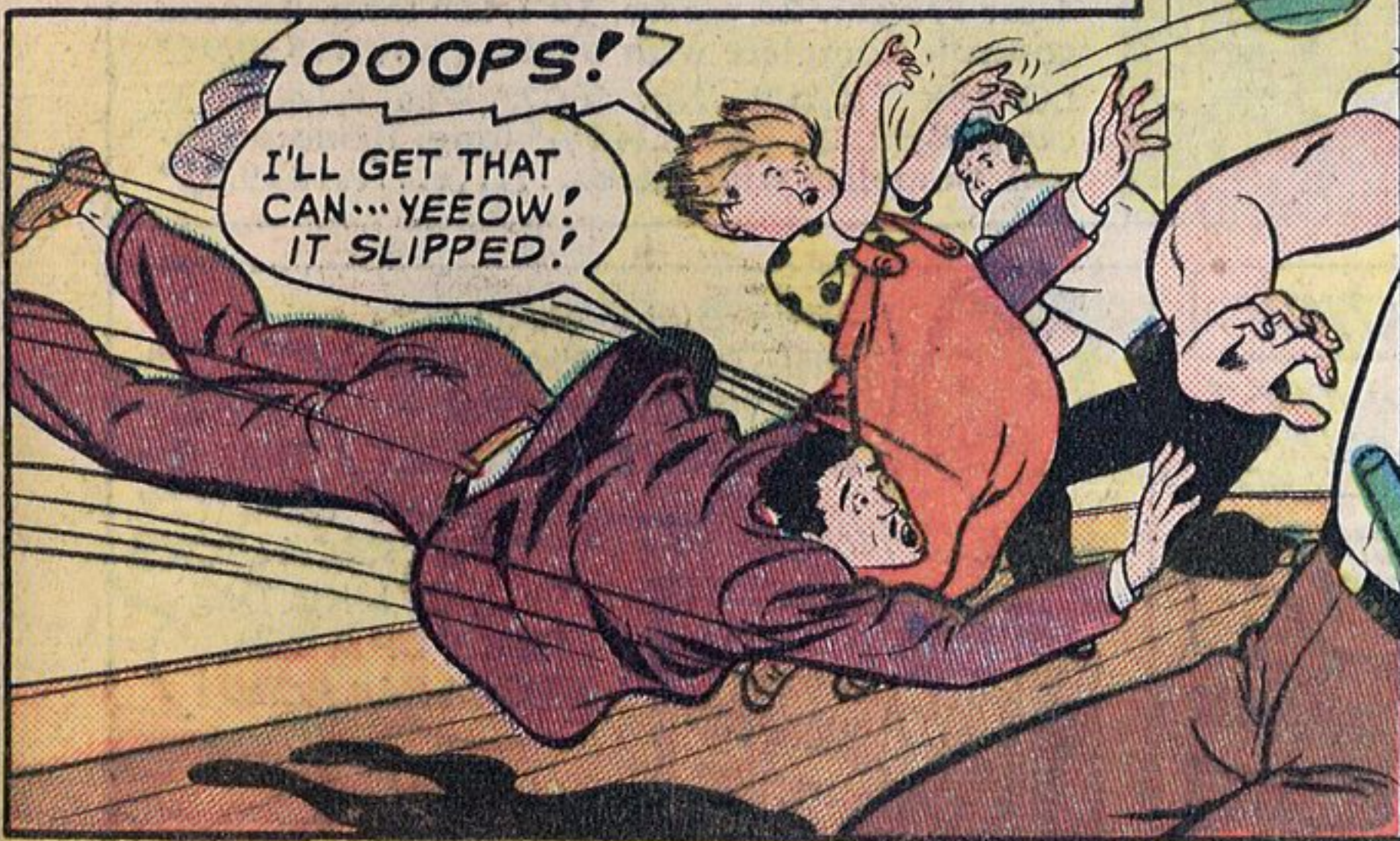
SWELL! WE CAN WIPE WINDSHIELDS AN' FIX FLATS... AN' MAYBE I CAN LEARN TO BE A MECHANIC!











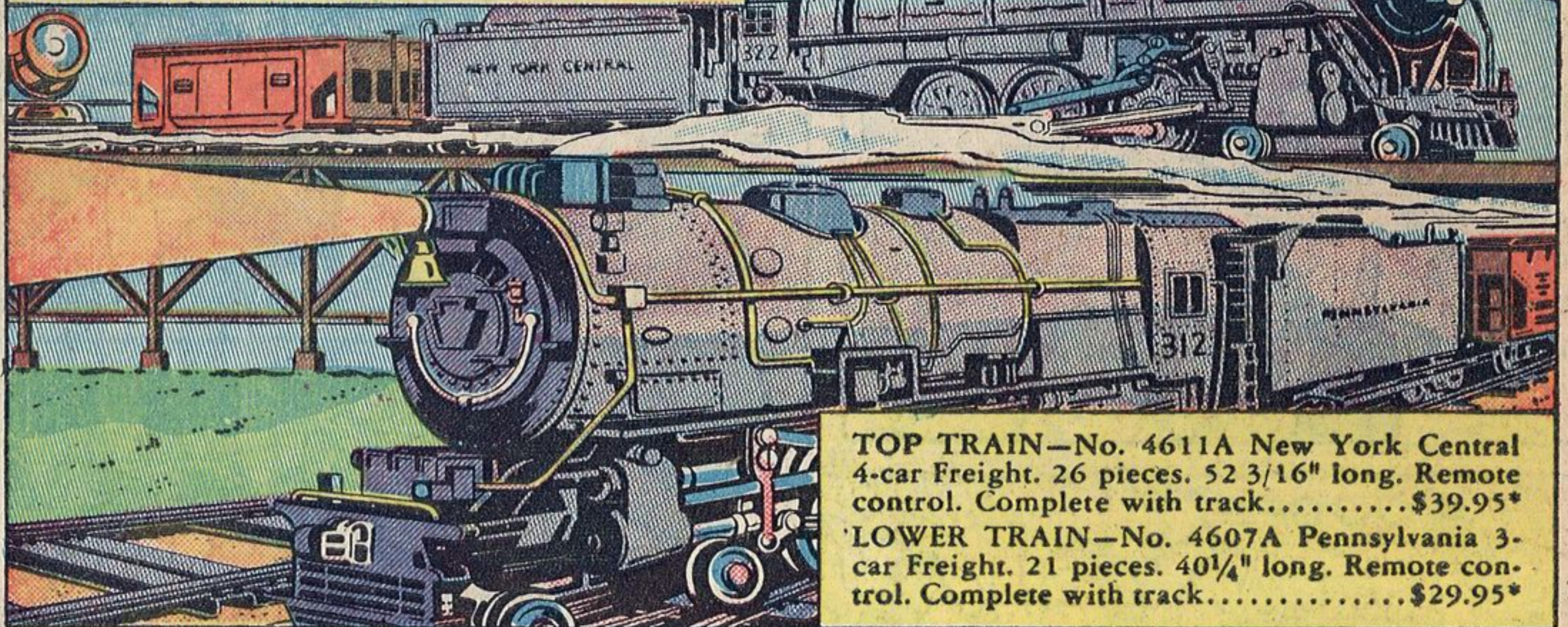
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HISS-SSS

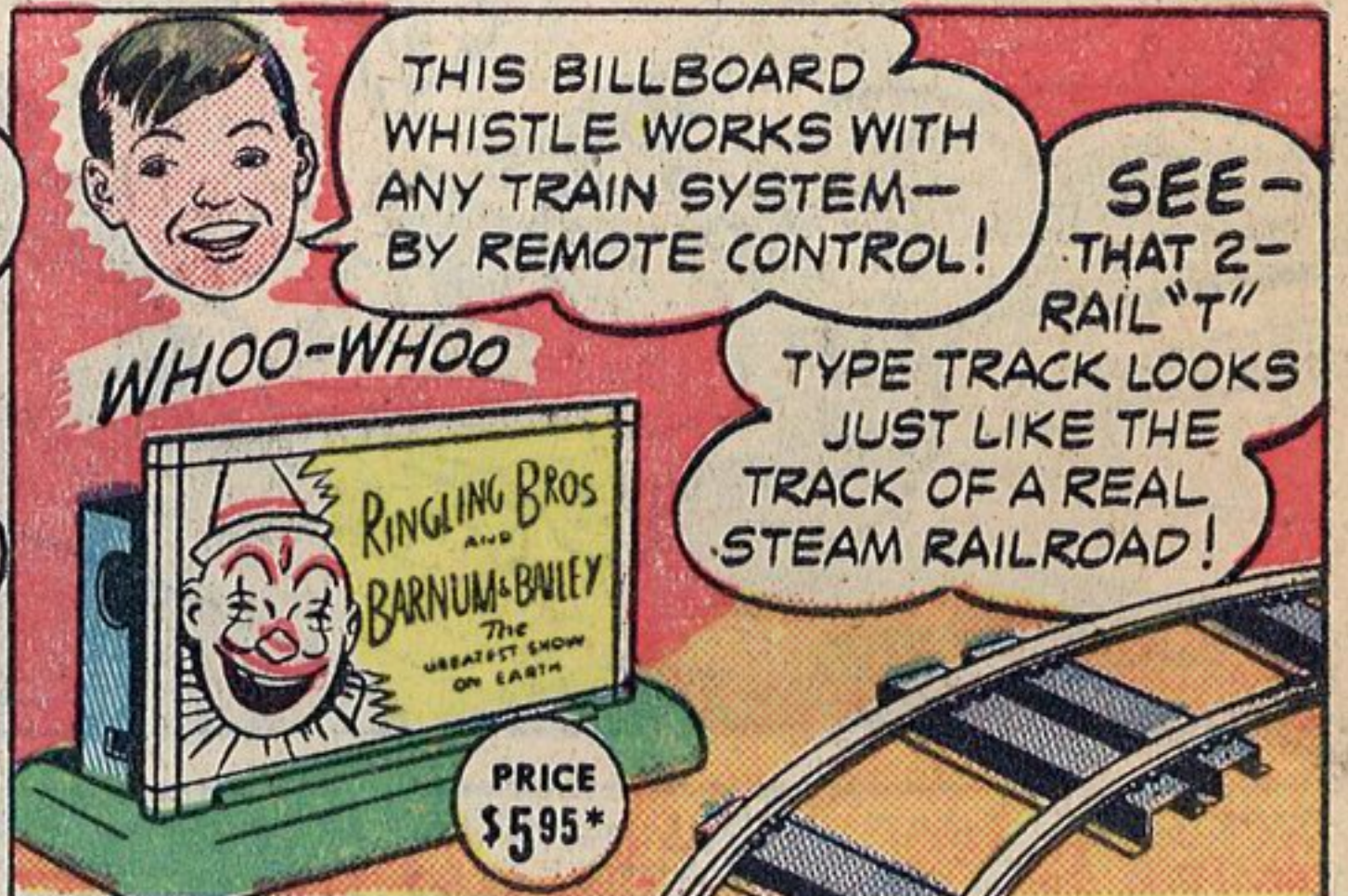
WHO-O-O
...WHO-O-O

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PHILADELPHIA-
CHICAGO-AND
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TRACK OF A REAL
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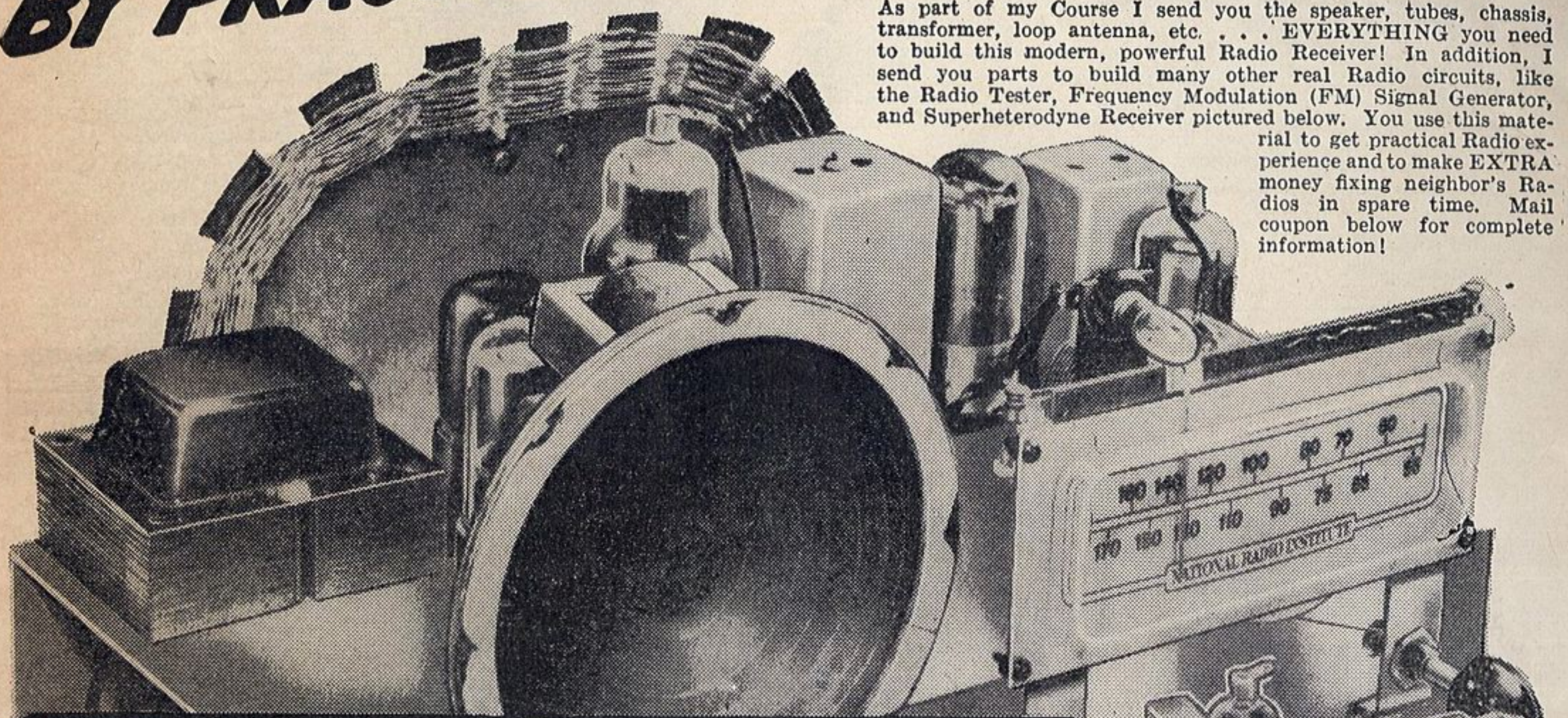
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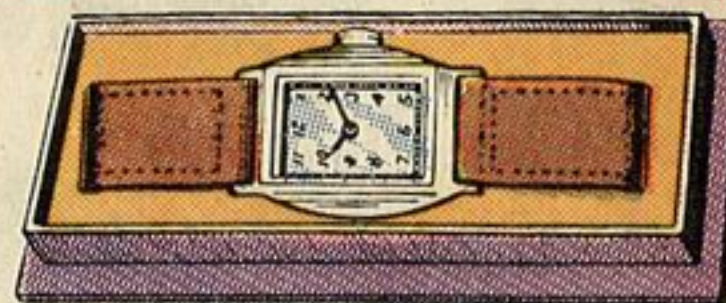
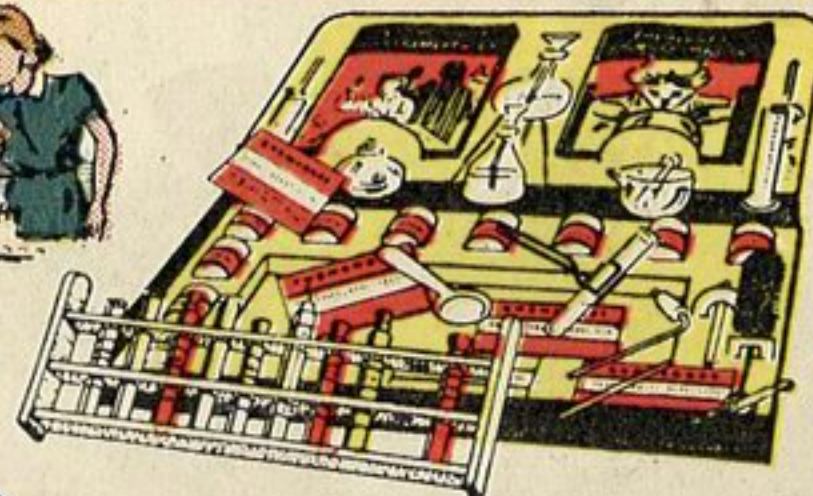


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Here's a real
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Get this lightning
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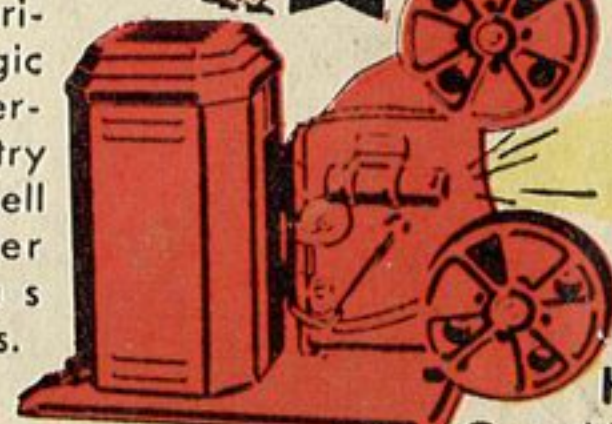


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Beautiful Wrist Watches for Girls
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COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET

Famous "Chemcraft" Set,
for interesting experi-
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Get this 16MM Excel
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FULL SIZE Comb, Brush and Mirror
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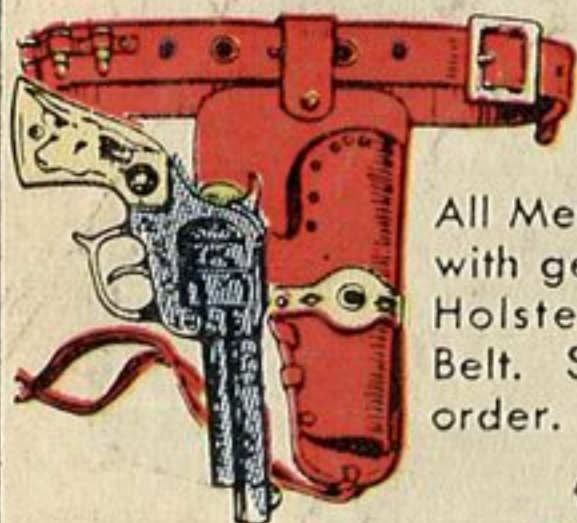
**CAMP-
FIRE UKULELE**

Full size. Deco-
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mellow tone.
Sell only one
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Packs.



DICK TRACY CAMERA

Takes 16 pic-
tures on each
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compartment for
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fine Camera and
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**FAMOUS
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All Metal Cap Pistol
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**COMPLETE
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Full-size ball with
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**POCKET
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Standard size
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Pocket Watch
with leather Fob.
Sell one order of
Xmas Packs.



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you'd love to own "Peggy
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and pretty in her gown.
Sell only one
order.



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FOOTBALL**
Sell one
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Packs



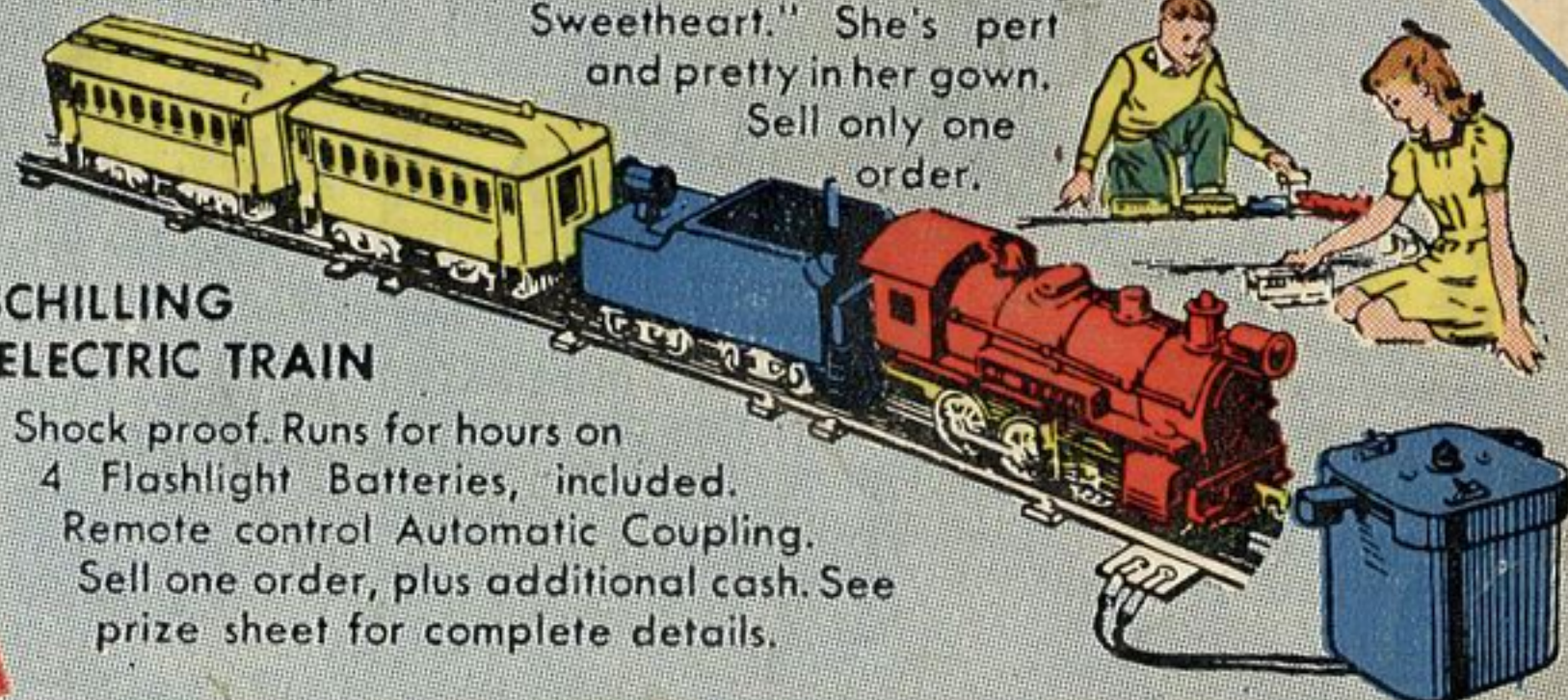
TWO TELEPHONES

for person-to-person calls, be-
tween houses; or from floor to
floor. Runs on 4
Flashlight bat-
teries, included.
Sell one order
of Xmas packs,
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**SCHILLING
ELECTRIC TRAIN**

Shock proof. Runs for hours on
4 Flashlight Batteries, included.
Remote control Automatic Coupling.
Sell one order, plus additional cash. See
prize sheet for complete details.



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BOYS! GIRLS! Get swell prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother
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BIG PRIZE SHEET are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for
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It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends
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Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize
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I will resell them at 10c each, send you
the money, and get my prize.

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